WHERE OUR HISTORY WAS MADE

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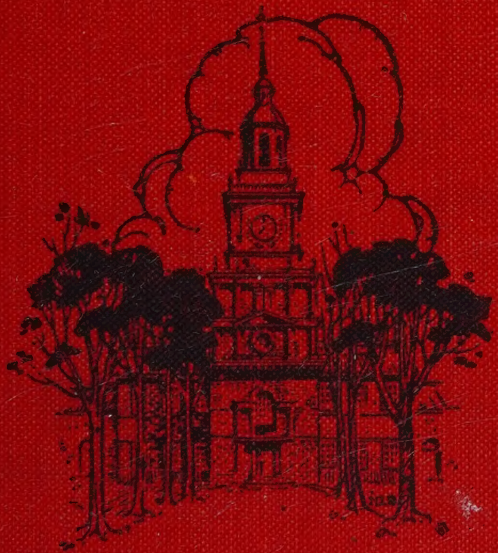

BOOK ONE

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WHERE OUR HISTORY WAS MADE

BY

JOHN T. FARIS

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC SHRINES OF AMERICA,"
"ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS," ETC.

BOOK ONE

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PREFACE

"Did it really happen?" The time comes when the real boy or girl is almost sure to ask this question about any story that is heard. Fairy stories no longer satisfy them; they want the note of reality. So teachers and parents have learned to expect the question, and to prepare to answer it.

"Where did it happen?" is the next question. What boy or girl would not like to go to Lexington, Concord, Washington, or any other place made famous by its association with our history, that he or she might be thrilled by being on such hallowed ground and by living in imagination the moving events that really occurred there?

But it is not always possible to go to the places where these stirring events happened. The next best thing is to tell the stories in connection with definite localities so that the readers may feel as if they really were there.

It is the purpose of the two volumes of Where Our History Was Made to anticipate the queries of boys and girls who are becoming alive to the fact that the history of their country is not a mere record of the past, but a vivid picture of the men and women who made our history, what they did, how they did it, where they did it, and how the things done concern those who read of them today. It is hoped, too, that these stories may inspire boys and girls with that spirit of devotion to their country and with that veneration for the heroes and patriots who have contributed

to the upbuilding of the nation without which history fails of its highest purpose.

So, for this reason, famous people and events, as well as people who are not so well known — though they deserve to be more than locally noted — leaders who established homes in the wilderness and others who fought for freedom, have found a place in these pages.

Readers of the stories in the two volumes will be able to say with satisfaction, "That happened in my state"; for the tales of people and places have to do with nearly every state in the Union. But it is the real purpose to present all the chapters in such a way that readers will have the higher thought, "That happened in *my country!* That man helped to make the liberty I enjoy! That monument tells of a heroic struggle of which I am reaping the fruits! That wonderland is in *my America*, and some day I am to go there, and then I can tell of it to some one who has never seen it."

In choosing the topics to be included, the effort has been made to supply material that not only will illuminate many aspects of American history but also will create in the boys and girls an appetite for side lights on history that will pave the way for the later independent investigation that gives life to all study.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to all the various state historical societies, local historical associations, chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution, and college officials who have given valuable criticism and suggestions in the preparation of the manuscript.

JOHN T. FARIS

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CHAPTER I

RELICS OF LONG AGO

1. The Mysterious Cahokia Mound, Illinois

Long before Marquette and La Salle and Tonty and other brave Frenchmen explored the country, the Mississippi Valley in the neighborhood of what is now St. Louis, Missouri, was occupied by tribes of peace-loving men who have been called mound-builders.

Just who they were or when they lived, no one knows. But it is certain that they were very intelligent and very patient; for they built scores of mounds which must have caused them an immense amount of labor. Some of these mounds were on the west side of the Mississippi, and others were on the east side. Those on the east side were built close to a central mound that was bigger than all the rest together — the Cahokia Mound, it has been called.

There are those who think that this great heap of earth was not raised up by men; that all the mound-builders did was to trim it and shape it as it was when the first explorer saw it. They say that to build it would have been impossible for men unacquainted with modern methods of handling great weights, since it is located eight miles from the Mississippi bluffs, the source of the supplies of earth they would

have had to use. But most authorities seem to think that the mound was originally built by a vanished race.

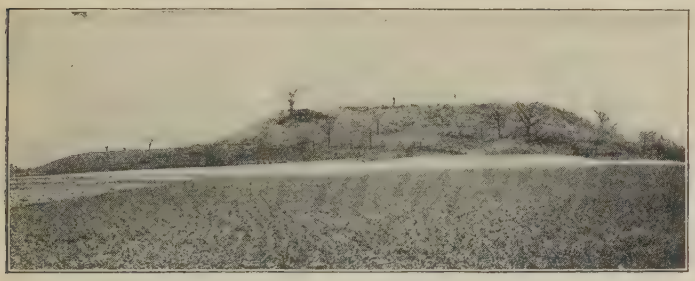
An explorer who, in 1811, visited the region of the mounds, stood in awe before them. He declared that he felt much as a man does who looks for the first time on the great pyramids of Egypt. He said the smaller mounds looked like "enormous haystacks scattered through a meadow."

It is believed that the Cahokia Mound — or Monks' Mound, as it is sometimes called, because a company of Trappist monks tilled the ground there from 1810 to 1813 — was a long time in building. It probably was begun as a burial place for the dead. As burial after burial was performed, and one small pile of earth was added to another, the structure became so large that the natives used it as a temple. On the summit was kept burning a fire in honor of the sun-god; and there the people of the village in the center of which the sacred mound stood, came to worship.

Cahokia Mound, as it now stands, is oval in shape. It is 102 feet high, and covers a little more than 16 acres. It is larger than the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt and the temple of the Aztecs in Mexico. In fact, it is the largest known structure of its kind anywhere in the world.

People think that if this mound were to be explored, there would be found remains of the civilization of that ancient day, similar to those found in another mound of like character about half a mile distant.

This smaller mass of earth was originally about four hundred feet in diameter and shaped like a cone, but in recent years fifteen or sixteen feet of the summit have been removed. These excavations brought to light skeletons, flint chips, broken pottery, bones of animals, and other fragments, which, it is thought, were scooped up by the people of that time when they took the ground around their homes to make the mound. The pottery unearthed shows that the favorite colors



Cahokia Mound, Illinois

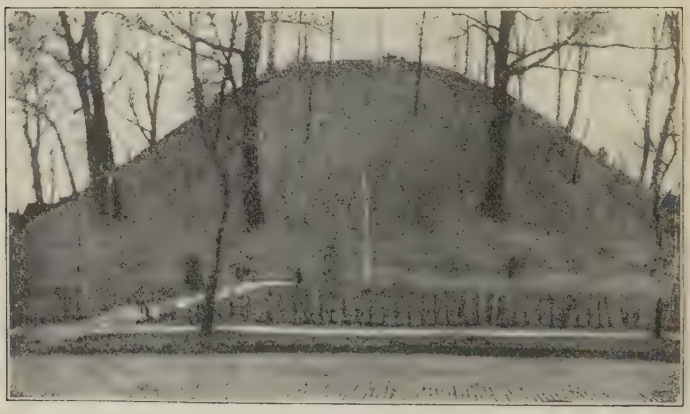
of the Cahokia people were black, brown, and a combination of red and white. Copper relics have also been found, the most unusual of which are delicately wrought in the form of tiny tortoise shells.

There is a theory that the Indians built the Cahokia Mound. But the Indians, as they have been known since America was discovered, do not seem to have had the mental ability to make and carry out so large a plan. Then how could their ancestors have been responsible? So we have good reason to believe that it was a prehistoric race who left us this reminder of their presence in our country.

Although some people who have cared more about making money by selling the land and building on it than they have cared for the wonderful work of the mound-builders, have wished to destroy the Cahokia Mound, it has as yet resisted their efforts. Some day Illinois may be persuaded to make a state monument there. The mound would then be the property of the public; and no one would dare lift a hand against this venerable relic.

2. The Great Mound at Moundsville, West Virginia

One of the greatest relics of those who lived in America before the days of Columbus is the



Prehistoric Mound at Moundsville, West Virginia

mound which gave its name to Moundsville, West Virginia. The age of this ancient burial place is unknown. Once a great white oak tree that grew on the top of the mound was cut down, and an examination of the trunk showed that it was more than five hun-

dred years old. There is no way of telling how old the structure was when the tree was a sapling.

Originally the mound was ninety feet high, but eleven feet of earth were taken from the top by a builder who wished to make an observatory upon the summit. The sides are steep and covered with trees.

The first mention of the curiosity was in 1772. In 1838 the owner tunneled horizontally into the mound, beginning at the level of the ground. When the tunnel was 111 feet long, the workmen came to a vault that had been excavated in the earth before the underground passage was commenced. This vault was 12 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 7 feet high. It was perfectly dry. Originally, upright timbers at the sides and the ends had supported cross timbers on which the roof rested. This roof was formed of unhewn stone. Gradually the timbers decayed, the stones fell, and the vault was nearly filled with earth. Examination of the timbers showed that they had been shaped by burning. There was no evidence of a tool of iron for cutting them, but near at hand were bits of charcoal, reminders of the painfully slow work of the ancient builders. In the vault were two skeletons, one of which was surrounded by 650 ivory beads.

Not yet satisfied, the owner of the mound began to make an excavation from the top straight downward. When halfway to the bottom, he found a second vault, just over the vault on the ground level. This also had caved in because of the decay of the support-

ing timbers. A skeleton found there had on it seventeen hundred ivory beads, five hundred sea shells, and five copper bracelets. One hundred and fifty pieces of isinglass were scattered over the body. Near by was a curious, oval stone, bearing three rows of hieroglyphics which have never been deciphered.

It seems likely that the mound was built as the burial place for three people of note. Probably the two buried in the lower chamber were a great warrior and his favorite wife. That many others were buried there was evident from the ashes that began to appear when the second excavation was about eight feet deep. As the cavity became deeper, it was found that the débris removed was made up almost entirely of ashes and burned bits of bone.

For many years afterward the mound was neglected. The observatory was used as a restaurant and dancing-pavilion. Fair grounds were laid out around the mound, and a race track encircled the ancient monument. The excavations were responsible for a sinking of the earth, so that there was a noticeable depression in the top. Gullies were cut into the sides by the constant washing of the rain, and footpaths were made at random on the slopes.

Fortunately public-spirited men and women decided that this interesting monument must be preserved. Appeal was made to the State Legislature, and the lawmakers were persuaded to purchase the ground and set it apart as the possession of the people of West Virginia.

3. America's Earliest Road-Makers

The earliest colonists in the East were not the first road-makers. They found trails already made through the forests and along the ridges. Neither were the first home-seekers farther to the west responsible for laying out the course of the paths that made possible their entrance to the heart of the country. These pioneers also found similar trails.

Who were the trail-makers? The Indians? It is true that they traveled by the pathways which crossed and recrossed the country in all directions. But the Indians known to the colonists were not the first to travel these paths. An earlier race, the mound-builders, followed the same tracks. These mound-builders showed great cleverness in adapting still earlier trails to their use.

An Old Indian Trail

Yes, earlier trails. For the original trail-makers of America were not the native tribes, early or late. Hulbert, in his *Historic Highways of America*, tells vividly the story of the first trail-makers:

"It was for the game animals to mark out what became known as the first thoroughfare of America. The plunging buffalo . . . broke great roads across the continent on the summits of the watersheds, be-

side which the first Indian trails were but traces through the forests. Heavy, fleet of foot, capable of covering scores of miles a day, the buffalo tore his road from one feeding-ground to another, and from north to south, on the high grounds; here his roads were swept clear of débris in summer and of snow in winter. They mounted the heights and descended from them on the longest slopes, and crossed each stream on the bars at the mouth of the larger tributaries."

It is remarkable that the unerring instinct of these ancient trail-makers enabled them to select the very courses that modern surveyors have found, after great labor, are the most favorable routes across the country. Down in West Virginia, between Grafton and Parkersburg, where there is, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, some of the finest railway construction in the East, the railroad follows for miles almost exactly in the path of the buffalo. In fact, two of the great tunnels in this stretch are directly under the road chosen by the burly beasts which once thundered through the forests, over the hills, and along the river-courses. More than this, it has been said that "the three great overland routes from the Atlantic seaboard into the central West were undoubtedly first opened by the buffalo; the first was the course through central New York, followed afterward by the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad; the second, from the Potomac to the headwaters of the Ohio; the third, the famous route through Cumberland Gap into Ken-

tucky." The route of the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Alleghenies was an old buffalo trail. Later it was known as the Kittanning Path of the Indians, who followed the buffalo. And when General Forbes marked out his road across southern Pennsylvania towards Pittsburgh, he could do no better than choose the track of the wise buffalo.

When the mound-builders came, they built their forts and burial places by the side of the old buffalo trails, which became their roads. Those who have studied the mounds have noted with interest that they lie by the side of modern roads which are successors of the primitive trails. In Ohio, in Wisconsin, in Michigan, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Georgia, and in North Carolina, this fact is notable.

While the mound-builders did not show any wonderful engineering skill in constructing their works, they were wise in the choice of sites. Usually they selected high ground. For instance, in Missouri, a group of mounds is on a long ridge near the Mississippi River, and it is to them that the farmers in the neighborhood flee for refuge in time of flood. Evidently their location was determined for a like reason by their builders centuries ago.

The buffalo trails which the mound-builders adopted as their own were not very easy for travelers. One of the early explorers wrote in his journal, after hours of tedious going, "We reached here very late at night, after considerable trouble, for the paths were only about half a foot wide where the snow would sustain

one; and, if you turned ever so little to the right or left, you were in halfway to your thighs."

The narrow buffalo trails were gradually improved by later users. When Washington journeyed to western Pennsylvania in 1753 on his mission to the French, he followed rough trails; and in 1754 he widened Nemacolin's Path, that he might have room for the guns he wished to take to Fort Necessity. In 1755 Braddock made the same trail still more distinct; he left behind him "a great gorge of a road which, after a century and a half, we can follow as plainly as a new-made furrow behind a plow."

4. The Cliff Dwellings of the Southwest

It is difficult to realize that here in our own America are some of the most interesting and mysterious ruins and monuments of peoples that vanished long ago — the cliff dwellings hidden in the walls of lonely canyons in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. Who were the builders? When did they live? How did they manage to carve shelves in the rock, transport building materials, construct houses that have lasted to this day, and then climb to the difficult places where their homes were placed? What was the story of their construction? What lessons are we to learn from them?

In southwestern Colorado, cutting the Mesa Verde, are canyons where houses are perched in different levels in the cliffs. There are ruined community houses, watch towers, and granaries. The largest of all is

Cliff Palace, where twenty-three distinct families lived. Spruce Tree House, named because of a large spruce tree growing in front of it at the time of its discovery, was the home of perhaps three hundred people. There is a Temple of the Sun, which has supplied many details concerning the people of the past.

Down in the Canyon de Chelly in Arizona, but high up on the face of its precipitous wall, is White House, built no one knows how many centuries ago, in a cave forty feet in height, hollowed out of the face of a forbidding rock, two thousand feet high. From the top of the cliff the cavern cannot be seen, for the great rock face slopes inward more than one hundred feet.

A branch of the Canyon de Chelly is the Canyon del Muerto, where travelers tell of cliff dwellings on almost every ledge. Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, has houses that present some unique problems. Perhaps the greatest problem is connected with the gigantic "braced-up" cliff which towers above some of the ruins. One visitor to the region says: "These scattered stones at the bottom of this leaning tower of Chaco are an enigma. They represent a naïve effort to prop up a massive curb of solid rock on the part of these aboriginal engineers." From the top of the cliff the view of the Pueblo Bonito is most interesting. One third of the ruin has been fully excavated, so that the eye can look into successive cavities, square, oblong, and round, which were dwelling-places of the men and women of long ago. In some instances the dwellings were not perched high on the cliffs, but were on plateaus.

In most cases, however, the cliff seemed to be the favorite site.

A writer in *The National Geographic Magazine*, in speaking of these cliff dwellers, says:

"The manner in which they reached their most secure abodes is not always apparent. In some places, where no natural ledge gave access, traces of steps cut in the living rock remain; elsewhere, small holes sufficiently large for the insertion of the toes and the grip of the fingers have been chiseled into the steep face of the cliff, sometimes along a horizontal and sometimes along a vertical line. Commonly, however, there is no evidence whatever either of natural or artificial approaches, and we must suppose that the inhabitants entered by means of ladders. To reach some of these eyries is one of the exhilarating features of a trip to the cliff-dwellers' regions."

Scientists have been interested in dating these structures, and they have made studies that have had a degree of success. When Dr. J. W. Fewkes reported to the Department of the Interior the finding and excavating of the Sun Temple, in Mesa Verde Park, he said he was convinced that it was built about A.D. 1300. His estimate was based on a study of the age of a red cedar tree which was growing when he began work near the summit of the highest wall of the temple annex. The tree was killed in the process of excavating, for its roots penetrated the adjacent ruins. When it was cut down, the superintendent of the near-by Montezuma National Forest counted 360 annual rings.

But the tree grew in a mound of ruined wall, so it was thought wise to add at least 250 years for the period of the construction of the temple, its use, and its falling into ruins.

A careful study of the age of the ruins has been made. A method adopted in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, was the driving of a shaft into the accumulation of débris thrown out from day to day during the life of the community. At Pueblo Bonito the refuse lying in front of the village forms a long mound measuring about 75 by 800 feet at the base and all of 16 feet in height. Broken pottery and other industrial remains gave some indication of the great length of time that elapsed during the gradual accumulation of this débris.

At Mesa Verde the investigators obtained, by boring, sections of the timbers used in the construction of the floors and roofs of the canyon houses. Careful study of the rings in these specimens disclosed the age of the trees from which the timbers were cut, and even showed periods of drought when tree growth was meager. It is hoped that by a future study of specimens from every tree it will be possible to determine just how long ago these periods of drought occurred. Then the dating of the ruins will be simple.

5. The Pueblo Dwellers of New Mexico

Before Columbus came to America, there were houses in the New World which were five, six, and even seven stories high. Most Indians lived in wigwams, or tepees, but down in what is now New Mexico and

Arizona, a strange people — no one knows just where they came from — built great apartment houses before the days of the white explorers. Some of the ancestors of the people who settled Plymouth and Jamestown were not yet born when each of these pueblos — as they were called — was sheltering scores of families.

Acoma Indian Pueblo, West of Albuquerque, New Mexico

A traveler, after visiting some of the pueblos, said that a thousand-room building was not unknown. "Some of the structures are of stone plastered over with mud, while more frequently they are built of sun-baked bricks made of clay mixed with straw," he wrote. "The lower stories of the ancient dwellings were without doors or windows, and could only be entered by a kind of trapdoor in the roof. It must have been somewhat of an undertaking for the stout old ladies of the tribe to do much visiting, as it required a courageous heart, a steady head, and the agility of

a trapeze performer to gain an entrance. Most of the houses were built on the barren mesa, but some of the most pretentious were perched on the summit of cliffs, and were reached by a single ladder. When the community climbed up, went to bed, and pulled the ladder in after them, it was their way of letting visitors from another city know that they were not at home to callers. This custom of pulling up the ladder must have had a good effect on those individuals of the tribe who showed a disposition to stay out late at night, for it was either come home before the ladder went up, or sleep out of doors."

One of the best-known of the pueblos is at Isleta, close to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Those who wish to see terraced houses must go elsewhere, but those who are content to look on a village that is on the same site, and many of whose buildings are the same, as when Coronado made his visit in 1540, have only to look from the windows of the railroad train. Much more satisfactory, however, would be a visit to the pueblos, and an interview with the unassuming governor who is chosen by the votes of the people of the community village.

The village has also a lieutenant governor, a council of twenty-five members, a sheriff, and a judge, whose decisions must be approved by the United States Indian agent.

The Isletans are numbered among the thousands of Pueblo Indians of New Mexico who own nearly one million acres of land and boast of United States

citizenship, because of a clause in the treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo with Mexico in 1848, though they have not the right to vote.

Laguna, another curious pueblo town, is two miles from the railway station of the same name; and on the road that passes through Laguna is Acoma, the pueblo of pueblos, whose history is as romantic as anything in New Mexico, the state of romance.

Acoma pueblo is a series of terraced houses of plain adobe construction, whose upper terraces are reached by the customary ladders. For 1000 feet these houses extend, while they are 40 feet from the ground to the highest terrace. They are built on a precipitous rock 350 feet above the mesa, which is itself 7000 feet above sea level.

When the visitor is told that the present approach from the plain to the rock is easy when compared with the method of entering in days when enemies were abroad, he has new respect for the hardy mountaineers. Their ancestors thought nothing of toiling up a stairway that must have been as difficult as modern construction ladders to a lofty church steeple. That these men paid little heed to such difficulties is evident from the fact that the walls of the church in this pueblo are 60 feet high and 10 feet thick, while the timbers are 40 feet long and 14 inches square. All this material was painstakingly carried up the mesa. The length of time required for this herculean task may be judged from the fact that forty years were consumed in transporting and depositing the earth for the churchyard.

Three miles from the rocks where the Acoma pueblo is situated, is a strange formation that stands out from the plain in curious fashion — the Mesa Encantada, or "Enchanted Mesa." This inaccessible height — so tradition says — was the original site of Acoma. How the Indians managed to ascend to its forbidding summit, 430 feet high, is a problem that may never be solved. The reason for the abandonment of the position is equally an enigma, though tradition suggests that the reason was the fall of a portion of the cliff while the men were absent; when they returned and found some of the women dead in the débris, they sought a site somewhat more approachable.

The great rock stands silent. But many of the pueblos are as full of life today as they were hundreds of years ago.

6. The Petrified Forests of Arizona

The most ancient ruins in Arizona are not the houses of the Pueblo Indians or the strange habitations of the cliff dwellers, but the Petrified Forests in the district a few miles south of Adamana.

There are three of these forests where, scattered over an area of many square miles, are the petrified trunks of hundreds of gigantic trees that stood in majesty in an age long gone.

Probably they grew by a lake at some distance from the place where they now give delight to the visitor who picks his way among their broken sections, or crosses the ravine in the First Forest, nearest to

Adamana, on the sixty-foot stone log embedded at either end in sandstone.

The length of this log bridge is 111 feet, the span is 44 feet, and the greatest diameter of the trunk is 10 feet. The shape of the roots in their sandstone covering can still be plainly seen. No one thinks that this tree was thrown across a gulch, but rather that the

Petrified Forest National Monument, Arizona

gulch was formed beneath the fallen tree. Through many ages the soil and rock beneath were washed away, until the petrified tree was left as it is today.

After these trees of an unknown time fell — perhaps during a tornado or a flood — they must have been carried downstream. The next step in their history was the deposit of sand and clay above them, until they were buried, possibly thousands of feet deep.

Next, underground water, colored in rainbow tints by the minerals in the ground, was absorbed by the

wood; as the fiber decayed, lime or silica took its place. This is the process of petrifaction, or turning to stone. Volcanic action probably followed, which resulted in burying the logs in the depths of the sea. After ages passed at the bottom of the sea, another volcanic disturbance probably caused the land to rise above the surface. With it came the trees.

Next came the wearing away of the overlying sand, and the uncovering of the marvels that are now like the jewels of Aladdin's cave. Here are amethyst and topaz, onyx and chalcedony, carnelian and agate. Efforts have been made to cut the logs and release some of the jewels, but not much can be done in this direction, when a six-inch steel saw is worn to a ribbon half an inch wide in the attempt to saw through a single log. Even then the work requires several days. It would be interesting to learn how the Indians managed to fashion their stone hammers, arrowheads, knives, and scrapers from the chips of these jeweled logs.

It is fortunate that these fallen and transformed monarchs have proved so hard to cut; otherwise they might not have been on hand in such profusion when, in 1906, the three forests which make up the region were set apart as a national monument.

Visitors are forbidden to carry away even the smallest souvenir from the Petrified Forest, but they are permitted to learn that thin slices of the logs have been ground down to an unbelievable thinness. To the naked eye of the casual observer these samples from

Arizona's Garden of Jewels are a vision of beauty; under the microscope of the scientist they tell in plainest language the wonder story of transformation from stately, erect, cone-bearing trees to prostrate cabinets of precious stones.

7. Inscription Rock, New Mexico

What is probably the most gigantic autograph album in existence is situated in a lonely region some seventy miles southeast of Gallup, New Mexico.

The album is not a book, but an immense, precipitous cliff of white sandstone. Past its base led one of the trails taken, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, by Spanish explorers and traders, when they wished to go from Santa Fé to the Indian pueblos of Zuñi and Moqui.

One day it occurred to a member of an expedition to carve a message on the sandstone. Others followed him, saw the message, and did as he had done. As the years and centuries passed, the signatures and messages became so numerous that today travelers like to go to the place from which rises the great cliff, that they may study these curious records.

Perhaps the first record was made in 1526; at least no earlier date has been found. Less than a generation later, followed a man who carved in Spanish a simple statement which read:

> Passed by here the Adelantado Don Juan de Oñate from the discovery of the South Sea [the Pacific Ocean] on the 16th of April, 1606. [The real date was 1605.]

If all who write in public places had as good reason for leaving a record of their achievements, fault would not be found with them because of their writing! In a score of words he told the story of his journey of six months, over fifteen hundred miles of the wildest country, to see if there were truth in the report of a great ocean to the westward.

Another man of many deeds and few words was General Vargas, who conquered the Indians when they rebelled against the authority of the Spanish. After leading a successful expedition against them, he carved on the sandstone a message almost as brief as that of Oñate:

> Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas who
> conquered to our holy faith and the royal crown
> all New Mexico at his own expense. Year of 1692.

Long before the conqueror of the Indians used his sword to leave on the rock the story of his deeds, Governor Nieto — evidently a man not so modest as some of his predecessors — wrote a few lines of verse. The Spanish has been translated by one who studied the words. He found it necessary to guess at some of the letters and figures. This is the translation as he gives it:

> Here [passed] Governor
> Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto
> Whose indubitable arm and valor
> Has now overcome the impossible
> With the wagons of the King our Lord —
> [A] thing that he alone put into this affect

9 of August six [teen] hundred twenty and nine —
That it might be heard I passed to Zuñi and carried
the faith.

From another inscription it is evident that the Zuñis were not always good to those who went to them to preach the gospel. This record was written by a man in great haste, to judge from his puzzling abbreviations. Perhaps he was too lazy to make more marks on the stone than he thought necessary!

Se Psao A 23 De Mo de 1632 Ao
A A Bengsa De Mte
Del pe Letrado
LUJAN

Those who have puzzled long over the abbreviations have given an English translation:

They passed on 23 of March of
the year 1632 to the avenging of
Padre Letrado's death.
LUJAN

The soldier called Lujan was a member of a party sent to punish the Zuñis for killing Padre Letrado with arrows.

After boastful inscriptions like that of Governor Nieto and the autographs of men of might, there is welcome for the words of one who makes no claim either to deeds of valor or to fame:

I am from the hand of Felipe de
Avellano, 16 of September, soldier.

At least, that is what the record would say if it were in English instead of in Spanish.

Close to Inscription Rock is El Morro, another rock that from some points of view seems a part of it. The two have been set apart as a national monument.

So many latter-day visitors to the great rocks in the midst of the silent mesa have shown a desire to follow the example of the first white visitors to the spot, by writing messages that are really a desecration of the

El Morro National Monument, New Mexico

Spanish Autograph Album, that the National Park commissioner has found it necessary to build a fence nearly a mile and a half long at the base of the rock. Nominally this is to keep cattle away. But surely would-be marauders can easily take the hint that John Smith or Henry Jones must not attempt to register below Juan de Oñate, the founder of Santa Fé, and the many other Spanish writers.

8. At Natural Bridge, Virginia

There is a tradition that when George Washington was a surveyor, he visited the great stone arch known as the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, climbed some twenty-five feet up one of the precipitous walls, and carved his initials there. Visitors are told just where to look for the "G. W."; but it is necessary to use a good deal of imagination to see the letters.

Years ago an imaginative visitor to the bridge proceeded to write a wonderful story of the adventurous climb of the surveyor who was later to carve his name indelibly on the records of the world. Thousands of boys and girls have read this thrilling, even blood-curdling, story, which was included in the selections in a favorite series of school readers.

Natural Bridge, Virginia

Sam Houston, the Indian fighter and the president of Texas when it was a republic, was familiar with the arch above Cedar Creek; for he was born not far from the gorge in the Blue Ridge that is spanned by the bridge not made by the hands of men. Perhaps, as he looked from its parapet into the creek bed far below, or as he stood by the water and gazed up at the arch, he

thought of the Indian legend of the building of this bridge, which the primitive men called the Bridge of God. The legend tells how the Monacans, fleeing before the Shawnees and Powhatans, came to a great chasm which they could not cross. In despair they fell on their faces and prayed that the Great Spirit would deliver them. When they rose, they saw with wonder that a great stone arch spanned the chasm. Fearing to trust themselves to it, they sent the women and children ahead to test it. Then all crossed just in time to turn and defend the passage against the advancing hosts.

Thomas Jefferson was the first one to write of this Bridge of God. From his boyhood home, "Shadwell," not far from Charlottesville, he followed the beautiful valley of the James until he came to what he later described thus:

"The most sublime of Nature's works. It is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to be cloven through its length by some great convulsion. . . . Though the sides of the bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk on this and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from the height about a minute gave me a violent headache. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful . . . so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were, up to heaven!"

Jefferson did not rest until he possessed the bridge and the land surrounding it. At Williamsburg, Virginia, there is on file the deed he secured from George III of England to the property. This deed reads, in part, as follows:

"Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in consideration of the sum of twenty shillings of good and lawful money for our use paid to our Receiver General of our Revenues, in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia, we have given, granted and conferred, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do give, grant and confirm unto Thomas Jefferson, one certain tract or parcel of land containing 157 acres, lying and being in the county of Botetourt, including the Natural Bridge on Cedar Creek, a branch of James River, and bounded as followeth. . . ."

When the property came into his possession, Jefferson built near one end of the bridge a log cabin for the accommodation of two slaves, who were instructed to receive and care for the visitors who should go there in response to the owner's earnest invitation to see something that would add joy to life. It is said that the stone chimney built for this cabin became a part of a modern house on the same site.

The present-day visitor who would follow in the steps of the friends of Jefferson to what Henry Clay called "the bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway, and makes two mountains one," has first an impressive journey, whether he

comes from the north, up the Shenandoah Valley, through Lexington, and across the intervening fifteen miles of picturesque hill road; or from the south, past the Peaks of Otter, across the valley of the James River near its headwaters; or from the east, across the green mountain ridge that gives enticing hint of the beauties of the canyon of Cedar Creek, spanned by Jefferson's arch.

CHAPTER II

IN THE DAYS OF COLONY BUILDING

9. Early Jamestown, Virginia

During the early years of the colony of Virginia, reports were published in England that it would be most unwise for any one to go to this new country, because it would be impossible to obtain food there, and, moreover, the climate was unwholesome.

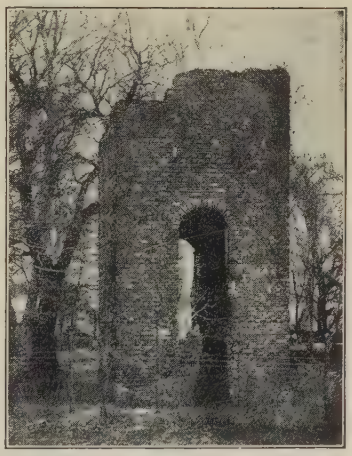
In 1610 a curious pamphlet was printed in London, by the authority of the Council of Virginia, in answer to these charges. It was entitled *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia.*

Among the strangely worded paragraphs in the pamphlet is this:

"They are to put this wheat into the ground, five corns in one spit of earth, and two beans with them. The wheat comes multiplying into divers stalks, grows up twelve or fourteen feet high: yielding some four, five, or six ears, on every stalk; and in every ear, some five hundred, some six hundred, some seven hundred corns. The two beans run upon the stalk of the wheat as our garden peas upon sticks, which multiply to a wondrous increase. The wheat being sown thick, some stalks bear ears of corn, and some bear none; but in those barren stalks there is as much juice as in some sugar cane, of so delicate a taste, as no fruit in

England is comparable to it; out of which Sir Ralph Lane conceived that we may extract sugar in great quantity. But Sir Thomas Gates affirmeth that our men do make cordial drink thereof, to their great comfort."

Attention was called to the fact that "the natural peas of the country" return "an increase innumerable"; that "all things committed to the earth do multiply with an incredible usury"; and that "the beasts of the country, as deer, red and fallow, do answer in multitude to our proportion of oxen." In proof of this it was stated that the people of the country dressed in "the skins of these beasts," that herds of two hundred deer had been seen near the fort, and that Powhatan had at least four thousand skins "piled up in one wardrobe."



THE OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA

After mentioning the opossums, "in shape like to pigs, shrouded in hollow roots of trees," the "turkeys, great, fat, and exceeding in plenty," and the abundant wild fowl, the author went on thus: "The fruits: as apples, running on the ground, in bigness and shape of a small lemon, in color and taste like to a preserved apricot; grapes and walnuts innumerable; the vines

being as common as bramble, the walnut trees as the elms in England; not to speak of cucumbers, muskmelons, pompions, potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips, which our gardens yielded with little art and labor."

The author argued that, simply because the site of Jamestown had proved unhealthful, the entire colony should not be condemned. That later comers, on landing, might not make their first home in "the fens and marshes," "the Lord Governor hath built two new forts (the one called Fort Henry, and the other Fort Charles, in honor of our most noble Prince and his hopeful brother) upon a pleasant hill, and near a little rivulet which we call Southampton River. They stand in a wholesome air, having plenty of springs of sweet water; they command a great circuit of ground, containing wood, pasture, and meadow; with apt places for vines, corn, and gardens. In which forts it is resolved that all those that come out of England shall be at their first landing quartered; that the wearisomeness of the sea may be refreshed in this pleasing part of the country."

For the further encouragement of possible colonists, the statement was made that "there are incredible variety of sweet woods, especially of the balsam tree, which distilleth a precious gum; that there are innumerable white mulberry trees, which in so warm a climate may cherish and feed millions of silkworms, and return us in a very short time as great a plenty of silks as vented into the whole world from all the ports of Italy; that there are divers sorts of minerals,

especially of iron ore, lying upon the ground for ten miles circuit; that a kind of hemp or flax, and like grass, doth grow there naturally, which will afford stuff for all manner of excellent cordage."

As the first settlers in Jamestown suffered terrible hardships during what was called the Starving Time, it is pleasant to learn that those days of want were over, and that at last the people were enjoying an abundance of good things in Virginia.

10. On Virginia's Eastern Shore

Of the four centers of greatest interest in connection with the early history of America — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the Chesapeake Bay region in Virginia — the last is least known. Yet there, within a radius of little more than fifty miles, was Jamestown, the first permanent settlement on the continent; the famous houses on the James River, still shown to those who pass leisurely along this pleasing waterway; Henrico, the early town planned not far from the later site of Richmond; Williamsburg, Jamestown's successor after the capital of the colony had been destroyed during Bacon's Rebellion; Yorktown, in later years famous because there were the closing scenes of the Revolution; Old Point Comfort, the port of entry

Old Presbyterian Church on the Eastern Shore

for the mainland; and the Eastern Shore, the isolated tongue of land that was one of the most favored sections of old Virginia.

The bit of the peninsula that belongs to Virginia contains two counties, and is about seventy miles long, while the average breadth is about eight miles. The Indians, with whom this point of land was a favorite, called it Acchawmake, or "The Land Beyond the Water." The colonists called it Accomac, or "Ye Ancient Kingdom of Accawmake."

Tradition says that the first settlers on Accomac sought the Eastern Shore in 1610; that they intermarried with the Nassawattox Indians, and became semi-savage. But the first settlement of which reliable history tells, was made in 1614. Probably the first permanent white settler was named Savage. His descendants still live there; Savage is a common name on the Eastern Shore. Historians of Virginia declare that the Savages represent the oldest American family in the United States.

Before many years other settlers followed the original Savage. The lands were rich, and immigrants were attracted by the freedom from the landing-tax required at Point Comfort. Later the community bore its share of taxation, as was apparent, in 1652, when the leaders of the people prepared the famous Northampton Protest to the General Assembly and so to the King against taxation without representation. In this the request was made that the "taxation of forty-six pounds of tobacco per head . . . be taken off the charge of

the county," because the law was "arbitrary and illegal; forasmuch as we had neither summons for election of burgesses nor voice in the assembly."

Perhaps Governor Berkeley remembered this protest twenty-five years later when, in his eagerness to attach to himself the freemen of Accomac and Northampton, he promised freedom from taxation for twenty years, if they would remain faithful to him against the leaders of Bacon's Rebellion.

In 1643 about one thousand of Virginia's fifteen thousand inhabitants lived in this small section of the colony. In 1667 the Eastern Shore contained about three thousand people. The prosperity of those who lived thus far from treacherous Indians, disease, and famine caused the dwellers on the mainland to look on them with envy. They had no money at this early date, but they had such substitutes as roanoke, made of cockle-shells cut into pieces and strung like beads, and peake, less valuable and darker, in the shape of a cylinder. Beaver pelts were also used instead of currency.

At first there was no court on the peninsula. The necessary journey to the mainland became so trying that a separate Court of the Eastern Shore was asked for. So, in 1632, Accomac had its first monthly court.

The records of this early court tell of the startling punishment given to offenders. For "unlawful swearing" John Parramore was ordered to "sit by the heels in the stocks at the time of divine service." Unless Joane Butler should take back an accusation she was to be

"drawn across King's Creek, at the stern of a canoe." For slander it was thought fit that an accused man "should stand three several Sundays at the time of divine service before the face of the whole congregation in a white sheet with a white wand in his hand." Later on, for stealing a pair of breeches, the same man was made to appear in church three Sundays "with a pair of breeches tied around his neck, and the word 'Thief' written upon his back."

11. The Blue Laws of Old Virginia

One of the strangest of the documents that have come down to us from the days of the colonists is the

SHIRLEY ON THE JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA
Probably built before 1700, in the days of the Blue Laws.

Collection of Laws Divine, Moral and Martial, for the Colony of Virginia, which was printed in London

for the guidance of all who joined the company of those who went to find a home in Virginia.

The penalty for blasphemy was death. An oath was forbidden, severe punishment being provided for the first offense, and assurance being given that for the second offense a bodkin would be thrust through the tongue of the guilty colonist. For a third offense he was to be brought into court and, on conviction, he was to be sentenced to death.

If a man should be disrespectful to a minister, he was to be whipped three times, and he was to "ask public forgiveness in the assembly of the congregation three successive several Sabbath days."

It was ordered that, twice each day, men and women, "upon the first tolling of the bell, shall upon the working day repair unto the church, to hear divine service, upon pain of losing his or her day's allowance for the first morning; for the second, to be whipped; and for the third, to be condemned to the galleys for six months."

Failure to attend church service on Sunday morning and afternoon, and catechising, was to be punished "for the first fault to lose their provision and allowance for the whole week following; for the second, to lose the said allowance, and also to be whipped; and for the third, to suffer death."

If any man shall "rob the store of any commodity therein, of what quality soever, or shall rob from his fellow-soldier or neighbor, anything that is his, victuals, apparel, household stuff, tools, or what necessary else

whatsoever, by water or land, out of boat-house or knapsack, he shall be punished with death."

Murmuring, mutiny, resistance, or disobedience to authority was to be punished, for the first offense, by whipping three times, and the offender was to acknowledge his sin upon his knees, "with asking of forgiveness upon the Sabbath day in the assembly of the congregation; and for the second time so offending, to be condemned to a galley for three years; and for the third time so offending, to be punished with death."

The speaking of disgraceful words, or the commission of any act to the disgrace of any person in the colony, was forbidden "upon pain of being tied hands and feet together, upon the guard every night, for the space of one month, besides to be publicly disgraced himself, and be made incapable ever after to possess any place, or execute any office in the employment."

Mistreatment of an Indian or stealing his goods was punished as severely as though the injured one were a colonist.

Any one who should "dare to wash any unclean linen, or throw out the water or suds of foul clothes, in the open streets, within the palisades, or within forty feet of the same," or "rinse and make clean any kettle, pot, or pan, or such-like vessel, within twenty feet of the old wall, or new pump," was to be punished by whipping. If the offense was repeated, the "martial court" was to deal with the matter as it saw fit.

While the reason for the second part of the following provision is not apparent at once, the reason for

the first portion is plain: "Every man shall have an especial and due care to keep his house sweet and clean, as also so much of the street as lieth before his door, and especially he shall so provide, and set his bedside whereon he lieth, that it may stand three feet at least from the ground; or he will answer the contrary at a martial court."

If a laundress, whose duty it was to wash the clothing of a number of people, should keep any of the articles for her own use, or should "change the same willingly and wittingly," she was to be whipped and was to lie in prison until she repaid the loss.

A baker who should cheat "any man of his due and proper weight and measure," or should use "any dishonest and deceitful tricks to make the bread weigh heavier, or make it coarser, in order to keep back any part or measure of the flour or meal" was to be condemned to lose his ears for the first offense; was to be condemned to a year in the galleys for the second offense; and was to go to the galleys for three years for the third offense.

All of these laws, and many others, were to be read by the minister "every Sabbath day before catechising, publicly in the assembly of the congregation, upon pain of his entertainment checks for that week."

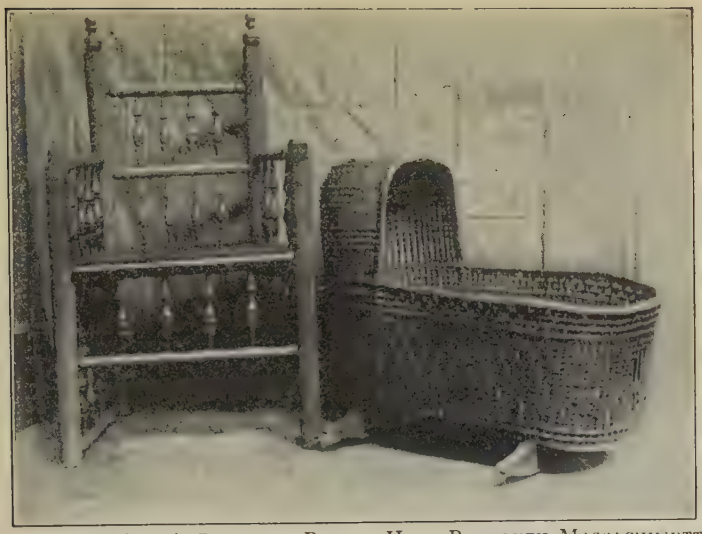
12. Plymouth and Provincetown, Massachusetts

Let's go to Plymouth! How shall we go — by land or sea? Why, by sea, of course, like the Pilgrims. But ours will be a very different voyage. They came

in winter, but it is summer now. They were crowded into the stuffy little cabin of the *Mayflower*, through nine weeks of stormy weather. We go gliding down the coast from Boston over smooth water, in the comfortable excursion steamer *Betty Alden*, and in three short hours we are slipping past Clark's Island into Plymouth Harbor.

And so we have landed. On Plymouth Rock? By no means. The *Betty Alden* docks at an up-to-date steamboat-landing. But almost the first thing we see as we come ashore, is the marble portico built to shelter that famous rock on which, tradition tells us, Mary Chilton was the first to set her foot. We step inside the portico, look down over an iron railing, and there is Plymouth Rock. Such a humble little boulder it is, after all. But the "1620" carved upon it stands for noble and courageous deeds.

Poor bruised and battered rock! Did you ever hear how, in 1774, when the people of the town attempted to raise the rock and carry it to Town Square, it broke apart? The upper part was hauled to the square, where it lay at the foot of a liberty pole, on which waved a flag which bore the words, "Liberty or Death." It remained there until 1834, and then, on the Fourth of July, accompanied by a great procession, it was dragged to Pilgrim Hall and set down in front of the entrance porch, where visitors were always astonished to find it so far inland. The townspeople at last realized themselves the absurdity of having the rock at such a distance from the water.



PEREGRINE WHITE'S CRADLE, IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

© A. S. Burbank

PLYMOUTH ROCK IN THE NEW LOCATION, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

They again laid hold of it, in the summer of 1880, and without ceremony dumped it down once more upon that portion of it which still lay on the shore. The sections were neatly cemented together, and over them was erected a canopy, which, though far from beautiful, at least protected the rock for many years. But the sands had shifted, and the rock was no longer at the water's edge; so, at the time of the Tercentenary Celebration, it was lowered to tide-level, where the waves wash over it as they did when the Pilgrims landed. Over it was raised the present simple, dignified portico.

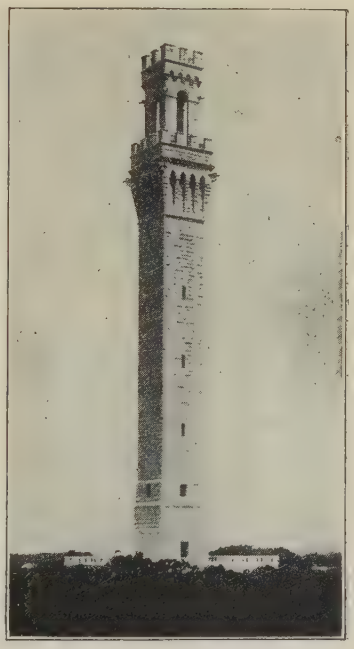
There may the famous old rock lie in peace forever. They say we do not really know that the Pilgrims actually landed on it. The only evidence we have is the testimony of one old man named Elder Faunce, who knew the early settlers, and heard the tale from them. But it is, after all, a very probable story, so let us go on believing it. For Plymouth Rock has been called "the corner stone of the nation."

As we look up from the rock, before us, on the brow of Cole's Hill, is a noble bronze statue — the figure of Massasoit, the friend of the Pilgrims. He stands there looking out to sea, as if he were forever watching for the *Mayflower* which will never return.

Cole's Hill is the place where, in the first dreadful winter, the Pilgrims buried their dead, and in the spring planted corn over their graves, so that the Indians might not know how many of the little band had gone. For "of a hundred persons scarce fifty remained."

Walking up Leyden Street, we try to picture it as it looked in 1621. Then it consisted of a single row of two-roomed log cabins, the roofs thatched, the chinks between the logs filled with clay, the windows fitted with oiled paper instead of glass. There was a common house twenty feet square, and at the top of what is now Burial Hill was the fort built by Myles Standish.

Parallel to Leyden Street flows the Town Brook. Think of what it meant to those people who were about to build homes in the wilderness to find that "there is a very sweet brook runs under the hillside, and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk." After they landed, the Pilgrims were divided into nineteen families, to each of which was given a plot of land along the Town Brook. There the houses were built, and the portions of land were called "meersteads." You can trace these meersteads in Plymouth today in some of the old gardens that slope to the brook.



THE PILGRIM MONUMENT, PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Many household possessions that came over in the

Mayflower with the Pilgrims, and that were used in their log homes are carefully inclosed in glass cases in Pilgrim Hall, a building erected nearly a hundred years ago to guard these treasures. There are the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver; Peregrine White's cradle; a pair of stiff little baby shoes; the sword of Myles Standish with the mysterious Arabic inscription on the blade; Governor Bradford's Bible; and the sampler of Lorea, daughter of Myles Standish. In letters worked by her childish fingers we read:

> Lorea Standish is my name,
> Lord guide my hart that I may doe Thy will.

But much as we wish to linger here, close to the very hearts and homes of the Pilgrims, we must be off to Provincetown — the place, as you know, where they landed first.

We go by motor this time, for the Provincetown boat from Boston does not stop at Plymouth, and the railroad trip is roundabout and long. Our road crosses the Cape Cod Canal, then follows the curving peninsula, the end of which has been called the "bare and bended arm of Massachusetts."

And it is bare. There is sand in hills, sand in windrows, sand everywhere. As one author has said, "Surely round about Provincetown is where the Walrus and the Carpenter walked together." Do you remember the lines?

> The Walrus and the Carpenter
> Were walking close at hand,
> They wept like anything to see

Such quantities of sand.
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

Captain John Smith preceded the Pilgrims to the peninsula. In his *New England* he spoke of it as "only a headland of high hills of sand, overgrown with shrubby pines, brush, and such trash, but an excellent harbor for all weathers. The Cape is made by the Maine sea on the one side, and a great bay on the other, in the form of a sickle."

When the weary visitors from Holland came to Provincetown they saw "a goodly land" which was "wooded to the brink of the sea."

Four days later a party went ashore, guided by Myles Standish, and explored the country. They had gone but a mile when they met a number of Indians and a dog. The explorers kept on their way until they came to the place where the town of Truro now is. Here they saw "new stubble where corn had been set the same year; also they found where lately a house

Myles Standish Monument, Duxbury, Massachusetts

had been, where some planks and a great kettle were remaining, and heaps of sand newly paddled with their hands, which they, digging up, found in them divers fine Indian baskets filled with corn."

On November 17, when they returned to the *Mayflower* it was necessary "to wade above the knees." The exposure had fatal effects. "Some of our people that are dead took the original of their deaths here," wrote Governor Bradford, later.

Provincetown was not settled until 1680, and the name it now bears was not given to it until 1727. Nearly two centuries later the monument commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrims was built on a sandy hillock, the only elevation near. Two hundred and fifty feet high it stands, proclaiming to all who approach the shore that there was the real beginning of American liberty.

13. In the Wake of the Pilgrims

A motor slipping swiftly along over smooth macadam; the salt wind and the sweet-smelling pines; glimpses of summer homes by the blue sea — this is what the old coast road from Boston to Duxbury is today. And yet long ago, in Pilgrim days, this highway was only a rough trail worn through the forests and across the meadows by the moccasined feet of the Indians.

Even today as we pass through the South Shore villages, we are aware that this region was once the home of the red men. Nantasket, Quonahassett (Cohasset), Satuit (Scituate) — they are all Indian names.

But the wigwams have vanished forever. Across the North River, over the Marshfield hills, and we have arrived in Duxbury, named by Myles Standish for his old home, Duxborough Hall, in Lancashire, England.

Duxbury today is filled with summer homes. The modern cottages have been built on Powder Point and on the Standish Shore, to catch the breeze from the ocean. But many people have bought old houses in the village, and have repaired and enlarged them, without spoiling their simplicity and charm. Most of these houses are gray-shingled, with green shutters. They have sloping roofs, and great central chimneys which provide for a fireplace in each of the four rooms on the ground floor. At the rear of each house is a garden filled with bright, old-fashioned flowers, and at one side of the front door is a lilac bush. This front door, green, like the shutters, has carved upon it a cross — to keep out the witches.

Of this type is the Alden house. The present house was built by John Alden's third son, Jonathan Alden, and both John and Priscilla Alden died there. It is now the property of the Alden Kindred of America, and open to visitors in the summer time. On a knoll a short distance away is a weather-worn slab, marking the site where John Alden built his house in 1627.

John and Priscilla Alden and their children were not alone in Duxbury. Elder Brewster's son, the Elder himself, and others of the Plymouth colony moved over and established homes. Out of sight of the Alden house, but near enough for friendly calls, lived Myles

Standish and his family. A son of Myles Standish married an Alden daughter. By that time the hurt which Priscilla had given the gallant Captain by saying, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" had long since been forgiven.

The Standish house is in South Duxbury, near the foot of Captain's Hill. It stands at the end of a grass-grown lane, in an open field, facing the bay. We find it locked today; but we may sit on the flat doorstone and picture to ourselves the Standish family living there. Of course we realize that this is not the original building. The date 1666 is on the broad chimney, and it is said that this house was erected by Myles Standish's son near the site of the one put up by his father. But the compact little dwelling with its sheltering gambrel roof is as sturdy and strong as if it had indeed been built by that stanch, stout-hearted warrior, Standish of Standish.

Over there in the little burying-ground near the village, where John and Priscilla Alden too are lying, Myles Standish sleeps, with four cannon shielding the soldier's slumbers. High up on Captain's Hill is a monument, three hundred and ten feet above the bay. On top of the monument is the figure of the man, so small of stature, so large of soul, who protected and served the Pilgrims. His cloak about him, one hand upon his sword, and the other pointing across the bay to Plymouth, it seems as if the noble Captain himself were standing there, on guard forever over the land he loved so well.

For "with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction," and "in return for his zeal they had made him the Captain of Plymouth."

14. The Wreck of the *Sparrowhawk*

In the basement of Pilgrim Hall, in Plymouth, Massachusetts, lie the remains of what is supposed to be the first vessel wrecked along the New England coast.

THE HULK OF THE *SPARROWHAWK*

Exhibited on Boston Common. Now in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Near the close of the year 1626, the *Sparrowhawk* set sail from England for Virginia; possibly for Jamestown, where the little colony had been struggling for a foothold since the arrival of the first home-seekers in 1607. The ship was forty feet long in the hull, and the breadth of her beam about twelve feet; she carried forty tons burden, and had forty persons aboard. If such a vessel could be placed alongside of one of the great ocean steamers of today, it would seem like hardly more than a rowboat.

Picture to yourselves this little craft tossed about on stormy seas, the passengers crowded together in the cabin, the crew struggling with icy decks and rig-

ging. At the end of six weeks all on board are discouraged and "mad for land." They have "no water, nor beer, nor any wood left," and Captain Johnston is "sick and lame of scurvy, so he can but lie in his cabin door and give direction." The desperate passengers "compel the mariners to steer a course between the southwest and nor'west, that they might fall in with some land whatsoever it was, caring not."

In this extremity the mate lost his reckoning, and found himself making, not for Virginia, but for the New England coast. One more heavy storm struck the ship, and drove her ashore.

Now this was the most fortunate thing that could have happened, for the place where she ran aground, at Orleans, on Cape Cod, was just across the bay from Plymouth. By friendly Indians, the shipwrecked people sent a letter to Governor Bradford, telling him of their helpless situation, and entreating him "to send a boat unto them with some pitch and oakum and spikes, with divers other necessaries for the mending of their ship"; also to send some corn and other supplies, so that they might continue their voyage to Virginia.

Governor Bradford immediately dispatched a shallop with the desired supplies. The ship was repaired, and once more put to sea.

But the Governor "had not been at home many days but he had notice from them, that by the violence of a great storm and the bad mooring of the ship (after she was mended) she was put ashore, and so beaten and shaken as she was now wholly unfit to go to sea. . . .

And so their request was they might have leave to sojourn with them till they could have means to convey themselves to Virginia. . . .

"Their requests were granted, and all helpfulness done unto them; their goods transported, and themselves and goods sheltered in houses as well as they could. . . . They had ground appointed them, and some of them raised a great deal of corn, which they sold at their departure. . . . A couple of barks carried them away at the latter end of the summer. And sundry of them have acknowledged their thankfulness since from Virginia."

As for the *Sparrowhawk*, she stayed for years right where the storm had landed her, until finally the drifting sand completely buried her. She might have been there on the beach still, had it not been that in 1863 part of her framework became uncovered. Timber by timber she was dug from the sand. The sections were taken to Boston, where they were restored to their original positions, and the hulk of the *Sparrowhawk* was placed on exhibition on Boston Common. Later it visited the city of Providence, and still later was presented to Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth. There you may see today all that is left, after three centuries, of the ill-fated *Sparrowhawk*.

15. An Early Picture of the Indians of New England

When the first colonists came from England to America, they were fascinated by the strange manners and customs of the Indians. Many accounts were

written, that readers in the homeland might know something of the nature of the country to which their friends had gone.

One of these accounts was given by Thomas Morton in his *New England Canaan*, in 1637. Writing "Of their Houses and Habitations," he said:

"The natives of New England . . . gather poles in the woods and put the great end of them in the ground, placing them in form of a circle . . . and, bending the top of them in form of an arch, they bind them together with the bark of walnut trees, which is wondrous tough; so that they make the same round on the top for the smoke of their fire to ascend and pass through. These they cover with mats, some made of reeds, and some of long flags, or sedge, finely sewed together with needles made of their Indian hemp, which there groweth naturally; leaving several places for doors, which are covered with mats, which may be rolled up and let down again at their pleasure; making use of the several doors, according as the wind sits."

In these rude houses they had beds much like those made by campers in the forest today:

"They lie upon planks, commonly about a foot or eighteen inches above the ground, raised upon rails that are borne up upon forks; they lay mats under them, and coats of deers' skins, otters', beavers', raccoons', and of bears' hides, all [of] which they have dressed and converted into good leather, with the hair on, for their coverings; and in this manner they lie as warm as they desire."

THE STATUE OF MASSASOIT, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

After telling of the manner of dressing the skins of animals, including "some coats of the feathers of turkeys, which they weave together with twine of their own making, very prettily," and "mantles made of moose-skins; which beast is a great large deer as big as a horse," he described other articles of clothing:

"Mantles made of bears' skins are an usual wearing among the natives that live where the bears do haunt; they make shoes of moose-skin, which, is the principal leather used for that purpose; and for want of such leather (which is the strongest) they make shoes of deers' skins; and of such deers' skins as they dress bare, they make stockings that come within their shoes, and are fastened about at their belt, which is about their middle. A good, well-grown deerskin is of great account with them, and it must have the tail on, or else they account it defaced, the tail being three times as long as the tails of our English deer, yea four times as long. This, when they travel, is wrapped round about their body, and, with a girdle of their making, bound round about their middle; to which girdle is fastened a bag, in which his instruments be with which he can strike fire upon any occasion."

The women's dress included "shoes and stockings to wear likewise when they please, such as the men have, but the mantle is . . . much longer than that which the men use; for, as the men have one deer's skin, the women have two sewed together at the full length, and it is so large that it trails after them like a great lady's train."

It was a custom of the Indians, twice each year, to set fire to the vegetation. "The reason that moves them to do so, is because it would otherwise be so overgrown with underwoods that the people would not be able in any wise to pass through the country out of a beaten path."

Unfortunately, the burning of the grass scorched the trees and hindered their growth, and it endangered the houses of the colonists, until the men learned the trick of backfiring that is today so useful in the prairies and in the forests.

It was noted that the Indians were accustomed to preserve a supply of grain for the winter, making use of "barns" which were "holes made in the earth, that will hold a hogshead of corn apiece in them. In these (when their corn is out of the husk and well dried) they lay their store in great baskets which they make of bark, with mats under, about the sides, and on the top; and putting it into the place made for it, they cover it with earth; and in this manner it is preserved from destruction, to be used in case of necessity, and not else."

16. On Boston Common

It is impossible to think of Boston without the Common — resort of the populace from the days of the Puritans, playground of boys and girls of nearly three centuries, favorite pasture of the gentle Boston cow until 1830, scene of stormy events in colonial and later history. The scant fifty acres that slope gently

down Beacon Hill from the State House have been jealously guarded from all intrusion ever since March 30, 1640, when the town records contained this entry: "Also agreed upon that henceforth there shall be no land granted either for house-plot or garden to any person out of the open ground or Common Field."

When Winthrop and his followers came to Boston in 1630, they found one lonely settler living there — the Reverend William Blackstone. It is said he used to ride about upon a bull, and that perhaps it was that animal which traced some of the present paths in the Common. In any case, the land now occupied by the Common was owned by Blackstone; and when, in 1634, Boston became overcrowded for his solitary tastes, and he moved on farther into the wilderness, he sold to the town those forty-eight and two fifths acres which were to become the center of Boston life in all the years to come. The tract was purchased as a "training-field," and for the "feeding of cattle." To pay for it each householder was taxed at least six shillings.

The land was ideal for the purpose for which it had been chosen, for it was an open field. In fact there were but three trees upon it — only two besides the Great Elm, which was dear to the hearts of the Boston people for over two centuries. It was badly damaged in the storms of 1860 and 1869, and at last, on February 15, 1876, the noble old tree fell before a high wind, to the sorrow of all Bostonians. Ever since the first "plantation of trees," in 1740, more and more have been added at frequent intervals, so that today the

BOSTON COMMON IN 1860

Showing the Old Elm, the State House, and Park Street Church, where *America* was first sung.

Common is well shaded; but there is no tree of them all that has ever been able to take the place of that beloved Old Elm.

Just as Boston would not be Boston without the Common, so the Common would not be the Common without the Frog Pond, where boys and girls for nearly three hundred years have skated in winter, and in summer have sailed their toy boats or gone swimming. We can picture those children of long ago reluctantly leaving their play by the pond to drive home the cows by way of the narrow, crooked lanes which later became streets. These boys and girls probably felt quite important, for only old residents had the privilege of pasturing cows on the Common. None of those who came to the town after 1646 had the right, "unless he hire it of them who are Commoners." And then, after the children had gone home, a little before sunset came the "gallants" and maidens of the town, to stroll for a time on the Common, "till a nine o'clock bell brings them home to their respective habitations, when presently the constables walk the rounds to see good order kept."

In earliest days the constant dread of Indians kept the home guards ever on the watch; whenever an unexpected light appeared in the direction of the Common, the townspeople looked anxiously to see if it could be from the tar barrel on a pole that was long kept on Beacon Hill, that the skyward flare and clouds of smoke might give warning.

In 1745 the Common resounded to the tread of armed men — citizen soldiers who were off to the attack of

Louisburg. When they returned, they celebrated their victory on the Common. Only a short distance away, on the top of Beacon Hill, is Louisburg Square, named to commemorate that victory.

Many patriotic meetings have been held on the Common, and countless companies of soldiers have drilled on the parade-ground. In the trying days when the British troops occupied Boston, they, too, chose the Common for a training-field. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, Colonel Smith sent in from Concord for reënforcements. Earl Percy promptly assembled a brigade on Longacre, along the Tremont Street side of the Common. The line extended from the head of the Common to Court Street, opposite Master Carter's schoolhouse. The schoolmaster said, "Boys, war has begun; the school is broken up." The column took up its march toward Concord. On June 17, the British marched from the Common to fight at Bunker Hill. That night the bodies of many of them were carried down for burial in trenches on the Common.

But Boston was not always the scene of strife. There were gay celebrations, like that of New Year's Day, 1701, when, according to Judge Samuel Sewall: "Just about break-a-day Jacob Amsden and three other trumpeters gave a blast with the trumpets on the Common near Mr. Alford's. Then went to the Green Chamber, and sounded there until about sunrise." Then he told how the bellman called in his strident voice doggerel verses welcoming in the new century.

The *Boston Evening Post*, in 1753, told of an august

gathering of the maids and matrons of Boston Town at a spinning bee:

"In the afternoon, about three hundred spinners, all neatly dressed, and many of them daughters of the best families in town, appeared on the Common, and being placed orderly in three rows, at work, made a most delightful appearance . . . and a long train of gentlemen of note, both of town and country . . . walked in procession to view the spinners."

As years went on, the Common became more and more a recreation ground for old and young. For the men, for instance, there was the joy of the Smokers' Retreat, where, in the middle of the nineteenth century, one could lawfully smoke one's pipe, a pastime prohibited on the streets of Boston at that time. And in winter-time, grown-ups enjoyed the spectacle of the coasting almost as much as the children enjoyed the sport. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, in his book, *Boston Common*, tells of coasting days and ways:

"The sleds, beautifully made, and bearing such fanciful names as 'Comet,' 'Cave Adsum,' and 'Dancing Feather,' were objects of admiration and pride. Racing was the order of the day. The cry of 'Lullah' cleared the track. The 'Long Coast,' from the corner of Park and Beacon Streets . . . along the Tremont Street Mall, was the favorite course. . . . In the seventies [of the nineteenth century] the double-runner, or double-ripper, came into popularity. . . . With the increase of these monster sleds, the roping-off of the coasts became a necessity for safety; and where

the lengthwise paths of the Common crossed the coasts, bridges for foot-passengers were erected. But accidents were so many that such coasting was soon forbidden."

Times have changed, but the Common remains, and will remain — a beloved spot to the boys and girls of today, a hallowed shrine to those who were the boys and girls of yesterday.

17. Mount Desert, Maine

There is an island off the Maine coast where hills and bays, valleys and trees, combine to make a region of delight for summer visitors. Champlain, its discoverer, thus describes it in his diary: "The island is high and notched in places, so that from the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs, and birches. I named it 'Isle des Monts Desert'" — which means "Island of the Deserted Mountains."

Champlain Monument, Mount Desert, Maine

After Champlain's discovery a company of French people came to the island. Although they did not

stay long, they made the first of the settlements that led to the long conflict between the French and English for the possession of land in North America.

This conflict at last came to an end with Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham. After that the English could settle wherever they chose on the northeastern seacoast. Home-makers came then from Massachusetts. There were restless spirits in the colony by the Bay who began to cast longing eyes toward the free lands of Maine, with its fragrant forests and deep harbors and enchanting islands. Many of the earlier emigrants paused in the neighborhood of Penobscot Bay, but even before 1760 some daring pioneers pushed on and sought the bold headlands and the inviting valleys of Mount Desert.

In 1760 Francis Bernard became governor of Massachusetts. One of his first acts as governor was to prepare a document to send to the English government, presenting the claims of Massachusetts for the lands between the Penobscot and St. Croix, to offset the claims of Nova Scotia. So clearly did he set forth in this document the rights of the Massachusetts colonists, that they had no doubt that their title to the lands would be made sure. To show their gratitude, therefore, to Governor Bernard, on February 27, 1762, the General Court of Massachusetts made him a grant of one half the island of Mount Desert.

The Governor's plans for the development of the island were never fully carried out. For in 1768 he became so unpopular with the people of Massachusetts,

on account of his open loyalism, that at last a meeting was called in the Old South Meeting-House to protest against him. A committee, including John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and other patriots, drove in a procession of eleven chaises to call upon him at his stately home in Jamaica Plain. As a result of this visit he was recalled to England in 1769, and upon his return there was knighted for his services to the British government. Ten years later he died, leaving his lands in Mount Desert to his son, John Bernard. This son came to America to claim his inheritance. He mortgaged the half of the island which thus became his, and then sailed back to England, where he died in 1809.

In 1786 another claimant for a grant of Mount Desert appeared. Bartolemy de Gregoire and his wife, Maria Theresa, came from France, and presented a petition to the General Court of Massachusetts. They declared that a grant of the island had been made by Louis XIV to Mme. de Gregoire's grandfather, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit. They brought with them letters from Lafayette urging their cause. The plea of the Frenchman who had done so much for the colonies could not well be refused, and that part of the land then in possession of the state was transferred to the heir.

So Mount Desert was now owned by two families. But as years went on, when M. and Mme. de Gregoire had died, and their children had returned to France, the lands on the island gradually passed, by sale and exchange, into the hands of many owners.

18. Providence, Rhode Island, and the First Church

Roger Williams was a London youth, the son of a merchant tailor. The boy became so efficient in stenography that Sir Edward Coke, "seeing so hopeful a lad," sent him to Charterhouse School, whence he received a scholarship which enabled him to finish his education at Cambridge University. Later he went to Salem, in Massachusetts Bay Colony, because he sought the liberty to worship God, which he could not find at home. But his ideas of liberty of worship conflicted with those of the authorities in Massachusetts. So, in 1636, he was banished.

At first he thought he would give his life to teaching the Indians; but the idea of founding a colony for those who, like himself, sought liberty to worship God in their own way, appealed to him.

Even before he left Salem, he began to treat with the Indians for the right to build his colony in the lands far south of Massachusetts Bay.

Of his conferences with the Indians and the results, he wrote later:

"God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy smoke holes . . . to gain their tongue. Canonicus . . . was not, I say, to be stirred with money to sell his lands to let in foreigners. 'Tis true he received presents and gratuities of me, but it was not thousands, not ten thousands of money could have bought of him an English entrance into the Bay. . . . I gave him and his youngest brother's son, Miantonoma, gifts."

It was winter when Roger Williams made his journey to the lands received from the Indians by these gifts.

Statue of Roger Williams, Providence, R. I.

He was "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, not knowing what bread or bed did mean."

The story of the first settlement and the reason for

changing the site to Providence is related in another letter from Williams:

"I first pitched, and began to build and plant at Secunk. . . . But I received a letter from my ancient friend, Mr. Winslow, then Governor of Plymouth, professing his own and others' love and respect to me. Yet lovingly advising me (since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds and they were loth to displease the Bay) to remove but to the other side of the water, and then he said I had the country free before me, and might be as free as themselves, and we should be neighbors together. These were the joint understandings of those two eminently wise and Christian governors and others (in their day), together with their counsel and advice as to the freedom and vacancy of this place; which in this respect and many other providences of the Most Holy and Only Wise, I called Providence."

Two years after the settlement of Providence, the first Baptist church in America, and the second in the world, was founded there. Roger Williams became pastor, but he soon withdrew, and devoted his entire time to caring for his Indians.

The church met in private houses or under the trees, for more than sixty years. The first meeting-house was built in 1700. A larger building was erected in 1726. Among the papers of the church is an account of Richard Brown for furnishing food for those who raised the frame of this second meeting-house:

One fat sheep, which weighed forty-three pounds .	£ 0 14.04
For roasting the said sheep, etc.	8

For one lb. butter	£ 0 1
For two loaves of bread which weighed five lbs.	2
For half a peck of peas	1.03

The third meeting-house was built in 1774. The spire was modeled after one of the beautiful, though rejected, designs for the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London. The bell which was hung in the steeple of the meeting-house in Providence came from London. Both bell and steeple were paid for by funds raised by a lottery.

The first pastor who served in the new building was president of Rhode Island College, an institution located in Providence in 1773; and one of the purposes in building the third meeting-house was to have a place for the commencements of the institution, which later became Brown University.

In the Revolution the members of this church were ardent patriots. They welcomed back with the warmest demonstrations one Stephen Gano, a surgeon during the war. Scarred as he was from the chains with which he had been bound on a prison-ship, and eager for the outstretched hands of friends, that quiet meeting-house must have held for him the very peace of God.

The old church building, still in use, appears much as it did in the days of the patriots.

19. In Historic Rhode Island

Rhode Island is the largest in the group of islands of the state to which it gave its name. The Indians called it Aquidneck, "Isle of Peace." Verazzano,

in 1524, called it Luisa. At the same time he compared it to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. That comparison fixed the name of the gem of Narragansett, called by a historian of 1715 "the paradise of New England," which was "a coat warmer" than Boston, though it was but sixty-five miles away. This difference is due to the Gulf Stream, which is closer to Rhode Island than it is to Boston.

Even before the Revolution Newport, near the southern end of the fifteen-mile-long island, became a popular watering place for fashionable colonials. During the Revolution the British had headquarters there until they were driven out by the plucky patriots. A popular tale on the island relates the exploit by which General Prescott, the British commander, was taken prisoner, although in the midst of his friends. Major William Barton, learning that Prescott was living at the home of a loyalist five miles north of Newport, decided to surprise him there. To do this, it was necessary to pass through waters patrolled by many British ships. In July, 1777, with fifteen men, Barton pushed off in five whaleboats from Tiverton, across Sakonnet River from the upper end of Rhode Island. Passing Bristol, they went to Hog Island and rowed silently between Patience and Prudence Islands. Near Hope Island they made their way among the hostile fleet. When they landed on Rhode Island, there was a march of a mile before them, with enemy pickets everywhere. But they reached the house, found General Prescott, and carried him off a prisoner.

More than a year later the passage to the east of Rhode Island was the scene of a second heroic attempt. The British had blocked the Sakonnet River, the eastern entrance to Narragansett Bay, by anchoring the *Pigot* galley three or four miles north of Sachuset Point and Sakonnet Point. The *Hawk*, with sixty men, sailed past the British batteries until it was close to the galley. Talbot, the commander of the expedition, coolly studied the exact position of the obstruction from a small boat, then directed the attack, which was made by the *Hawk* at full speed. Discovery did not daunt them, a galling fire did not confuse them, but they kept on their way until, with a kedge anchor, they tore a hole in the protecting net of the galley; and though it was more heavily armed than the *Hawk*, they were able to board and capture the vessel.

When the British left Newport, in 1779, the town was in ruins. "But I doubt not the town will be rebuilt and exceed its former splendor," one historian of the day wrote. It has been rebuilt, but with different splendor. In the old days it was a seaport, with docks a mile long, and it even aspired to be the metropolis of America. Today it is called the social capital of America, and is filled with palatial summer homes. All visitors to Newport feel the charm of the combination of towering cliff and boiling surf, of green hills and shady streets, of blue water dotted with the white sails of speedy yachts, of walks that are quiet and peaceful and other walks that are close to the noise of the tireless sea, of forts and lighthouse and windmills.

Among the windmills of the island many thoughtful people count the Old Stone Mill in Touro Park, which has been the subject of more speculation perhaps than any other relic in America. Longfellow made his guess as to this ruin when he wrote "The Skeleton in Armor." He connected the town with the Northmen, and made one of them say:

> There, for my lady's bower,
> Built I the lofty tower,
> Which to this very hour,
> Stands looking seaward.

But romance has been pricked effectively by a study of the will of Benedict Arnold, ancestor of the traitor

The Old Tower, Newport, Rhode Island

of that name, and first charter governor of the colony. Arnold referred several times to "My Stone Built Wind Mill," and in such a manner that its identity with the Round Tower on the hill seems certain.

20. Relics of the Past in New Castle, Delaware

In the minds of most people Benjamin Franklin's name is not connected with the writing of epitaphs, but there is a tomb in a churchyard at New Castle, Delaware, on which the statement is made that he is the author of the following inscription:

To the memory of John Curtis, Esquire, late Speaker of the Assembly, a Judge of the Supreme Court, Treasurer and Trustee of the Loan Office, who departed this life Nov. 18, 1753, aged 61 years. If to be prudent in council, upright in judgment, faithful in trust, give value to the public man; if to be sincere in friendship, affectionate to relations, and kind to all around him, make the private man amiable, thy death, O Curtis, as a grieved loss long shall be lamented.

Not far from the resting place of the man who was thus honored by Franklin, is engraved the message:

Traveller, what do you inquire? Know our friend Hercules Coutt was from Melrose in Great Britain. Thence he came to this colony of New Castle. In the discharge of his duties he was indefatigable; in temper forbearing; in manner courteous. In this country he filled many trusts, civil as well as military. He yielded to a premature fate by fever the 30th day of September Anno Domini 1707.

The quaint old town in which is the cemetery with these and other curious inscriptions, was started by the Swedes in 1631, when it was called New Stockholm. Twenty years later the Dutch built a fort there, and called it Fort Kasimir. Later the Dutch called it Sandhoec and New Amstel. In 1675, when the English took possession, they tried their hand at giving names.

Grape Wine Point and Delaware Town were two attempts, but New Castle was finally chosen.

The site of Fort Kasimir lies under the Delaware, and the only relic of the Dutch days is an odd little house that faces the market square, which was laid out by Peter Stuyvesant in 1658. At one end of the square is the curious stone-paved courthouse which has

A Relic of the Days of the Dutch, New Castle, Delaware

been in use since 1672. To this building William Penn was welcomed, when he came up the Delaware. A tablet on the western wall tells of his coming.

On the 28th Day of October, 1682, William Penn, the great Proprietor, on His First Landing in America, Here Proclaimed His Government, and Received from the Com-

missioner of the Duke of York the Key of the Fort, the Turf, Twig, and Water as Symbols of his Possession.

From the steps of this building, as a center, was surveyed the twelve-mile circle whose arc was to be the northern line of Delaware, according to the royal grant. The arc forms the curious boundary that is so unlike any other boundary in the United States.

To the rear of the courthouse is the Episcopal church, organized in 1689, though the present building was begun in 1702. A son of the first rector, George Ross, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. A sister of Mr. Ross married George Reid, another of the signers, whose tomb is in the rear of the church. The beautiful home occupied by him during his later years was burned, but the house built by his son, of the same name, is one of the show places of the town.

21. Where the Swedes Built a Blockhouse in Delaware

Long before William Penn came to the Delaware River, the Swedes had a few forts and settlements in what is now Delaware, and even as far north as a bit of eastern Pennsylvania. A few of the buildings erected by them are still standing, and one of the best preserved is part of a house on the banks of Naaman's Creek, just within the northern line of Delaware.

The road which passes the house has always been a main thoroughfare. Washington used it when he traveled from Mt. Vernon to Philadelphia. Today those who ride over the same road in their automobiles stop at the old Swedish house for luncheon.

Some say it was built by the Swedish governor, Printz, who came to Delaware in 1643; but it is probable that the builder was John Rising, who was sent to America to be lieutenant governor under Printz. When he arrived, he found that Printz had returned to Europe; so he became governor in his place. A little later, with nine good men, he went up the Delaware River in a boat, looking for a good site for a mill. They found a waterfall near the river, in what is now known as Naaman's Creek, and there they decided to remain.

THE OLD SWEDISH BLOCKHOUSE AT NAAMAN'S CREEK, DELAWARE

The Indians owned the land, but their sachem, Pemi-Nacha, deeded it to the Swedes in July, 1654. In October Governor Rising built a blockhouse which still stands. The narrow portholes, the nine-foot fireplace, and the spring-house section are just as they were in 1654.

A year later Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor of New Amsterdam, attacked the blockhouse. A three-inch cannon ball, which was probably a relic of that skirmish, was found in May, 1910, in the heart of a decayed tree. A man who knows about such missiles said it was of a pattern used long before the Revolution. Many think it was fired from a small cannon by one of Stuyvesant's men. The ball may be seen by those who go to the house near by, for it is kept there on the mantel.

The blockhouse was under fire later on, at least twice — in 1671, when it was captured by the Indians, and in 1777, when it was taken by the British. At that time the property was owned by Colonel Thomas Robinson, who was born in the house on March 30, 1751. A portrait of Colonel Robinson, an officer under Washington, may be seen in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

During the Revolution the Robinson House, as the property came to be known in 1738, was the scene of exciting events. On October 31, 1777, Washington ordered Light Horse Harry Lee to help remove the stones from the old mill on the place, to prevent the British from obtaining flour there. The stones were buried in the orchard. One of them is now the hearthstone in the main room of the house, while the other is used as a tea table on the lawn at the rear of the house.

On another occasion a squad of British, seeing several American soldiers take refuge in the house, followed them into the hall as they disappeared up the stairs. In triumph the British guarded the front and rear stairs, both of which opened into the main hall; the latter, by

a closed-in stairway, which was concealed from the hall by a door. Removing their shoes, the Americans stole quietly down this shut-in stair, slipped through a sliding panel in the wall to the kitchen, and escaped to their horses. The panel is still shown to visitors.

General Washington was often a guest at the house on Naaman's Creek. On one of his visits he was so pleased with a seedling-pear that it was named after him. This was the origin of the celebrated "Washington pear." While there he used the sofa that is kept in Independence Hall. Another famous guest was Mad Anthony Wayne.

22. The Walking Purchase in Pennsylvania

At Wrightstown, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, there is a curious monument — curious because it does not tell of a deed of valor, nor does it relate any story similar to those usually responsible for a monument.

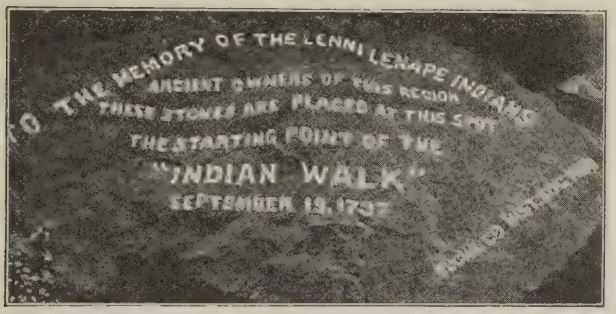
It is a monument to a walk — a walk that was really a run. And this walk is famous in the history of Pennsylvania, and in the history of the white man's dealings with the Indians.

The date of the walk was 1737. The heirs of William Penn, not satisfied with the lands secured by previous treaties with the Indians, looked longingly northward to the country near the Pocono Mountains.

The Lenni Lenape, who claimed the lands for which the white men were eager, made a treaty with the "Proprietor of Pennsylvania," ceding additional lands from the Delaware River in lower Bucks County to the

northwesterly branch of the Neshaminy; thence "as far as a man can go in a day and a half," and from that point to the Delaware once more.

The Indians supposed that the ground would be covered in the manner adopted by William Penn in 1682, when he walked in a leisurely way in company with In-


THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI LENAPE INDIANS
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT THIS SPOT
THE STARTING POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK"
SEPTEMBER 19, 1737

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE INDIAN WALK MONUMENT, WRIGHTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

dians and friends. After the Indian fashion, they would often sit down, to smoke or to eat. In a day and a half a distance of less than thirty miles would be covered.

So the Indians thought that the Lehigh River would mark the northern end of the walk that was to determine the limits of the purchase. They did not dream that the stream would be crossed before the trip was much more than begun.

For Thomas and John Penn prepared for what they thought of as a contest, by advertising for fast walkers. They promised a rich prize to the man who should reach the farthest point in a day and a half. Three men volunteered: Solomon Jennings, James Yates, and Edward Marshall.

These men practiced walking for the occasion, and the way was cleared for them through the wilderness beyond the Lehigh.

The start was made from Wrightstown. The men took their stations at the spot marked today by the monument. Edward Marshall was determined to outwalk the others, and he carried a hatchet in his hands, that he might swing it from side to side, and so balance the action of his legs. He succeeded in passing both of his companions by the time he crossed the Lehigh. There was a halt of fifteen minutes for dinner, which was carried by a man on horseback. At the Wind Gap — an odd break in the mountains — Marshall was given a compass, since from that point the trail had not been blazed for him.

Progress was continued the second day until two o'clock in the afternoon. By that time Marshall, having passed to the right of the Pocono Mountains, reached the limit of his progress, completely exhausted. The Indian who followed him the second day found it difficult to keep him in sight. When a tree was marked to indicate the spot reached, even a stolid Indian might well have been dismayed. The distance covered was more than one hundred and ten miles!

But the cunning of the purchasers of the Indian lands was not yet at an end. Instead of running a line to the Delaware River at the nearest point, they ran it at right angles to the walk. This line reached the river at the mouth of Lackawaxen Creek. Thus the Indians were called upon to yield practically all of their

lands on the Delaware within the bounds of Pennsylvania.

When, later, the surveyor-general and others passed over the ground, they were four days in covering Marshall's route. No wonder the Indians were enraged. It is said that their treatment on this occasion led to their siding against the English in the French and Indian War. Their feelings were expressed by one of their number, who said of the walk, "No sit down to smoke, no shoot a squirrel, but lun, lun, lun all day long."

23. In Philadelphia, in the Days of the King

In these days of free speech and equality it is difficult to realize that there was a time in America when such privileges were unknown — when no one dared to speak against the king or any one else in authority.

A startling record was written thus in Philadelphia only two hundred years ago:

"On Monday at the Court of Admiralty held before the Honorable William Asheton, Esq., two men were tried for words spoken on the river in contempt of our Sovereign Lord King George. The fact being proved, the Judge sentenced one to stand in the pillory on Wednesday and Saturday next, and to be tied to the tail of a cart, and be drawn around two of the city squares. 'And then you shall be whipped on your bare back with forty-one lashes,' the sentence concluded."

But before the sentence was pronounced, the judge made an address to the prisoner which ended, "I shall

conclude what I have said to you with the advice of the wisest of men, 'Curse not the King, no, not in thy thoughts; the birds of the air will reveal the secret, and that which hath wings will utter the voice.'"

The second man was sentenced "to wear a paper on his breast on the same days, and fined twenty marks sterling." On the paper were to be the words, "I stand here for speaking contemptuously against my Sovereign Lord King George."

A notice published on November 2, 1727, said:

"October 30 being the birthday of his present Majesty, our Sovereign Lord King George the Second, the loyalty and dutiful affection of the inhabitants of the city, most particularly the merchants, masters of vessels, tradesmen, and artificers, who not only live by trade, but are in truth the principal fountains of all the riches that have been honestly acquired thereby in the place, met at the house of William Chancellor, sail-maker, where in the garden, twenty-one pieces of cannon were commodiously planted, and the mayor of the city with other magistrates, officers of the government, and in general all the gentlemen of character were particularly invited to dinner at the place aforesaid by persons deputed for that purpose."

After the dinner there were "a ball, bonfire, illumination, and other demonstrations of joy."

In February, 1721, his Excellency William Burnet, Esq., the King's Governor of New York, arrived in Philadelphia with several gentlemen of that colony. He was received with royal honors. "As he is a gentle-

man who deserves all the deference imaginable from His Majesty's subjects belonging to that province, so we cannot look at him, . . . but with awe and reverence," the local paper said. "His descent from such a worthy prelate and pillar of the church and state of England forces our respect. His being chosen by His Sacred Majesty King George himself, as a deputy over some

GRAEME HALL NEAR PHILADELPHIA, HOME OF SIR WILLIAM KEITH

part of his subjects here, augments our affection; and his own bright character, merited justly in England, heightens our estimation. All these . . . circumstances must of necessity oblige his colony particularly to be ruled by his wise direction, and ourselves to honor him."

At another time the *Philadelphia Mercury* told thus of its own royal governor and his activities:

"On Tuesday night last his Excellency, Sir William Keith, Baronet, our Governor, and the gentlemen who

attended him, arrived here from Conestogoe. He went there to meet the heads of the Five Nations of Indians, who waited his coming to renew the treaties of peace and friendship with them. . . ."

This report was printed on July 13. On July 20 the paper advertised as "Just Published, The Particulars of an Indian Treaty at Conestogoe . . . Sold by Andrew Bradford," which indicated with what regal power the royal governor of Pennsylvania was endowed.

It is refreshing to read a record of what professed to be real friendship for a man in authority. When John Penn was about to sail for London in the ship of Captain Budden, the Philadelphia newspaper, voicing the good wishes of the community, printed the following message:

> May none but fair and pleasant gales
> Attend the ship to fill her sails;
> And may the pilot safely steer
> From rocks, from shoals, from quick-sands clear.
> That so our Penn, on England's shore,
> May safely set his foot once more.
> May Heaven's best blessings e'er descend,
> On this our patriot, this our friend.

24. America's First Paper and Paper Mills

The early inhabitants of the American colonies were not altogether dependent on Europe for their supplies of paper for use in writing and printing. The first paper mill in America was built in 1690, and handmade paper of good quality was marketed from this establishment, which was owned by William Rittenhouse.

Eleven years later the building was swept away by a flood. So William Penn, who knew the poverty of the owner, appealed to the colonists of Pennsylvania to "give to the sufferers relief and encouragement in their wonderful and commendable employ-

HOME OF DAVID RITTENHOUSE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA

Within a short distance of the site of the first paper mill.

ment," because they planned to set up a new mill. Traces of this structure are visible on the banks of the beautiful Wissahickon Creek, in Philadelphia.

The ivy-covered ruins of the third paper mill in America may be seen near Chester Heights, by those who travel on one of the railroads from Philadelphia to Baltimore. This factory was founded by Thomas Willcox in 1727. The ivy on the picturesque walls grew from a root brought by the founder from his home in

Devonshire, England. In this building was made the paper used by the colonies for paper money, and for many years by the United States Government for its bank notes.

In early mills like this each sheet was made separately, by hand, and several days were needed to finish a sheet of dry paper. Three men working one day could finish, on the average, only about enough paper to print the issue of a periodical with a very small circulation. A year's product would hardly be enough to print a single issue of a modern publication.

Most of the early papers were made from rags, but in 1726 a factory was built where a special kind for use in ledgers and memorandum books was made. An early historian says that "this kind of paper was made of rotten stone, which is found in several places near," and that the method of cleaning this paper was to "throw it into the fire for a short time, when it was taken out perfectly fair." Probably this "rotten stone" was asbestos.

Virginia's first paper mill was built in 1744 at Williamsburg, which became the capital of the colony after Jamestown was abandoned. This mill was built by William Parks, who printed the *Virginia Gazette*, founded by him in 1736. North Carolina, too, boasted a manufactory of its own in 1766. In 1775 the Colonial Congress of that state offered a premium of £250 to any one who would erect another mill "for manufacturing of brown, whited-brown, and good writing paper."

But the demand was greater than the supply, and

when a heavy tax was placed on paper imported from Great Britain, printers found it hard to get along. Sometimes it was necessary to omit an issue of a periodical because the publishers had no paper. Often an issue was printed on paper of various sizes, colors, and qualities. When the article was so scarce, it seemed to some printers a pity that the margins of newspapers should be wasted. The *New York Mercury* of February 18, 1765, printed advertisements on the margins. Paper damaged in the process of printing was repaired for further use. This repair work was done so skillfully that it is difficult to detect it in an examination of the files of the early newspapers.

During the early days of the Revolution the paper shortage was so acute that writing paper could not be secured. Once, in 1775, General Schuyler wrote to General Washington: "Excuse these scraps of paper; necessity obliges me to use them, having no other fit to write on." John Adams, writing to his wife from Philadelphia in April, 1776, said, "I send you, now and then, a few sheets of paper, but the article is as scarce here as with you."

During this time of stress flyleaves were torn from books, and old account books were a treasure. One historical society has on its shelves a sixteen-volume set of a seventeenth-century journal of the British House of Commons. On the margins of this diary a commanding officer of the Continental Army had written his general orders to the troops. In August, 1776, General Gates issued a general order asking that "all

persons possessed of any whited or brown or white paper" should bring it at once to headquarters, and promise of ready money was made for all supplies ordered there.

25. Pioneer Traveling in America

In 1750 an enterprising business man announced to the public that he "had a stage boat well fitted for the purpose, which, wind and weather permitting, would

An Old Toll Gate House, on a Pioneer Stage Road

leave New York every Wednesday for the ferry at Amboy on Thursday;" where, on Friday, a stage wagon would be ready to proceed immediately to Bordentown; whence they would then take another stage boat to Philadelphia.

He further announced that he would be able to cover the ninety miles between New York and Philadelphia in

two days, forty-eight hours less than the best time that had been made by coach.

A few months later a rival company entered the field, and made a bid for traffic by announcing that their boat between New York and Amboy had a cabin in which were a table and other luxuries.

In 1750 one company included in its advertisement this statement:

"It is hoped, that as these stages are attended with a considerable expense, for the better accommodating passengers, that they will merit the favor of the public; and whoever will be pleased to favor them with their custom, shall be kindly used, and have due attendance given them."

At this time rivalry between stage lines was keen, if we are to judge from an advertisement which appeared in a Philadelphia paper:

Philadelphia, November 11, 1756.

Bordentown Stage Continued:

Joseph Borden's stage boat, Joseph Canida, Master, attends at the Crooked-Billet Wharf every Monday and Tuesday, and his shallop, Daniel Harrison, Master, at the same place every Friday and Saturday. Stage wagons attend the said boats, the stage boats at Amboy commanded by Aaron Edwards. As to the owners of the Burlington stage boasting of their advantages being superior to mine, I shall not take the trouble to make reply to them, because the public by this time is the best judge of our stages and their advantages; only shall just note the last clause of their advertisement, that is; they say we are one tide more upon the water than they are; which in fact, is saying we are always two tides upon one passage. Well done, brother-ad-

venturers, that is a large one. All gentlemen and ladies that please to favor me with their business, may depend upon the utmost care and dispatch, of their humble servant,

Joseph Borden.

In Belknap's history of New Hampshire is quoted a description of a journey between the cities when the length of time taken to make the trip had been reduced to sixteen hours:

"Between three and four in the morning we set off in the stage, rode nine miles to Bergen Neck, and then crossed a ferry which brought us to Woodbridge. Just before we reached the second ferry, we perceived the dawn of day, and when we were two miles from it, the sun rose; so that we had ridden sixteen miles and crossed two ferries before sunrise, besides shifting horses twice. The third stage brought us to Brunswick, where we breakfasted. We crossed the Raritan in a scow, open at both ends to receive and discharge the carriage without unharnessing or dismounting, and the scow was pulled across the river by a rope. We passed through Princeton about noon, and got to Trenton for dinner; then passed the Delaware in another scow, which was navigated only by setting-poles; drove thirty miles over a plain, level country at a great rate, and arrived in Philadelphia at sunset."

The introduction of railroads made possible more traveling. But not everybody looked on the change with pleasure. In 1830 this complaint appeared:

"I see what will be the effect of it; that it will set the

whole world a-gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why, you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work! Every Saturday evening he must have a trip to Ohio to spend a Sunday with his sweetheart. Grave, plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. . . . All conceptions will be exaggerated by the magnificent notions of distance. Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan! . . . And then, sir, there will be barrels of pork, cargoes of flour, chaldrons of coal, and even lead and whiskey, and such-like sober things that have always been used to slow traveling — whisking away like a sky-rocket. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. . . . Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old solemn, straightforward, regular Dutch canal — three miles an hour for expresses, and two-rod, jog-trot journeys — with a yoke of oxen for heavy loads. I go for beasts of burden. It . . . suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop, skip, and jump whimsies for me."

But probably this letter was written as a joke.

26. The Story of Mason and Dixon's Line

What is Mason and Dixon's Line? Where is it? Why was it surveyed? Many people, remembering the part that it played in discussions in the later days of slavery, when it marked the line between the slave states and the free states, and later, during the Civil War, between the North and the South, are apt to

think that it was surveyed in the early nineteenth century. Yet it dates from before the Revolution, and when it was fixed, another dispute that was at times quite bitter, was ended.

This dispute began in the seventeenth century. Lord Baltimore claimed that the grant of Maryland, made in 1632, extended to forty degrees north latitude. William Penn, to whom a princely territory was granted fifty years later, asserted that his land extended far into the region claimed by Lord Baltimore. He and his friends urged that the boundary of Pennsylvania was to begin at the beginning of the fortieth degree, or thirty-nine degrees, and that the Maryland patent extended north to a line "which lieth under the fortieth degree of north latitude from the equinoctial." The fact that Philadelphia, Penn's capital, was within the territory claimed by Maryland explains why Penn was eager for settlement.

The difference of opinion — which was due in the beginning to the ignorance of America's geography by the kings who made grants with such lavish hands — was made still greater by the purchase, by the heirs of William Penn, of "the three lower counties on the Delaware."

When the dispute was at its height, the defenders of the Penn claim published in England a little book, of which only six complete copies in the original edition are known to exist today, entitled *A Short Account of the first settlement of the Provinces of Virginia, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.*

The first chapter, devoted to Virginia, began in the stately English of the day:

"The famous Sir Walter Raleigh, having proposed to other great men of his time to join with him in an expedition for the discovery of parts then unknown in the West Indies, obtained letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, of ever glorious memory, bearing date the 25th of March, 1584, for turning these discoveries to their own advantage."

Boundary Stone on Mason and Dixon's Line

After telling of the voyage to "the Islet Roanoke," the book proceeded to speak of the first settlement of Maryland by the English, when a voyage of discovery and colonization was made by Lord Baltimore. As a result of this expedition, a settlement was made at "the Indian town called Yamaco, to which they gave the name of St. Mary's."

As time passed, the settlements were pushed up the Chesapeake, "much higher up the bay aforesaid than was within his Lordship's bounds." The settlers above submitted to Maryland's government, "either thinking that government better than none, or, what is more likely, being persuaded by his Lordship's agents, that all that country, even as far as the Swedish and Dutch Settlements [in what are now Delaware and Pennsylvania] were within his Lordship's grant."

This was the origin of the dispute, so the document asserts: "And to some such apprehension or persuasion as this it hath happened that the bounds of Maryland to the northwest have never been with any tolerable exactness determined, either by our own or foreign geographers."

The anonymous document concludes:

"A fair inquiry into bounds and titles of land is what the proprietors of Pennsylvania need not fear; according to my humble opinion they will be great gainers though they should lose all the three lower counties as they are called, if they could gain all the rest that is within their bounds; and then Maryland being reduced within due bounds would give less disturbance than it lately has done to the meek people of the province of Pennsylvania."

American surveyors spent three years in surveying the line between Delaware and Maryland. There was question as to the accuracy of the measurements, so Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were brought from England to complete the task. This they did, after verifying the work of the American surveyors, and finding it correct.

The drawing of the line was made more difficult by an earlier provision for a semi-circular northern boundary for Delaware. This seemed to make necessary a series of complicated calculations. From 1763 to 1767 the two men continued their labors. When they went back to England, they had surveyed the boundary for 244 miles west of the Delaware. A boundary stone

was placed at the end of each mile, and every fifth stone bore on one side the arms of Baltimore, and on the other the arms of Penn.

The line was completed in 1782, by American surveyors. Parts of it have been surveyed since, and the accuracy of the earlier lines has been established.

27. The Making of Winston-Salem, North Carolina

When the name of Lord Cornwallis is spoken in the same breath with the word "defeat," it is natural to think of Yorktown. But there was an earlier and very important defeat — that at Guilford Court House, North Carolina. Here General Greene proved the superior in a battle that was one of a series of events which led John Adams to write to Benjamin Franklin, "I think the southern states will have the honor, after all, of putting us in the right way of finishing the business of the war."

Almost directly west of the battle ground in Guilford County that did so much to turn the tide of the Revolution, in the midst of a prosperous and picturesque country, is Winston-Salem, a thriving city whose romantic history goes back a generation before the days of Greene and Cornwallis.

In the fall of 1753 the Moravian Bishop Spangenberg, looking for a home where his followers could live in peace and labor for the Indians, came to the North Carolina wilderness, journeying from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Charmed by the region of which Winston-Salem is now the metropolis, he bought a section about

ten miles square, and arranged for the residence of hundreds of Moravians in what was later called Wachovia.

The story of the journey of the first inhabitants from their Pennsylvania home is a record of heroism. After crossing the Susquehanna and the Potomac they came down the Shenandoah to Augusta Court House — now

Old Salem Tavern, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Built, 1784.

Staunton. Thus they became forerunners in a score of movements to and fro in this favored region, each of which has had its part in the history of the nation. The way became ever more difficult as they followed the course of the Mayo to the Dan and on to the border of Wachovia, their promised land.

That sounds simple enough. Very likely such a journey would be simple today. But in those days of unbroken forest and unbridged streams, progress was far from easy. The hills were too steep for the heavily laden wagons, and it was necessary for the men to carry the loads up the slopes while the empty vehicles followed carefully. Even the descent was a problem, which was solved, however, when the resourceful pioneers devised a way to hold back the loaded wagons; locked wheels were assisted by a dragging tree cut from the forest and fastened to the rear of each wagon.

The short, rainy days of November, 1753, came before the long journey was done. Cold and hunger added to the burden of the pilgrims. But all hardships were soon forgotten in the joy of making the wilderness fruitful.

The first towns were Bethabara and Bethania, which still survive. In 1766 Salem was founded. Soon it was the center of primitive manufactures that fed the remarkable wagon commerce directed toward regions as far away as Chesterton, South Carolina.

Salem was a year old when Governor Tryon turned his steps curiously to Wachovia, but he was entertained at Bethabara. While there he urged the sending of a representative to the legislature, and formed a high opinion of the colony within a colony. Later, when discontented Regulators, defeated at the Alamance, in their efforts to oppose him, fled to Wachovia for refuge, he refused to take vengeance on the Moravians, though there were not lacking those who questioned their

loyalty. Under guard of three thousand soldiers, he watched the trial of the fugitives, many of whom took the oath of allegiance and were pardoned.

In 1849 Salem gained as neighbor the town of Winston, founded as the county seat of the new county of Forsythe, on fifty-one acres sold for the purpose by the Moravians at four dollars per acre. Both towns grew rapidly, and in 1903 they became Winston-Salem, a prosperous modern city.

28. Two Memorials in Savannah, Georgia

Early in the eighteenth century a wealthy man in London was looking for a missing friend. For many days he looked in vain, but at last he came to the place where debtors were imprisoned. There he found the man he sought in the vilest surroundings, dying of smallpox, which he had contracted in the foul prison.

The sight led the man who had found his friend to decide to give himself to making life more bearable for unfortunate people. He was famous in England, but he would leave his home and his friends, in order to make a home for the persecuted Protestants and the poor of Europe.

At length he found the way to do what he wished. After securing a grant of lands, in the name of "The Trustees for Establishing the Colony of Georgia in America," he set sail on the ship *Anne*, late in the year 1732, bound for the unknown southern coast of America. The little company with him, who were to begin the last of the colonies in America, were eager to do their part

to make a success of the dream of their leader, James Edward Oglethorpe.

George II, who favored the grant, was not so much interested in this man's plan to help the unfortunate as he was in the thought that he would establish a

In Georgia as Oglethorpe Found It

Live oaks and Spanish moss.

colony to stand in the way of the Spanish in Florida, and the French in Louisiana, who were feared by the colonies on the seaboard — especially by South Carolina.

The first settlement was made at Savannah in February, 1733. An early writer has told us:

"They landed the bedding and other little necessaries, and all the people lay on shore. The ground they encamped upon is the edge of the river where the quay is intended to be. Until the 7th was spent in making a crane, and unloading the goods; which done, Mr. Oglethorpe divided the people; employing part in clear-

ing the land for seed, part in beginning the palisade, and the remainder in felling the trees where the town is to stand.

"On the 9th Mr. Oglethorpe and Colonel Bull marked out the square, the streets, and fifty lots for houses of the town; and the first house which was ordered to be made of clapboards, was begun that day.

"The town lies on the south side of the river Savannah, upon a plateau on the top of a hill. . . . The river washes the foot of the hill, which stretches along the side of it about a mile, and from a terrace forty feet perpendicular above high water.

"From the quay, looking eastward, you may discern the river as far as the islands of the sea; and westward one may see it wind through the woods above six miles. The river is one thousand feet wide, the water fresh, and deep enough for ships of seventy tons to come up close to the side of the quay."

For ten years Governor Oglethorpe gave his best thought and work to the colony, which proved a success so far as the plan of the king was concerned, though it was a failure in carrying out all that the leader had in mind.

In 1753 the charter of the trustees expired, and Georgia became a royal province. General Oglethorpe had returned to Europe ten years earlier, the victim of those who found fault with his methods and who questioned his honesty. He had spent a large sum on the colony, but he did not regret this, although he was not repaid by the government which took over control.

There was no real monument to the man who had done so much for Georgia until a bronze statue, on a pedestal of granite, was dedicated in Chippewa Square, in Savannah, in November, 1910. The bronze figure faces toward the south and west, where the enemies of the colony lived. The inscription on the tablet below reads :

> Erected by the State of Georgia, the
> City of Savannah, and the Patriotic Societies
> of the State, to the memory of the
> Great Soldier, Eminent Statesman, and Famous
> Philanthropist, General James Edward
> Oglethorpe, who, in this city, on the 12th
> day of February, A.D. 1733, founded and es-
> tablished the Colony of Georgia.

It is fitting that in Court House Square, not far away, there is a monument to the man who was one of the most loyal helpers of General Oglethorpe from the beginning of his experiment — Chief Tomo-chi-chi, a leader of the Creeks. He was more than ninety years old when the first colonists landed, but for six years he helped by his wise counsel and his great influence the man whom he learned to love. The spirit of his relation with the colonists was shown in his famous speech when he made his treaty with Oglethorpe. After giving to the leader a buffalo skin with the head and feathers of an eagle painted inside, he said : "Here is a little present. The eagle stands for speed and the buffalo means strength. The English are as swift as the bird and as strong as the beast. Like the first, they fly from the utmost parts of the earth over the vast sea ; and, like the second,

nothing can withstand them. The feathers of the eagle are soft, and mean love; the buffalo skin is warm, and means protection. Therefore, love and protect our little families."

When Tomo-chi-chi died, on October 15, 1739, he was buried in Percival Square, now Court House Square, when six prominent men, of whom Oglethorpe was one, acted as pallbearers. Minute guns were fired from the battery, as a part of the funeral service.

General Oglethorpe's plan to raise a monument to his friend was not carried out, and it was left for the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of the Revolution to place a great irregular block of granite — a fitting emblem of the character of the Indian — on the spot where he was buried. The inscription, on a bronze plate, reads, in part:

> In memory of Tomo-chi-chi, Mico of the Yamacraws, the Companion of Oglethorpe, and the Friend and Ally of the Colony of Georgia
> 1739–1899

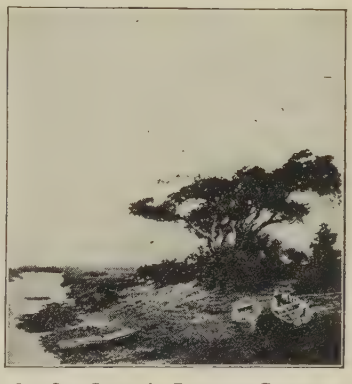
29. Frederica, on St. Simon's Island, Georgia

Less than three years after the colony of Georgia was chartered, General Oglethorpe, the leader of the colony, took workmen from Savannah to St. Simon's Island, off the coast of Georgia. This place is famous today chiefly because it is one of the islands which produce sea-island cotton, the finest cotton grown.

The purpose of the company was to lay out the town of Frederica, in preparation for the landing of colonists

who had just arrived from England. A book published in London in 1744 tells of the work done.

After burning the tall grass on the bluff which was to be the site of the town, preparations were begun by "digging the ground three feet deep, and throwing up the earth on each side by way of bank; and a roof raised upon crutches with ridge-pole and rafters, nailing small poles across, and thatching the whole with palmetto leaves. Mr. Oglethorpe afterwards laid out several booths without digging underground, which were also covered with palmetto leaves; to lodge the families of the colony when they should come up. Each of these booths was between thirty and forty feet long, and upward of twenty feet wide. . . ."



On St. Simon's Island, Georgia

Not far from this tree stood Fort Frederica.

Next day Mr. Oglethorpe "began to make out a fort . . . and taught the men how to dig the ditch, and raise the turf and rampart. This day and the following day were spent in finishing the houses and tracing out the fort."

Near the town General Oglethorpe built the only "house he ever owned in Georgia."

On March 8 the colonists came to the place partly prepared for them. The men worked so diligently after

their arrival that by March 23 the fort was almost finished, and a battery of cannon commanded the river. The streets of the town were laid out. "The main street . . . was twenty-five yards wide. Each freeholder had sixty feet in front, by ninety feet in depth, upon the High Street, for the house and garden; but those which fronted the river had but thirty feet in front, by sixty feet in depth. . . . Each family had a bower of palmetto leaves. . . . These palmetto bowers were very convenient shelters, being tight in the hardest rains; they were about twenty feet long and fourteen feet wide, and in regular rows looked very pretty. . . . The whole appeared like a camp."

The location was beautiful. The town was in the midst of an Indian field, of thirty or forty acres of cleared land. The bluff on which the fort was built was about ten feet above high water. Beautiful forests of live oak, water oaks, laurel, bay, cedar, sweet fern, sassafras, and vines were near. Deer, rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, wild turkeys, turtle-doves, reedbirds, mocking birds, and ricebirds were everywhere. In later years the planters who lived on the island, as well as the people who came from the mainland to enjoy the summers, rejoiced in the healthful, pleasant surroundings.

The fortifications of the town were strengthened from time to time, for it was to be the chief defense against the Spaniards who held Florida. Trouble from their neighbors was expected during many years, for the Spaniards wished to destroy the English colonists near their possessions.

After the declaration of war between England and Spain, in October, 1739, Oglethorpe made up his mind to lead an expedition against the enemy at St. Augustine. He captured two forts near the Spanish capital. The assault on the fort at St. Augustine failed, as well as the siege which followed, because of the coming to the enemy of reënforcements from Havana.

Then Oglethorpe returned to Georgia with his men, and decided to trouble the enemy in every way possible, and to be on guard against attack. Soon it became evident that a Spanish invasion was to be attempted.

But on July 30, 1742, Oglethorpe wrote, from Frederica, a report in which he said, triumphantly, "The Spanish invasion, which has a long time threatened the colony, Georgia, and all North America, has at last fallen upon us, and God hath been our deliverance." Then he told how a great fleet — of fifty-six vessels, with seven or eight thousand men — had sailed from Havana. After stopping at St. Augustine, the fleet came on to Georgia. The story of their attempts to pass the defenses, of the damage they did, and of the final victory of the Georgians, is thrilling. An armed force of between six and seven hundred men, assisted by a few small vessels, put to flight an army of nearly five thousand Spanish troops, supported by a powerful fleet.

A loyal citizen of Georgia once said of this victory: "The memory of the defense of St. Simon's Island and the southern frontier is one of the proudest in the annals of Georgia. Then was the existence of the colony perpetuated. Had success attended the demonstration

against Frederica, the enemy would have advanced upon the more northern strongholds."

The governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina wrote to General Oglethorpe thanking him for the service he had rendered to all the British-American provinces.

Some years later the town and fort were abandoned, and fell into decay. What was left of the place was destroyed by the British in 1778; but it had ceased to be of importance when the Spaniards no longer threatened the colonies.

A bronze tablet set on the wall of the old fort tells of the last remnant of the stronghold that played such a wonderful part in the early history of the colonies.

30. The Romance of Ebenezer, Georgia

From early days Georgia was the refuge of oppressed people. Among those who were welcomed there were thirty thousand Salzburgers, Protestants who came from Germany. The trustees of the colony of Georgia not only invited them to the new land, but promised to furnish transportation to the first party of immigrants, and to give to each fifty acres of land.

The first party landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and met General Oglethorpe from Georgia. The Commissary of the company said in his account of the trip:

"Mr. Oglethorpe showed me a plan of Georgia, and gave me the liberty to choose a settlement for the Salzburgers, either near the sea, or further in the continent.

I accordingly accepted his favor, and chose a place twenty-one miles from the town of Savannah, and thirty miles from the sea, where there were rivers, little hills, clear brooks, cool springs, a fertile soil, and plenty of grass."

March 10, 1734, saw the ship enter the Savannah River. The Commissary wrote:

"The river is in some places broader than the Rhine, and from sixteen to twenty-five feet deep; and abounds with oysters, sturgeons, and other fish. Its banks were clothed with fresh grass; and a little beyond were seen woods, old as the Creation, resounding with the music of birds, who sing the praise of their Creator."

The welcome given at Savannah by the magistrates, the citizens, and the Indians was hearty; they were "received with all possible demonstrations of joy, friendship, and civility."

The Commissary went to the site of the new settlement with General Oglethorpe, the Speaker of the Assembly, and two Indian hunters, supplied by King Tomo-chi-chi, as well as the King's War Captain. In his journal he says:

"If you ask how a country that is covered with wood and cut with rivers and morasses, is passable, I must acquaint you that, once the colony was settled, the ways were marked by barking of the trees, to show where the roads should go, and where the rivers were passable. After passing through a morass covered with cane, we came to an unfordable river, through which the Indians swam on horses, and we crossed upon a

great tree, cut down for that purpose. The tree was cut down so as to lie across the river . . . for a bridge."

When the party reached the site of Ebenezer — named "in remembrance that God has brought us hither" — it was found that the soil was rather barren and unattractive. Yet so glad was the Commissary to reach the new home, that he was eloquent in speaking of the land inclosed between two rivers, tributaries of the Savannah; of "the sweet zephyrs" that preserved "a delicious coolness," of the "fine meadows, in which a great quantity of hay might be made with very little pains"; of the woods, the herbs, the fertile soil, and the game.

A day after the return to Savannah, General Oglethorpe sailed for Europe. The journal says:

"And then he went away. All the people were so concerned at it, that they could not refrain from tears, when they saw him go, who was their benefactor and their father; . . . they were the more afflicted, that the fatigues and difficulties of so long a voyage left them very small hopes of seeing him again."

A company of nine Salzburgers were sent from Savannah to prepare the way for the others. When the Commissary went to see about their work, he commended them because "they had erected two good tents, made of the bark of trees, one of which was forty feet long, and had cut down abundance of trees, in order to breathe a free air; and beside all that, they were obliged in the greatest heats, almost every day, to walk to

Abercorn, which is twelve miles; and to carry provision upon their backs."

When the remainder of the company arrived, bridge-making and road-building were begun. They also made sledges. "I caused horses to be put to them, and we brought provisions to Ebenezer," wrote the Commissary. And on April 19, two weeks after the beginning of the road, he said, "This day the Salzburgers finished the way for carriages; which surprised the English mightily, to see they had composed it in so short a time; having built seven bridges on several rivers, besides cutting the thickets and trees that were in the way; and this for the length of twelve miles, from Abercorn to Ebenezer."

The coming of other immigrants so increased the population of the town that it was felt a more desirable location, both for health and for crops, should be found. So all their improvements were sacrificed, and the inhabitants moved to a high ridge near the Savannah River. Two years were required for the change. The location of Old Ebenezer was in Effingham County; New Ebenezer was twenty-five miles above Savannah.

When General Oglethorpe proposed that silk be grown in Georgia, and secured silkworm eggs from Italy and the services of several Italians as instructors, the people of Ebenezer were glad to help him. The new industry prospered so well that in 1735 Queen Caroline of England wore a robe of Georgia silk. Encouraged by this progress, each inhabitant of Ebenezer was given a mulberry tree, on the leaves of which the silkworm

fed. In 1747 Ebenezer provided half of all the silk made in Georgia.

Until a few years before the Revolution, the production was continued, and was abandoned only because the return for the labor was too small. But for the Salzburgers, the experiment would have been given up long before.

During the Revolution, when the British captured Savannah, they went on to Ebenezer, and fortified the town. Some of the people took the oath of loyalty to Great Britain, but many others remained loyal to the colonies. The latter lost all their property.

After the Revolution, the town gradually became less important. In 1855 only two houses were standing. Soon these also were gone; nothing was left but the Jerusalem Church, which stands alone. This brick building, erected in 1769, is in a silent waste. In the churchyard are graves almost as old as the colony of Georgia. On April 21, 1911, a bronze tablet was placed on the walls of the church by the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames, to commemorate the colony and its history.

31. Coweta, Alabama, Where the Power of France Was Checked

Early in the seventeenth century the French power in the Mississippi Valley was at its height. Not only were the French in possession of the Mississippi, but they claimed the whole of the basin of that river because La Salle had explored it.

It was the dream of France to unite her provinces on the St. Lawrence with the colonies on the Mississippi. A part of the plan was the building of a series of forts along the Mississippi. Friends were to be made of Indian tribes, that they might be allies in case of war, and helpers in time of peace. Trade, both in furs and in miscellaneous supplies, was to be increased, that the

From an Old Print

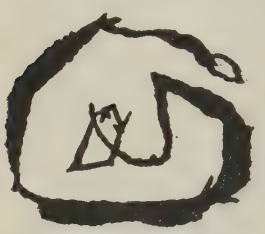
OGLETHORPE AND THE INDIANS

natives might be led to feel their dependence on the French.

One of the leaders in working out this plan was De Bienville, French governor of the province of Louisiana. He had built forts in New Orleans, so commanding the entrances to the Mississippi, and he had sent his soldiers as far as Mobile, where the tricolor of France was flung to the breeze. He claimed for his country a large

part of the grant England had made to Georgia — a rather vague grant, that extended from the Atlantic westward to the Mississippi; and he was active in persuading the Indians to agree with him in these claims.

The Muscogee, or Creek, Confederacy controlled the country in dispute, and those who could win their allegiance would be able to take the lead in the region now included within the bounds of Alabama and Mississippi. General Oglethorpe, who, in 1738, had conferred with four chiefs of the Creeks, realized that the time had come to take further action. He saw his chance when the time drew near for the annual council fire of the tribes in the Creek Confederacy. This was to be held in August, 1739, at the Indian town, Coweta, on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee, close to the site of Columbus, Georgia.



Signature to an Indian Treaty

On July 17, 1739, with a small company, he began the difficult journey from Savannah, through three hundred miles of forest wilderness. The intense heat of summer made such travel dangerous. Then he had to beware of unfriendly Indians, as well as of the deadly air from the swamps.

But he made his way safely to the appointed place. There he met the representatives of twenty thousand Indians. These messengers were attracted by his winsome personality, and believed in his promises. They were sure that all was well with those who trusted

him — for they had heard about him from other Indian tribes. They did not hesitate to make a treaty of alliance and friendship with the man who had set himself against the claims and efforts of France and Spain in the New World.

August 21, 1739, was a notable date in the history of the South and of the entire United States; for on that day was made the treaty by which the Indians recognized the claims of England to the lands from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Historians say that this treaty was not only of the greatest importance in limiting the power of France at the time, but had its bearing also on the decay of the power hostile to Great Britain, and on its death upon the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec.

CHAPTER III

GLIMPSES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN IN AMERICA

32. Old Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida

In St. Augustine, Florida, there are at least three old houses, about each of which visitors are told that it is "the oldest house in the United States." One owner claims that his house was built in 1516 — forty-nine years before the first permanent settlement was made on the site of what is now St. Augustine!

The probability is that the oldest house in the city is that occupied by the local historical society, and that it was built in 1565. It is full of relics of the early days of Spanish rule in the region where the Indians had a town when Ponce de Leon landed there in 1512 and again in 1521. When Pedro Menendez de Avilés took possession in the name of Philip II of Spain, in 1565, he named the place St. Augustine.

In 1763, when England exchanged Havana for Florida, St. Augustine was thus spoken of: "Running along the shore at the foot of a pleasant hill adorned with trees, down by the seaside standeth the church and monastery of St. Augustine. The best part of the town is called St. John's Fort. The town is also fortified with bastions and with cannon. On the north and south, outside the walls, are the Indian towns."

England was still proprietor during the early years of the War of the Revolution. When news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence was received, Samuel Adams and John Hancock were burned

THE OLD CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

in effigy in the plaza, which is still the central feature of the little city.

Down on this plaza is the old cathedral, one of whose four bells dates back to 1682. A little farther away is the post office, which was built in 1591. In it the Spanish governors had their residence. One block from their house was the king's bakery, which is still standing.

Among the most venerable monuments in the city is the gateway, last relic of the old city wall, and Fort Marion, which was begun as Fort San Marco in 1665, on the site of a still earlier fort. It was completed in 1756, after $30,000,000 had been spent. No wonder the king of Spain said, "Its curtain and bastions must be made of solid silver."

The story of the ninety years of building is briefly told in the half-defaced inscription over the entrance:

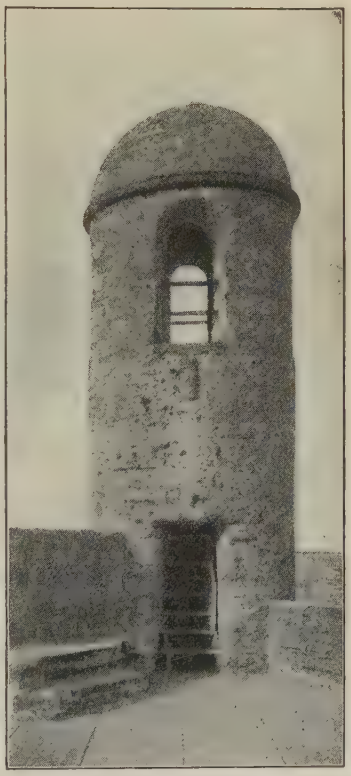
Don Ferdinand VI, being King of Spain and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Hereda, being Governor and Captain General of this place, San Augustine of Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain Engineer Don Pedro de Brogas y Garay.

The beginning of the original fort at St. Augustine was made by Menendez in the great dwelling of the Indian chief. He called it San Juan de Pinos. In 1586 Sir Francis Drake approached the town and attacked the fort. The story of the destruction of the building was told by one of the members of the expedition:

"We descried on the shore a place built like a beacon which was indeed a scaffold upon four long masts raised on end. . . . We might discover over against us a fort which newly had been built by the Spaniards, and some mile or thereabout above the fort was a little town or village without walls, built of wooden houses as the plot doth plainly show. We forthwith prepared to have ordnance for the battery; and one

piece was a little before the enemy planted, and the first shot being made by the Lieutenant General himself . . . struck through the ensign, as we afterwards understood by a Frenchman which came unto us from them. One shot more was then made which struck the foot of the fort wall which was all massive timber of great trees like masts."

The fort destroyed that day by the English was replaced, but in 1665 it was destroyed once more, this time by buccaneers, who were really only gentleman pirates. Then came the fort that still frowns down on the harbor.



ANCIENT WATCH TOWER
Old Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida.

This most perfect specimen of a fortress of long ago, with its bastion and tower, its plaza, its casements, powder magazine and dungeon, its moat and hot-shot oven, is a polygon with four equal sides. The moat is dry, and the entrance — protected by a barbican, as the outwork was called — is by a bridge across the moat and then into

the fort by a drawbridge. Over the drawbridge go throngs of visitors to this fortress, now owned by the United States.

Many think the most pleasing feature of the grim stronghold is the great wall of one of the dark rooms where the light flashed by the guide shows, from the curve of the roof to the floor, a clinging mass of maidenhair fern that completely hides the wall. How it came there, how it began to grow, who can tell?

33. Fort San Carlos de Barrancas, Pensacola, Florida

If the first expedition sent to West Florida by Spain had made a permanent settlement, Pensacola, and not St. Augustine, would have been the oldest city in the country. For in 1559, when Luis de Valesca was told to make a settlement in Florida, he sent a company of more than one thousand soldiers and settlers to Pensacola Bay. The leader, Tristan de Luna, named the harbor Santa Maria, and built a fort near the site of the present Fort San Carlos.

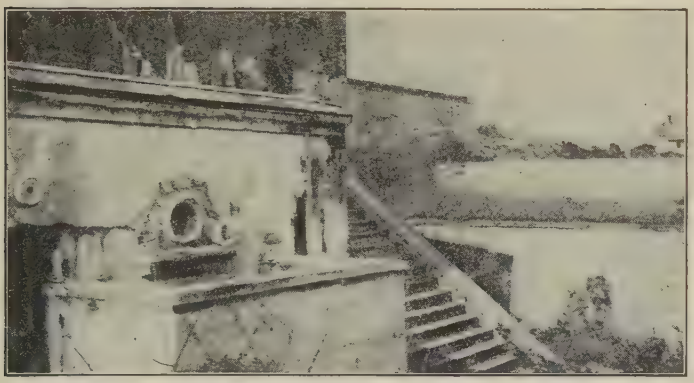
For two years the colonists remained by the blue waters where they looked out on low-lying Santa Rosa Island; but they decided that it was not a good place to make a living, so they went away, some to what is now South Carolina, others home to Spain.

The bay had attracted visitors a few years earlier. Possibly Ponce de Leon visited it in 1513. In 1528 Pamfilio de Narvaez was there for a time, while in 1540 Maldonado led De Soto's fleet into the harbor.

Not until 1696 did permanent settlers find their way

to what has been called the best harbor on the Gulf of Mexico. Then Don Andres d'Arriola built Fort San Carlos six miles south of Pensacola, near the mouth of the bay. He called the settlement Pensacola.

During the next 166 years, four different countries ruled in startling succession: first Spain, then France,



Interior of Fort San Carlos, Pensacola, Florida

then Spain, then France, then Spain, then Great Britain, then Spain, and finally the United States.

The first great event in the history of the fort came in 1699, when the French leader, D'Iberville, on his way to make the settlement near what is now Biloxi, Mississippi, asked leave to land for a season. The request was not granted, and D'Iberville sailed away. But in 1719 the French did not ask permission to land. France was at war with Spain, and De Serigny took the fort and raised the ensign of France over Pensacola.

The new owners did not keep their prize long. Don Alphonse Carracosa led an expedition from Spain,

and to him the garrison surrendered. When France promptly came back, the fort gave way to a combined sea and land attack. Many prisoners were taken, and the fort was destroyed. Yet in 1720 the treaty of peace gave the property back to Spain. The fort was rebuilt, and another was constructed at the end of Santa Rosa Island, — on the site of the Fort Pickens that in 1861 resisted the attack of the Confederate forces during a siege of more than three months.

England had the next turn. The treaty of 1763 gave all Florida to her, and the Union Jack floated above Fort San Carlos until 1781, when Galvez sailed from New Orleans with a fleet, and the stronghold was once more a possession of Spain, with whom it remained until 1814. At that time, by arrangement with the Spanish commander, the English were in charge of the fort. In that year General Andrew Jackson was given command of the Gulf Coast region. He conquered the Creek Indians, and, while arranging a treaty with them, at Mobile, Alabama, learned that the Spanish commander at Fort San Carlos had been secretly working with the enemies of America. He immediately raised a force of Americans, and marched on Pensacola. The Spanish and British were defeated; and the British escaped down the bay in their ships, after blowing up Fort San Carlos.

Today the visitor to Pensacola finds what seem to him to be three forts — the first a slight elevation, covered with grass, close to great moss-covered live oaks. It faces the bay, and is in the form of a semi-

circle. The moat was within the semicircle. This is Fort San Carlos.

Immediately behind Fort San Carlos is Fort Barrancas. This was built by the United States after the acquisition of the Florida territory, but is now abandoned.

The third building, Fort Redoubt, is some distance north of Fort Barrancas. It was built by the Confederate Army during the Civil War.

One historian of Fort San Carlos tells of an incident that took place in 1914. A stranger came to Barrancas with an old parchment that told where to dig for hidden treasure within the walls. He would not tell how he secured the document, but he made the officers at the fort believe in him. Under his direction, men dug until they came to a chest, buried in the mud at the bottom of an old well. At dark, it was decided to wait until morning to recover the chest. But next day the eager workers found that it had disappeared in the mud. Evidently the touch of tools on it had disturbed its rest, and it sank out of sight. And that was the end of the buried treasure of Fort San Carlos de Barrancas!

34. Early Days in Santa Fé, New Mexico

The pueblos of what is now New Mexico became known to the Spanish conquerors of the Southwest as the Seven Cities of Cibola. Stories of the wealth of these cities attracted Vasquez de Coronado, who was governor of a large province in Mexico. With

three hundred men he went to learn the truth. He did not find gold, but he did find a number of Indian pueblos. One of them was called Yuklwungga. He was a better military man than he was a speller, for he wrote the word Yuquewunge. Perhaps that was not such a bad attempt, after all.

Fifty years after Coronado's departure San Gabriel followed him to Yuklwungga, and in 1605 Santa Fé was founded on the site of the Indian settlement. Thus it is, next to St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.

The oldest building in Santa Fé, the Governor's Palace, is said to have as part of its walls those of the Indian pueblo in which San Gabriel found shelter. These walls are five feet thick, and the old structure looks more like a huge garage than a palace. Yet in Santa Fé the people look on it with pride, as they think of the centuries of history that have passed over it.

The central portion of the capital city of New Mexico is the plaza, which, like the public squares of many American towns, is a gathering-place for those who visit the city on business. The palace occupies one entire side of the plaza. The front of the building is a covered arcade, the roof of which is held up by great pine pillars. The roof beams extend several feet beyond the front wall, above the arcade. The sun-dried brick walls are covered with cement, which has been renewed several times. The building has been restored in other ways, but it is still, in appearance, just

as it was in the days of the first European settlers of Santa Fé.

What stories it could tell of the men who explored the Southwest; of Indians who resisted the approach of Europeans wishing to take possession of their gold and silver mines; of lonely travelers and desperadoes who made Santa Fé a dangerous stopping-place;

Governor's Palace, Santa Fé, New Mexico

of the devoted men who built the missions where the Indians learned many of the first lessons of civilization; of Zebulon M. Pike, who came this way in 1807 from Colorado, under arrest by Mexican authorities who said he had trespassed on Mexican territory; of the great caravans of the traders who made famous the Santa Fé trail from the Missouri River; of stragglers from California, excited by the story of the discovery of gold; of those who sought the Pacific Coast

by the southern route that passed through this sleeping pueblo!

Spanish has always been a language more in use than English in Santa Fé. For many years the Spanish governor ruled from the old palace with an iron hand. The Indians were practically slaves. Their wealth was taken, and they lived in poverty. They bore these things, but when a governor tried to interfere with the primitive religious rites of the Indians, which they observed as a sacred trust from their ancestors, they began to talk of revolt. Quick action was taken when the governor, in his attempt to put a stop to these rites, imprisoned a few of the natives and executed others. Then the Indians rose, put to death some of the settlers who were unable to reach shelter, and laid siege to several hundred men, women, and children who, with the governor, barricaded themselves in the palace.

The little company, looking out in terror on the Indians in the plaza, gave themselves up for lost. But somehow they managed to evade the enraged besiegers, and escaped, though many of them lost their lives from exposure.

After ten years of freedom the Indians were again compelled to submit to the Spaniards. Fortunately the conqueror, De Vargas, was a humane man; he was a kindly governor, and the simple natives were glad to be ruled by him. His memory is honored in Santa Fé every year.

The flag of Spain gave way to the flag of Mexico,

and — after the American war with Mexico — the Stars and Stripes floated from the palace. Of the American governors who have lived there, the best known, perhaps, was General Lew Wallace, the author of *Ben Hur*. Most of the book was written within the walls that had echoed to the tread of heroes of many generations.

Part of the old structure has been used for years as a museum. There are shown curious reminders of the days when the people of the pueblos ruled themselves from Yuklwungga, and of the later days of the military leaders and the traders who taught to many their first knowledge of the Southwest.

35. Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga, New York

Just where the waters of Lake George and Lake Champlain overlap, there is a tongue of land over which the pioneers passed and repassed on their way from New York to Canada, or from the St. Lawrence to the South. Indians, too, knew it was a convenient stopping-place. They called it Ticonderoga, from an Iroquois word, Cheonderoga, meaning "Sounding Water."

In 1609 Champlain was persuaded by the Indians of the St. Lawrence region to go to Ticonderoga to fight the Iroquois, their enemies. He agreed, and was victorious over a party of the savages. But this little display of power had far-reaching consequences. It has been pointed out that, as a result of the fight in 1609, the Six Nations opposed France, joined forces

with Great Britain, and so sounded the death knell of French power in America.

But Crown Point, a few miles above Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, was fortified first. In 1731 Fort Frederic was built there, as an outpost of the French.

Fort Ticonderoga, New York

(Restored.)

Located on an odd peninsula that extends out into the lake where it is quite narrow, it was an excellent place to control the movements of those who used the lake route to Canada.

In January, 1756, the governor of Massachusetts thought it would be a good thing to send an expedition against Crown Point. Other colonies joined, and a large force was sent, under General William Johnson.

While they were on the way, Baron Dieskau at Crown Point was getting ready to meet the invaders. With

his Indian allies he marched to Ticonderoga, and encamped there. Leaving part of his men behind, he reëmbarked on the waters of Lake Champlain, entered Lake George, and met the enemy. The battle that followed, though it seemed for a time to be in favor of the French, finally resulted in an English victory.

The French retired in disorder. The Americans built Fort William Henry at the lower end of Lake George, and the French built Fort Carillon at Ticonderoga.

In 1757, the year the fort was finished, Montcalm, with eight thousand men, went down Lake George to attack the English Fort William Henry. The small force there surrendered, on promise of good treatment. But the Indian allies refused to consider the promise, and killed the men and women who were in their power. The destruction of the fort followed.

The first attempt of English forces to take Fort Ticonderoga — in revenge for the treatment of the prisoners at Fort William Henry — was made in July, 1758. Fifteen thousand men opposed five thousand French, under Montcalm. There was a bitter contest, at a barrier of fallen trees hastily constructed by the French.

One of the British soldiers, who was present that day, wrote of his experience:

"I have since been in many battles and skirmishes, but I have never witnessed such slaughter and such wild fighting as the British storm of Ticonderoga. We became mixed up — Highlanders, Light Troops,

Grenadiers, Rangers, and all — and we beat against that mass of logs and maze of fallen timbers, and we beat in vain. I was once carried right up to the breastwork, but we were stopped by the bristling mass of sharpened branches, while the French fire swept us front and flank. . . . We drew off after seeing that no human valor could take that work."

But in 1759 the British succeeded in their renewed attack on the stronghold. Montcalm had taken many of his men to the defense of Quebec, and the commander of those who were left decided that surrender was best. So he blew up the magazines, and the shattered fort became the property of the force of American and British soldiers.

When the British entered the repaired fort, it was called Ticonderoga. Then the flag of Great Britain floated in peace until that day in 1775 when Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys captured the fort for the colonies by a daring exploit concerning which truth and fiction have been busy ever since.

During the remainder of the Revolution Ticonderoga was an important post. In 1776 Benedict Arnold sent from the fort a fleet against Carleton at Valcour Island. The destruction of the fleet was a minor result; the greater issue was the hindrance of many of Great Britain's plans; it caused fatal delay in important movements.

General Burgoyne managed to take the fort in 1777, and the flag of Great Britain continued to fly from the staff until the close of the Revolution.

During the nineteenth century the old fort became a ruin, but in 1909 the owner of the site, whose ancestors had leased it in 1806, began to restore the building according to the original plan, which was found in France. Today there are tablets and monuments everywhere, calling the attention of visitors to places where notable events occurred.

Crown Point — which Ethan Allen took on the expedition that laid Ticonderoga low — also fell into ruins. The British had spent $10,000,000 on it, but it was not thought worth while to keep up the fortification.

Today the visitor to Crown Point may find a few traces of the fort. But he will be attracted most by the Champlain Memorial, a lighthouse built by Vermont and New York.

36. Ancient Fort Niagara, New York

When the first French explorers visited the Great Lakes, they learned from the Indians of the thundering water on a river that brought the floods to Lake Ontario, and they were not satisfied until they made investigations. Probably some of them thought the tale was only Indian exaggeration. But when they stood beneath the great cataract, they realized that the savages had not said too much about the wonder.

One of them spoke of Niagara — the name given by the Iroquois to the river and the falls — as "a cataract of frightful height." This was in 1648. In 1678 Hennepin drew a picture of the falls which is one of the curiosities of the books of early travel.

It was seen at once that the river leading out of the falls was an entrance to the western country which the French wished to guard. So, in 1669, a fort was built at the mouth of the Niagara River.

The location had little importance for many years, and it was not until 1726, the year of the building of the stone castle near the site of the earlier post, that the fort had its real beginning. The French felt they

THE CASTLE AT FORT NIAGARA, NEW YORK

Erected 1726

must build it because the English were interfering with their fur trade with the Indians. Then the English planned to build Fort Oswego, and this would increase the difficulties of the French.

Governor Joncaire felt that he could not wait for the approval of the authorities at home. He sent word to them that he must build a fortress, and he asked for a sum of money for the purpose. To the

Indians he declared that he wished to have a mere trading-station. His real purpose was shown when he wrote to France that the building "will not have the appearance of a fort, so that no offense will be given to the Iroquois, who have been unwilling to allow any there, but it will answer the purpose of a fort just as well."

The first step was the construction of two barks for use on Lake Ontario, to carry stone and timber for the building, and later, to cruise on the lake and stop traders bound for Oswego.

After the construction of the barks had been begun, the consent of the five Iroquois nations was secured. They were promised that it would be to them "a House of Peace" down to the third generation and farther. To Gaspard Chaussegros de Lery, engineer, was committed the building of the structure. He determined to make it fireproof. "Instead of wooden partitions I have built heavy walls, and paved all the floors with flat stone," he wrote in a report sent to France. The loft was paved with flat stones "on a floor full of good oak joists, upon which cannon may be placed above the structure."

The trade with the Indians at the completed stone house on the Niagara increased. So did the activities of the English. Governor Burnet of New York craftily persuaded the Onondaga Indians that their interests had been endangered by the building of the French fort, since it penned them up from their chief hunting-place, and was therefore contrary to the Treaty of

Utrecht. They agreed with him that the Iroquois had no right to the territory, which was really the property of the Senecas, and they asked the governor to appeal to King George to protect them in their right.

Therefore the suggestion was made that they "submit and give up all their hunting country to the King," and sign a deed for it. Accordingly the sachems, Seneca, Cayuga, and Onondaga, deeded to the English a sixty-mile strip along the south shore of Lake Ontario, which included the Niagara frontier, the Niagara River being the western boundary.

"From this time on, the 'stone house' was on British soil; but it was yet to take the new owner a generation to dispossess the obnoxious tenant," Frank H. Severance writes in *An Old Frontier of France.*

The story of the next thirty years is a story of plots and counter-plots, of expeditions threatened and actual, of disappointing campaigns, of imprisonment and cruelty and death. More than once Indians promised the English that the house at Niagara should be razed. Spies reported that the defenses at the castle were in bad shape. "'Tis certain that, should the English once attack it, 'tis theirs," one report ran. "I am informed that the fort is so dilapidated that 'tis impossible to put a pin in it without causing it to crumble; stanchions have been obliged to be set up against it to support it." Another report disclosed that if the cannon were fired, the walls would crumble.

But the French were not ready to give up. They felt that Fort Niagara was the key to the Ohio

Valley, which they wished to control. They strengthened the defenses of the fort. The defeat of Braddock at Fort Duquesne and the strange decision of General Shirley to stop at Oswego instead of continuing with his force to Niagara gave the French a new lease of life.

In 1759 came the end of French rule. General Prideaux's expedition from New York began the siege of the fort early in July, and after several weeks it surrendered. Until 1796 the English flag floated above the "castle." The commander of this post, like the commanders of six other forts, refused on various pretexts to surrender to America, in spite of the terms of the treaty of 1783. Attempts were made to secure possession, but none of them was successful, and it was not until 1794 that Great Britain agreed to evacuate Niagara and the other forts still held, "on or before the 1st of June, 1796."

Seventeen years later, in 1813, the British flag again replaced the Stars and Stripes over the historic building, but the fort was restored to the United States in 1815. Since that time it has been a part of the army post that has been more important because of its history than for any other reason.

The Daughters of the War of 1812 have placed a suitable tablet on the Old Castle, and are interested in the proposition that has been made to turn the venerable edifice into an international museum, which shall commemorate the one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and America.

In 1917 the eyes of the nation were once more turned toward the fort by Lake Ontario, for it was made a training-ground for officers who were to be sent to the battle-front in France and Belgium. The castle, nearly two hundred years old, and strong as ever, again witnessed the gathering of patriots, and the spot that had echoed to the tread of French who had yielded to the English, of English who had driven out the French, and of Americans who had driven out the English, became the parade-ground of Americans who were making ready to stand side by side with French and English for the freedom of the world.

37. The Story of Michilimackinac, Michigan

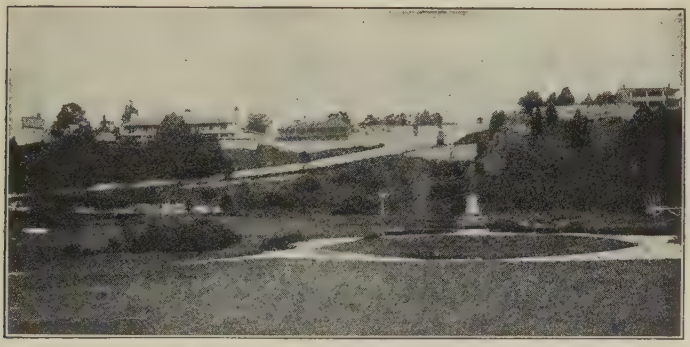
One of the most beautiful places to be found on the Great Lakes is the island of Michilimackinac, the "Great Turtle" of the Indians, so named because of its shape. According to the legends of the Ojibways, when the Great Spirit recreated the world after the flood, this island was the first land to appear.

Longfellow tells us that the region of the Great Lakes was the home of Hiawatha, and that the Ojibways were his people:

> Should you ask me whence these stories,
> I should answer, I should tell you,
> From the forests and the prairies,
> From the land of the Ojibways.
>
> There he lived and toiled and suffered,
> That the tribes of men might prosper,
> That he might advance his people.

The first travelers who sighted Michilimackinac were drawn not so much by its beauty as by its strategic location, at the entrance to Lake Michigan and not far from the entrance from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. It was a splendid site for a fur-trading post, and for dealing with the Indians.

The first European visitor there went in consequence of word that had come to Champlain of a mysterious



THE FORT AT MICHILIMACKINAC, MICHIGAN

Indian people who, with their canoes, braved the waters of " the great sea." He thought this must be the South Sea, and that the Indians must be the natives of Japan and China; they were said to be without beards, and he remembered that Marco Polo had described the Mongols as hairless. Surely, then, if he went to this region, he would be the discoverer of a passage to the Western Ocean!

The emissary was Jean Nicolet, and he was sent in 1634. He thought he was going as the representative of France to an Asiatic people, so he provided a

gorgeous Chinese robe which he wore when he met the Indians, much to their surprise and pleasure; their savage minds were pleased with his magnificent display.

The visit of Nicolet has a memorial on Mackinac Island, as Michilimackinac came to be called in later years — a stone monument near Arch Rock, the curious natural bridge, with the waters of the lake gleaming through it, that is one of the finest points of the rugged coast.

Marquette also found his way to the island, and ruled over the French mission in the neighborhood, founded there because, as the Jesuits said, "the island forms the key and the door, so to speak, for all the peoples of the South, as does the Sault for those of the North; from this region there are only these two passages by water, for very many nations."

The advantages thus pointed out appealed not only to the Jesuits but to the fur traders. In 1679 La Salle's *Griffin*, the first vessel on the Great Lakes above Niagara Falls, stopped at the island on the way to Green Bay, for a cargo of furs, and for more than a century the place was a famous fur center, first for the French, then for the English, and finally for the Americans.

The story of the old fort is a long succession of exciting events. The most memorable of them was the massacre of 1763, two years after the fort had passed from the French to the English, at the time when the Indian chieftain Pontiac was rousing the tribes against the English.

It was the King's birthday. To celebrate the occasion, Captain Etherington, who was in charge of the garrison, had appointed a day of sports. The principal interest centered in the game of baggataway — something like lacrosse — played between two opposing groups of Indians. All the Indian friends of the players were there, some wandering about inside the stockade, the rest massed with the English as spectators of the game. Suddenly the ball rose in the air, and disappeared inside the walls of the fort. The Indians, one and all, with terrific yells, rushed after it in a body through the gates, the English suspecting nothing, until agonized cries were heard above the whoops of the savages. The treacherous Indians had fallen upon the unarmed white men, and upon the defenseless women and children. The horrible slaughter went on until only a few of the little garrison were left alive.

For many years activity both military and commercial was at old Mackinaw on the mainland; but during the Revolution the English commander of the fort decided that there would be less chance of attack from the Americans on the island. So the buildings were taken down, and moved across, section by section. Some were moved in winter on the ice, and the rest in the spring, the timbers of the buildings being made into rafts.

The new fort on the island — the third to be erected there — was occupied in 1780. Some ruins of it are still pointed out, including the blockhouse.

Although the fort was given to the American colonies by treaty in 1783, it was not surrendered until 1796. After that year the Stars and Stripes waved above the island until the War of 1812, when Great Britain again took possession.

Thus the changing history of the island is as remarkable as its beauty. It has been called "The Fairy Isle," by those who have learned to go there summer after summer. The old fortifications, the trading post, and the mission may still be seen, while the signal station on the ruins of Fort Holmes, where the British intrenched themselves in 1812, affords a glorious view across the Straits. Also there are many curious rock formations. There is Arch Rock, far above the water, a rugged limestone natural bridge, 140 feet high and 3 feet wide, and also Sugar Loaf, a lonely pinnacle more than 100 feet high. There is a Lover's Leap, where an Indian maiden mourned a lover who was killed while he was seeking to make for himself a name worthy of her; and where she was found dead at the foot of the rock. And finally there is Robinson's Folly, named for the British officer who, insisting that he saw on the cliff a woman of great beauty, caught hold of her to save her from going over the precipice, and fell with her to the water far below.

It would be difficult to find in America a like area — the island is only about three miles long and two miles wide — which has so much claim to the attention of both the historian and the seeker after beauty. No wonder half of the island here has been made a

national park and military reservation. And no wonder it is thronged with visitors who, from there as a center, go across the Straits, which are from five to thirty miles wide, and from thirty to forty miles long; to St. Ignace on the northern mainland, where the Indians brought the body of Marquette for permanent burial; or on into the nearby waters of Lake Michigan, to which the Straits lead.

38. The Early Days of Detroit, Michigan

The early French explorers had a vision of the importance of the location of Detroit, but thirty years passed after the coming of the first of them before a fur-trading post was planted on the site. Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, who was responsible for the beginning of this southern outpost for dealing with the Indians, is honored by the prominent square named for him in a city that is more than fifty years older than Pittsburgh, and more than one hundred and twenty years older than Chicago; where the ownership has changed five times; where Indian sieges and the torch of the conqueror paved the way for the plucky development that has made it the fourth city on the continent.

In 1693 Cadillac was chosen to go to a strategic point on the lakes and build a fort. The site he was urged to fortify was on the Straits of Mackinac, for through this waterway the fur traders from Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron could be controlled.

But Cadillac decided not to build at Mackinac.

It has been suggested that the missionaries favored neither himself nor his business.

At any rate he made up his mind that Detroit was the better site for such a fortification as he had in mind,

From an Old Print

"CADILLAC'S VILLAGE": DETROIT IN 1701

because of its location on the narrow stream between Lake Erie and Lake Huron.

The wisdom of the choice is apparent from the words of Channing and Lansing, in *The Story of the Great Lakes:*

"There rushes through the strait of Detroit more water than through any other river in the world, save only the Niagara and the St. Lawrence. Through this channel, whose average width is a mile, and whose

length is only twenty-seven miles, pour in a steady, even current, unbroken by rapids or eddies, and with a speed of over two miles an hour, the waters of three lakes, Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and of the hundreds of streams that feed them. This little river is the natural outlet for 82,000 square miles of lake surface, and 125,000 square miles of land."

The building of a trading post in this strategic location was opposed by the Jesuits, but a visit to France opened the way for Cadillac to do as he desired.

He returned on July 24, 1701, with fifty settlers and fifty soldiers. Close to the water, on what is now Jefferson Avenue, he laid out a plot 192 feet square, surrounded by palisades 12 feet high. Twenty-nine log huts for settlers were built within the palisades. Those who tilled the ground were to go to land outside the inclosure, but so near that they could run for protection on the slightest hint of danger.

The first white women came to the new village a few months later — Madame Cadillac and Madame Tonty, whose husband was the captain of the garrison.

Two months later Cadillac wrote home of the town:

"Its borders are so many vast prairies, and the freshness of the beautiful waters keep the banks always green. The prairies are bordered by long and broad rows of great trees which have never felt the hand of the vigilant gardener. Here also orchards, young and old, bend their branches, under the weight and quantity of their fruit, towards the mother earth which has produced them. It is in this land, so fertile, that

the ambitious vine, which has never wept under the knife of the vine-dresser, builds a thick roof with its large and leafy clusters, weighing down the top of the tree which receives it, and often stifling it with its embrace."

Slowly the sturdy young outpost grew. Fifty years after the first huts were built, there were about five hundred people in the village. Long before this it had become necessary to build houses outside the palisade.

During the next fifty years the career of Detroit was stormy. In 1763 Pontiac tried by strategy to take the fort, which was then in possession of the English; but he was unsuccessful. When he laid siege to the fort, he might have been driven off by the soldiers sent from Niagara to its assistance, but these were captured by the Indians before they could be of use. On July thirty-first, 250 desperate men ventured from the fort to fight for freedom, but they failed, after 159 of them had been killed.

In spite of such disasters, the stronghold was able to hold out until Pontiac withdrew.

The English held on to the fort throughout the Revolution, and even after the treaty of peace in 1783. Not until 1796 was it given up to the United States. "Mad Anthony" Wayne was sent to take charge of it, but he died on the way, and another took his place.

39. Starved Rock on the Illinois River

The passengers on a train bound from Chicago toward the Mississippi River seemed to have decided

that the beautiful country through which they were passing had nothing in it to interest them. Far off to the left was the Illinois River, with the overflowed bottom land between.

One traveler said he thought he might as well take a nap. But he was roused by the question of a man in the next seat, and the reply of the man's neighbor.

"What is that great rock over there — the rock with the flag flying from the summit?"

"That is Starved Rock, the most historic point on the Illinois River," came the reply. "We are so proud of it that we have made it a state park."

In a few moments the man who was proud of Starved Rock found himself the center of an interested group from which came the demand to know the story of the rocky bluff that stands out so prominently above the flat lands along the Illinois.

When the French explorers sought the Mississippi River by way of the Illinois, they found that the region about the modern towns of Ottawa and La Salle was filled with peaceable Indians, who cultivated the rich soil, and rejoiced in the beauty of the lands along the river. Trails followed by hunters and warriors led past their villages and off toward the Mississippi and the Ohio.

In 1679, when La Salle passed down the river with his little company of explorers, he wondered at the Indians' villages and the evidences of their industry. The wayfarers were quickly on guard, lest the savages attack them. But they found the lodges deserted,

for the owners were away on their annual hunt. They looked up to the tree-crowned rock and realized what a wonderful place it would be for a future community in the Illinois country.

When La Salle reached the Gulf of Mexico, he sent back his companion, Tonty, the gallant, one-handed Italian, to begin the building of a stronghold on the

STARVED ROCK

On the Illinois River.

Illinois. Later he joined his lieutenant, and together they worked on the fortress which they called Fort St. Louis. The location was well chosen, for the rock is not unlike the precipices on which Stirling Castle and Edinburgh Castle were built by those old Scotch warriors who were so well skilled in the art of defense.

La Salle's plan was to make his palisaded fort the center of the western fur trade and of the French power in the Mississippi Valley.

But evil days for La Salle followed: he was recalled to France on charges of disloyalty. In his absence the Iroquois Indians laid siege to the rock in 1683, but were compelled to withdraw. In 1684 Tonty became commander of this farthest frontier of French power. There he waited in vain for the return of his leader, who had lost his life during an expedition to the region bordering on the Gulf of Mexico.

The story of Tonty's stay at Fort St. Louis is full of events. There he welcomed the survivors of the ill-fated party, and later dealt with the savages, until, in 1698, came the order from the king of France that the rock, together with other outposts on the lakes and beyond, be abandoned. The story of those fourteen years in the fortress in the wilderness is one of the glorious romances of American history.

Not until 1769 did the height receive the name it now bears. Then Pontiac, Ottawa's chieftain, was killed by an Indian. In revenge the Ottawas and the Pottawattomies vowed to exterminate the Illinois. At length they succeeded in destroying all but a few of the doomed savages. These fled for refuge to the rock where La Salle and Tonty had ruled. For a time the Illinois succeeded in keeping their enemy at bay, but the day came when the watchful besiegers, discovering the thongs by which the Illinois raised water from the river, cut the thongs and thus made impossible the securing of further supplies. But the heroes would not yield. Finally all were dead, and their bones were found, long afterward, on the summit of Starved Rock.

Starved Rock rises precipitously 125 feet from the water. In fact, it juts out over the water. It cannot be scaled from one side, but approach is possible from the land side.

In 1911 the state of Illinois set apart the rock and the surrounding land as a park for the people. Today there are nine hundred acres in the park, which has been enlarged so as to include all the canyons, waterfalls, glens, and rock formations that make the vicinity so remarkable. The Council Cave of the Indians, dark and gloomy under the overhanging rock, is one of the chief attractions of the spot that was so long the outermost post of French power in the western world.

40. Old Fort Chartres on the Mississippi River

Some distance below St. Louis, and a few miles from the spot where stood Kaskaskia, which was once a fortress, and later capital of Illinois Territory, are the remains of Fort Chartres. There the French ruled proudly for nearly fifty years.

The first Fort Chartres was finished in 1720, the year when Philippe François de Renault brought with him up the river two hundred white men and five hundred Santo Domingo negroes.

One of the purposes of the fort was to protect against the Spaniards the servants of John Law's famous Company of the Indies, which was later known as the "Mississippi Bubble." This was an enormous trading association, which was to accomplish financial won-

ders for France. In selling shares in the company, "large engravings were distributed in France, representing the arrival of the French at the Mississippi River, and savages with their squaws rushing to meet the new arrivals with evident respect and admiration."

Promises of great dividends from mountains of gold and silver, lead, copper, and quicksilver were made. Shares rose rapidly, and soon were selling for 20,000 francs. For three months the French people believed in Law. Then the "Mississippi Bubble" burst, and there was sorrow in the homeland.

THE MAGAZINE AT OLD FORT CHARTRES, ILLINOIS

In the meantime the work at Fort Chartres was continued. Within the stockade of wood, which had earth between the palisades for purposes of strength, many wandering savages who brought their furs for barter were received. The French residents felt secure in the presence of their protectors.

Various attacks were made on the Indians. One expedition was sent out against the Chickasaw Indians, on the Arkansas River. Disaster overtook the company of French soldiers, and fifteen were captured and put to death with savage barbarity.

In 1753 the fort was in such bad condition that it was decided to build anew, this time of stone, brought from the bluffs. When completed, the new structure was one of the strongest forts ever built in America.

An English traveler who visited the new stronghold in 1765, when the British were in control, told of finding walls two feet five inches thick, pierced with loopholes at regular distances, and with two portholes for cannon in the faces and two in the flanks of each bastion. There was a ditch, but this had not been completed. The entrance was a handsome rustic gate. Within the fort he found the houses of the commander and of the commissary, the magazine for stores, and the quarters of the soldiers. There were also a powder magazine, a bakehouse, and a prison.

The visitor told how the bank of the Mississippi was continually falling in, and so was threatening the citadel. In the effort to control the destructive current, a sand bank had been built to turn it from its course; the sand bank had become an island, covered by willows. It was realized that the destruction of the fort was sure.

"When the fort was finished in the year 1756," he wrote, "it was a good half mile from the water side; in the year 1766 it was but eighty paces; eight years ago the river was fordable to the island; the channel is now forty feet deep. In the year 1764 there were about forty families in the village near the fort and a parish church, served by a Franciscan friar. In the following year, when the English took possession of

the country, they abandoned these houses, except three or four poor families, and settled at the village on the west side of the Mississippi, choosing to continue under the French government."

In 1772 a flood washed away part of the fort, on which a million dollars had been spent, a large amount for that day. The garrison fled to Kaskaskia, abandoning a fort which they thought was later to be swallowed completely by the river.

But the Mississippi relented in its approach to Fort Chartres. A bit of the old structure still stands — the powder magazine and fragments of the old walls.

Fortunately, Congress withdrew from entry or sale a tract of land a mile square, including the site of the stronghold. Thus the way was opened for the acquirement of the property by Illinois, which has made of it a state park. The fort is to be rebuilt in accordance with the original plan, which has been discovered in France.

41. Fort Massac on the Ohio River

In the days of the French dream of holding the West, they sent out explorers, like Celeron, who planted leaden plates at the mouth of tributary rivers, having inscribed on them claims to the lands watered by the streams. Then they built a line of forts. Some of the leaden plates have been discovered; others are probably still buried where they were placed. But all trace of the forts has disappeared, with the exception of Fort Massac, on a height above the Ohio,

La Belle Rivière of the French. The site of the fort looks down on the great upward curve of the river which deprives Illinois of territory, and gives it to Kentucky; and over toward Paducah, located at the mouth of the Tennessee River. It was wisely chosen, for it could command the lower Ohio, as well as the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. The mouth of the Wabash River is not far away. Thus, whether for trade or for war, the situation was strategic.

On the Site of Fort Massac, on the Ohio River

Some think that De Soto stopped at this spot in 1542 and built a palisade. But certain history begins with 1702, when thirty men were sent from Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi, under the leadership of M. Jucherau de St. Denis, to fortify the position. In the party was Father Mermet, who speedily gathered the Indians about him for religious instruction. The men and women of the forest made a picturesque company as they assembled, wearing deer-hide or robes made of the skins of animals.

After the prosperity of the first few years came decay. Jucherau was called away, and Father Mermet was summoned to Kaskaskia. The absence of the leaders

made the Indians bold, and they terrorized the few French who were left, until they fled, abandoning thirteen thousand skins of the buffalo.

Years passed. In 1757 Captain Charles Philip Aubrey was sent from New Orleans to protect the remnants of the French from the threats of the British. He built the stronghold which he called Fort Ascension, because the work was begun on Ascension Day.

The French, so the story goes, were once attacked by the Indians. A party came to the Kentucky side of the river, clad in bearskins, and crawling on hands and knees. Attracted by the strange sight, the soldiers left the garrison unguarded and crossed the river. While they were gone, other Indians entered the fort and the settlement that had grown up about it. They met with no resistance. All the people were murdered, and all buildings were burned.

From this event the fort became known as Fort Massacre. This name was later shortened to Fort Massac.

French hold on the place lasted only until 1763, when the Treaty of Paris gave it to England. England kept it until the June day in 1778 when George Rogers Clark, with his doughty little company from Virginia and Kentucky, landed there on his journey to Kaskaskia, to break the power of the English in the western country. The fort fell before him, and it is likely that the American flag was there first displayed west of the Ohio River. With his one hundred and twenty men he then marched across Illinois to Kas-

kaskia, and later still crossed the state to Vincennes, on the Wabash, winning both outposts for the colonies.

Fort Massac was abandoned until 1794, when President Washington decided to rebuild and garrison it, that the many settlers who were already on the move to the western country might have the protection they needed.

The next great event in the history of the fortress was in 1805. In that year Aaron Burr stopped there while on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, during his attempt to found an empire which he traitorously planned to take the place of the United States.

Fifty years after Burr's visit, it was reported that the walls of the fort were intact. The main building was 135 feet square, and there was a tower at each of the four corners. As years passed, the masonry crumbled. In 1903, when the Daughters of the American Revolution succeeded in persuading Illinois to purchase the site and make of it a state park, a monument to George Rogers Clark was built on the site of the old fort.

42. The Massacre of the French, at Natchez, Mississippi

The French, under De Bienville, built Fort Rosalie at Natchez, on the Mississippi, in 1716. A tragic event occurred there, the first account of which was given in a manuscript history of Mississippi, prepared in 1801 and placed in the Library of Congress. The facts of the story, according to this account, were as follows:

In 1729 the Commandant at Fort Rosalie was a hard, grasping man, disliked by the Indians as well as by his own soldiers. He was eager to secure White Apple Village, located on Second Creek, twelve miles southeast of Natchez, that he might make another settlement there.

Indian in Full Headdress

But the Natchez Indians did not wish to give it up to him. They refused, even when he ordered them to do his will. The reason given by the chief of the tribe was that the bones of his ancestors were buried there.

The Commandant was still determined. He told the chief that unless the Indians gave up the village, they would be destroyed.

The chief asked for a delay of two moons, that his people might find a new habitation. During this interval he called together the leaders of the Indian nations. These men decided to kill, at one time and by a united attack, all the French on the Mississippi, from Natchez to the ocean. Since there were no French settlements between Natchez and the Illinois country,

they planned to regain control of the entire lower river.

The date appointed for the attack was November 30, 1729. To avoid mistake in calculating the time, every chief prepared a bundle of rods, one rod for each intervening day. This bundle was given to a priest who deposited it in the temple of which he had charge. Every morning the priest was to destroy one rod; on the morning when but one rod remained the fatal blow was to be struck.

Now the supreme chief of all the Indians was a young man of eighteen. His mother knew that something was planned, and suspected that it was against the French, for she had been told of the sending out of the messengers who called the council. She was eager to help the French; her husband had been a Frenchman. So she begged her son to tell her the secrets of the council. He refused for a time; but at last, worn out by her entreaties, he made known to her the whole plan.

In vain she pleaded that the attack might be given up. Then she managed to send word to the Commandant, through some of his officers who had friends in her tribe. The Commandant laughed at the notion that the Indians could do any harm, and punished his officers for raising a false alarm.

When the supreme chief's mother saw that nothing would be done by the Commandant, she resorted to strategy. Going to the temple of the Natchez, she drew out and destroyed two of the important rods,

with the thought that the Natchez Indians, depending for their information on the rods in the temple, would strike two days ahead of the day planned for a general uprising. Thus the French settlements would be warned in time to prepare themselves for the later attack of the other tribes.

When there was but one rod left in the Natchez temple, the Indians rose, and two thousand French of all ages were killed, and the fort was burned. It is said that but one Frenchman escaped, and that he was so closely pressed that he had to swim the Mississippi four times on horseback. Ninety women, one hundred and fifty children, and a company of negroes were made prisoners.

When the other tribes heard that the Natchez Indians had struck a blow two days before the time appointed, they were angry; they thought that this had been done because the Natchez wished to enrich themselves alone with the spoils. The Choctaws were especially bitter. In their rage, the various tribes which had been left out of the attack on the French agreed to join the white men in punishing the Natchez.

The Natchez Indians learned of their danger in time to build a rough fortification a few miles up the Mississippi. There the French and their allies attacked them. About one thousand of the tribe were made prisoners and were sent to New Orleans, and then to San Domingo, where they were sold as slaves. It is said that the remainder of the company, taking ad-

vantage of a thunderstorm, escaped to the Chickasaws, and with them found safety.

Fort Rosalie was rebuilt at once, and was occupied until it was turned over to the English in 1764. As Fort Panmure the English kept it until 1779, when Spain took possession. In 1798 the Spanish flag was lowered, and United States troops occupied the stronghold.

43. The Romance of New Orleans, Louisiana

Away back in 1721, when De Bienville founded New Orleans, the surroundings of the settlement were rather dismal. Three years later a visitor wrote a description that it is difficult to believe in these days when everything in the modern city and its neighborhood seems so attractive.

The writer told of one hundred houses "in a malarious wet thicket of damp palmettos — full of serpents and alligators."

Yet even the man who gave such an uncomplimentary opinion of the surroundings prophesied a great future for the colony.

In 1722 New Orleans became the capital of the province of Louisiana. The history of the next forty years is full of vivid color, but there is nothing quite so thrilling as the events that followed the secret cession of the province to Spain.

In 1762 Antonio de Ulloa entered New Orleans and called on the city to be loyal to Spain. But business men refused; they feared that the commercial laws

of Spain would not be favorable to them. The militia would not serve the new government, although the treaty had said that they could be counted on.

For a time Ulloa ruled the city through the French governor, Aubrey; but such a state of affairs could not continue. An appeal made to Paris by the citizens proved ineffective, and efforts to secure aid from the British at Pensacola came to nothing.

The breaking out of open rebellion compelled Ulloa to leave New Orleans in 1768, and for a few months the city and the province were left in the hands of the insurgents. This rule, during the interval until a new governor came, has been called republican by some, since the citizens formally called the colony the Republic of Louisiana. Thus it was the first republic in America.

The republic, or the rebellion, lasted only until July, 1769, when a Spanish squadron arrived at New Orleans with Alexander O'Reilly, the new governor. Some of the leaders of the rebellion were put to death, while others were taken to Havana to prison.

O'Reilly's next step was to reorganize the civil government. Among other things, he instituted the Cabildo as the law-making body of the province, to take the place of the French supreme court. The original building occupied by the Cabildo was destroyed in the fire of 1788, when, in less than five hours, 816 buildings were burned. The loss, amounting to $3,000,000, was a blessing in disguise, for it cleared the ground for the reconstruction of the city

under the leadership of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, who was a member of the Cabildo. He had become rich since his arrival with the Spaniards, and he had a vision of a city glorified through his wealth.

THE CABILDO, THE CATHEDRAL, AND THE PRESBYTERE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

First he built a schoolhouse, a church, and a hospital. On one side of the church he erected a convent; on the other side he raised a new town hall, the Cabildo. The walls of this edifice are as sturdy today as in 1795. They are of brick, half the thickness of the ordinary brick. Shell-lime was used for the mortar. Originally the building was two stories in height, with a flat roof; the mansard roof was added much later.

For eight years more the Cabildo continued its sessions under Spanish rule. Then came the news that Louisiana had been transferred by Spain to France. Great preparations were made for the ceremonies that

were to accompany the lowering of the Spanish flag and the raising of the French colors in the square before the Cabildo. Then the prefect Laussat was thunderstruck by the coming of word that Napoleon had appointed a commission, not only to receive the colony from Spain, but also to give it into the hands of the United States, to which the vast territory had been sold.

The first transfer took place on November 30, 1803. The official document was signed in the Sala Capitular, the hall where the Cabildo met, and was read from the center gallery. Then the tricolor of France replaced the flag of Spain.

December 20, 1803, was the date of the transfer to the United States. The American Commission met the French Commission in the Sala Capitular of the Hôtel de Ville, as the French called the Cabildo. Governor Claiborne received the keys of the city, and the tricolor on the flagstaff gave way to the Stars and Stripes. A vast company of citizens watched the ceremonies, listened to the addresses, and gazed at the American troops in the square, as well as at the French soldiers who were to have no further power in the province.

44. Mobile, Alabama, in Early Days

Tuskaloosa, the Black Warrior, "emperor" of a powerful Indian tribe, lived on the Alabama River in a town called Maubila. This name means "Paddling." It was natural to apply it to the place, for

the canoes of the braves were continually darting on the water beneath the bluff on which the town was built.

Maubila was an Indian stronghold; it was surrounded with plastered log walls, in which portholes were cut. In the middle of the site was an open space, bordered by large wooden buildings, in each of which one thousand warriors could be cared for in time of need. Then came the bark wigwams of the families.

There, in 1540, DeSoto paid a visit to the emperor, and was driven from the place when one of the Indians was insulted. In the bitter fight that followed, De Soto was finally victorious. Maubila was burned, and Tuskaloosa perished with six thousand of his men.

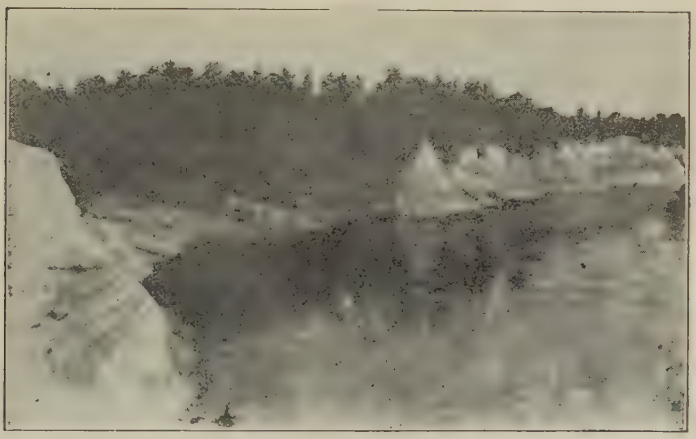
The exact location of the town that was destroyed on October 18, 1540, is not known, though it is probable that it was in Clarke County, far from the site of the present city of Mobile, which has nothing but the name in common with the old Indian town.

The beginning of Mobile, though not on the exact site of the present city, but twenty miles up the Alabama River, was in 1701, or early in 1702, when De Bienville broke ground for Fort Louis, as capital of France in the New World. From this point it would be possible not only to guard against the Spaniards at Pensacola, but to advance the interests of trade among the Indians, all of whom understood the Mobilian language in addition to their own tongue.

Mobile became at once the popular name among the few families of the colonists. The head of one of these families, a tanner, one day wandered into the

forest, and was lost. After spending twelve days without food, he was found by hunters and taken back to the settlement.

In 1709 it became necessary to seek a new location for the fort and the town, because the overflow in a great flood covered both. When the new town had



BOXMAKER'S BLUFF ON THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER, ALABAMA

The site of Fort Tombecbe, built by the French for the defense of Mobile and French interests on the Gulf of Mexico.

been laid out at the mouth of the river, and buildings had been erected, the soldiers and the citizens moved to what is the site of the Mobile of today. This was in 1710.

According to a plan of the town discovered in France, the houses were built of " cedar and pine upon a foundation of wooden stakes which project out of the ground one foot and might be called piling. . . . The houses are eighteen, twenty to twenty-five feet high or more,

some lower, constructed of a kind of plaster, made of oyster shells."

The importance of the fort — which became Fort Condé in 1713 — and the town was lessened when the French capital was removed to Biloxi. But the town continued to grow. Its prosperity was interrupted by the cyclones in 1740, when houses were blown down and many lost their lives. Five years later there were only 150 white men and 200 negroes living there.

Then came the day of the British. Beginning in 1763, the flag of Great Britain flew over the old fort, and her forces occupied the town. It was not made a part of the thirteen colonies, but was a part of West Florida, of which Pensacola was capital. Interest in the new province was great in England. One paper published this description of the surroundings:

"The Bay of Mobile forms a most noble and spacious harbor, running thirty miles north, and six miles broad, to the several mouths of the Halabama and Chickasaw Rivers. The French, perceiving the importance of this place, and the advantages that must naturally rise therefrom, erected, on the west side of the bay, a strong fort called after the bay. The place is now become to us of the utmost consequence, since all the country to the eastward of the Mississippi is ceded to us by the last treaty of peace as a part of Louisiana east of the Mississippi River."

But Great Britain was compelled to yield Mobile to Spain, in consequence of the attacks of Don Bernardo

de Galvez, governor of New Orleans, in 1780. The contest lasted more than a month, but the invaders were successful. Later successes made West Florida a Spanish province, and Mobile continued under the flag of the Dons.

Thirty-three years later General James Wilkinson took possession of the city for the United States, for Spain was an ally of Great Britain in the War of 1812. More than that, it was held by President Madison that Mobile was a part of Louisiana, which had been bought from France in 1803.

Thus the territory of Mississippi at last reached the Gulf of Mexico.

45. The Blockhouse at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

In the days when France claimed as her own the entire American continent, except the strip of seacoast where were the British colonies, her military leaders planned a series of forts from Canada to the Mississippi.

In arranging for their locations, it was felt that one should be at the "Forks of the Ohio," where Pittsburgh is now located; for this spot controlled Niagara, which point would be able to control the West.

In November, 1753, when the French were building one of the projected chain, Fort Le Bœuf, on French Creek, which enters the Allegheny many miles north of Pittsburgh, Major George Washington, in the company of Christopher Gist, his guide, succeeded in reaching the fort, after a long and dangerous journey through the wilderness. Washington bore a letter

from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia. This letter expressed surprise that the French were building forts on lands that belonged to Great Britain, and demanded the withdrawal of the garrisons.

This trip was memorable because of Washington's two narrow escapes from death — one at the hands of an Indian, another from the ice in the Allegheny River, into which he fell. After his return he recommended the building of a fortification at the Forks of the Ohio, for use in enforcing the demand that the French leave the country, and in preventing further invasion.

So Captain William Trent was sent with a company of backwoodsmen to build the fort in the chosen spot. The work was begun, but it was soon left in charge of forty men, commanded by Ensign Ward, while Trent went for Washington, who was on Wills Creek, more than one hundred miles distant.

On April 17, 1754, a French invading force of perhaps one thousand men reached the fort, having come down the Allegheny in canoes and bateaux. The call for surrender could not be resisted.

At once the French destroyed the beginnings of the English stronghold, and built what they called Fort Duquesne.

Ward hurried with the news to Washington, who started with his men for the Forks of the Ohio. Progress was slow; it was necessary to cut a road across the mountains for the cannon and the wagons. Yet in a month's time he had reached Great Meadows,

in Fayette County, where a company of French soldiers met him. They had come from the fort, seeking battle. They had their wish. In the short but bitter fight the French were defeated and made prisoners.

After the battle Washington started once more for Fort Duquesne, but turned back when he learned that more French were on the way to oppose him. At Great Meadows he quickly built a fortification, named it Fort Necessity, and waited for the enemy. The skirmish that followed resulted in Washington's defeat.

Then came the disastrous expedition led by General Braddock against Fort Duquesne. The British were within a few miles of their destination when the French came out to meet them and defeated them. But the next attempt on the fort, made under the leadership of General Forbes, who cut a new road over the Alleghenies, was successful. The French withdrew from Fort Duquesne, after destroying it completely. A victory had been won of which Parkman said:

"It opened the Great West to English enterprise, took from France herself her savage allies, and redeemed the western border from the scourge of Indian war."

Late in the summer of 1759 General John Stanwix, who had succeeded Forbes after the latter's death, built Fort Pitt, close to the site of the destroyed stronghold of the French, on the point where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers unite to form the Ohio. Fort Pitt was a substantial structure, and was within

a stockade that inclosed a large section of what is today the city of Pittsburgh.

For some years the settlers of western Pennsylvania were dependent upon the prestige and protection of this fort during the warfare with the Indians which continued until the close of the French and Indian War. Fort Pitt was one of the two posts in the western country that escaped when Pontiac stirred up the

The Blockhouse at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Indians to make the great effort to drive the pioneers out of the land formerly held by the French. But its escape was by a narrow margin. Indians were besieging it when word came to them that Colonel Bouquet, approaching through the forest with five hundred relief troops, had been attacked by a party of savages. The Indians surrounding the fort, when they heard the news, ceased their assault, and hastened to the

aid of their friends on the warpath. For two days the battle raged in the wilderness. At the end of that time the English leader was victorious; the savages were completely routed.

Colonel Bouquet went on to Fort Pitt, where he built an addition to the defenses, the Redoubt or Blockhouse, which still stands — not only all that remains of Fort Pitt, but the only existing memorial of British occupancy in the region of Pittsburgh.

Once more — during the Revolution — Fort Pitt was of great use in holding in check the Indians, who several times sought to take advantage of the fact that the colonies were occupied in fighting Great Britain.

After the fort disappeared, the Blockhouse — which is a solid brick structure, with a squared oak log on each floor through which loopholes were cut — became a part of a tenement house. But in 1894, when the Daughters of the American Revolution received it as a gift, the tenements surrounding it were cleared away, and the old date stone, which was a part of the Redoubt when it was built, was brought from the City Hall, and replaced above the door. Today visitors who enter the Blockhouse pass under the legend:

Coll. Bouquet
1764

CHAPTER IV

STORIES OF EDUCATIONAL BEGINNINGS

46. Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts

In the old book, *New England's First Fruits*, is a passage which Harvard College looks upon as its own peculiar property:

"After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."

In 1636 the first appropriation for the longed-for school was made. The measure of the desire for a school is seen from the fact that, while it had been difficult to raise £60 to defend the colony from the Indians, there was no trouble in giving £400 to the college. In 1637 the General Court of Massachusetts voted: "The college is ordered to be at Newetowne." Soon the name of Newetowne was changed to Cambridge, because Cambridge, England, was the university in which many of the settlers had been trained.

A plot of two and two-thirds acres was given by the

MASSACHUSETTS HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

The oldest college building in America, with one exception.

town for the use of the college. This land is still occupied by one of the college buildings.

The first building caused a good deal of criticism: "It was thought by some too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others' apprehension for a college."

The name of the new institution was not given until 1638, when Reverend John Harvard died, leaving to the college one half of his fortune, which amounted to £700, and his library of 260 volumes — a large library for that day. The collection, which had gathered about it nearly five thousand volumes more, was a treasured possession of the college until 1764, when it was destroyed in the fire that consumed Harvard Hall, a building erected in 1672. A new building, bearing the same name, was erected later in the year, and soon a new library was gathered. In 1775 this was taken for safe-keeping to Andover, but in 1778 it was returned. During the first part of its absence Harvard Hall was used as barracks for the troops of the province, and about a thousand pounds of lead were taken from the roof and molded into bullets.

Many of the men who were prominent patriots, during the days of the Revolution and the troubles that led to it, while students at Harvard were residents of Massachusetts Hall, the building of which was begun when, in 1718, the Great and General Court appropriated £3500 for the purpose. Massachusetts Hall still stands; with the exception of William and Mary, it is the oldest college building in the United States.

The house where the presidents of the college lived during more than a century, Wadsworth Hall, was built in 1726. The records of the college tell of it:

"The President's house, to dwell in, was raised May 24, 1726. No life was lost, no person hurt in raising it; thanks be to God for His preserving goodness. In the evening, those who raised the house had a supper in the hall, after which we sang the first staff of the 127 Psalm."

Wadsworth House had its part in the Revolution. From it President Langdon went to Cambridge Common, just before the Battle of Bunker Hill, to offer prayer, in the presence of the American Army, that the cause of liberty might prosper. For a time Washington lived in the building, when he came to take command of the army. When Boston was under siege, the house was used for the commissary department.

Another building occupied by the army during the Revolution was Hollis Hall, which was constructed in 1763, also from the proceeds of a gift from the province.

Among other important events in the early history of the institution before the Revolution, was the establishment of a ferry across Charles River at Charlestown. The profits of this enterprise were to go to the college. Later came a gift of which this record was made:

"Mr. Joss Glover gave to the college a font of printing letters, and some gentlemen of Amsterdam gave toward providing of a printing press with letters, £49 and something more."

The press, which was set up in the house of President Dunster, was put in charge of Stephen Daye, who came to Boston in 1638. For forty years this was the only press in America. Of about one hundred books that it produced, the chief was the Indian Bible, translated by John Eliot. The work on the Bible required three years, but one sheet being printed each week.

A copy of the Bible is preserved in the Harvard Library, where it is a fitting neighbor of the venerable buildings that had so much to do with the history of early days.

47. The Beginnings of Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut

A group of ministers who wished to have a college in Connecticut Colony met in the little town of Branford in October, 1701. A few days later, when the General Assembly gathered for its first meeting in New Haven, these ministers took a paper to Governor Winthrop which asked permission to found a "Collegiate School" "wherein youth may be instructed in the Arts and Sciences" and "fitted for Public Employment both in Church & Civil State." Instead of president they were to call the head of the college rector, and the teachers were to be known as tutors.

For six years the students were taught in Killingworth, where the rector, Abraham Pierson, was also the minister. The first student entered in March, 1702, and in the following September three others

rode down the Boston Post Road to register in the new school.

The rules required that all oral recitations and conversation out of classroom hours should be in Latin. Going to college was a very serious occupation two hundred years ago, and the daily schedule allowed little time for play. Morning prayers were said at sunrise, and, except for a short period of recreation after the midday dinner, recitations and study periods continued until nine o'clock, when everyone had to go to bed. Instead of playing football and baseball the students could go fishing in the river, or hunting and tramping in the woods.

The first commencement was held in Saybrook, and later the school was established there. It was in charge of a tutor, for the second rector was a pastor in Milford, and could not leave his church, as the college was so small and poor. So the senior class lived in Milford, and the other students in Saybrook. And then there came a further division of students, for some of them did not like the tutors. These students went up to Wethersfield to study with a teacher whom they preferred. He later became rector. Some of the trustees were not opposed to this removal, for there was great rivalry between the Hartford people and those who lived on the coast; so that for several years it was hard to tell whether there would be one "Collegiate School" or two.

In 1716 the school was moved to New Haven and a "College House" started, opposite the Market-

Place, now called the Green. This location, facing the beautiful square with its old churches, its criss-cross paths, and its brooding elm trees, is a place that visitors never forget.

During all this period some of the trustees had been working very hard to get money and other gifts for the struggling college. One of their best friends was Jeremiah Dummer, who was the colony's agent in London. Mr. Dummer collected many books for the school, and he was largely responsible for interesting Elihu Yale, former governor of Fort St. George, Madras, India, in the little institution in the New World. Governor Yale was born in New England, and knew about New Haven because his grandmother had married Governor Theophilus Eaton of that colony. Governor Yale's gift arrived when the trustees were trying to raise money for the new building in New Haven. At the first commencement in the College House, the building was named "Yale College," in honor of the donor of this important gift.

Life in the old college was quite different from college life today. The two upper classes, instead of being called junior and senior, were known as junior sophister and senior sophister. The change from a lower class to a higher was made, not in June, but in September, when the seniors were graduated. After commencement there was a six weeks' vacation. About the middle of January began a vacation of three weeks. Early in May came a vacation of one week. School kept during the summer.

On the Campus, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut

The president of Yale College had many duties that are not ordinarily thought of as belonging to college presidents, as is shown in extracts from the journal of Dr. Stiles, who was president from 1777 to 1795:

"Yesterday I appointed Stebbins, a Freshman, to ring the bell for prayers, recitations, etc., and released him from going of errands for any but the authority of college."

And again:

"Agreed with Zadoc to sweep College till next commencement, to sweep College room and entries and stairs and make beds . . . wash chapel and library windows once a year or oftener, wash and sand chapel and library . . . keep the steeple stairs swept and clean, go of errands for the President and Tutors and do other small jobs for College as they shall order, and treat all the officers of the College with respect and submission. College to find him half a dozen brooms a year. Wages 50 shillings per month of 30 and 31 days. To begin next Monday."

The college soon began to be well known in all the colonies. Many of its graduates took part in the affairs of their native town, and young men traveled many miles in order to study at Yale. Noah Webster, who wrote the dictionary, was a student at Yale when General Washington passed through New Haven. Young Webster was very proud of the fact that he was chosen to furnish the music for the military company of students which escorted the great General when he left the town.

When war began to trouble the colonies, Yale men helped to make plans for their defense. In the army they ranked from private to general, but Nathan Hale, of the class of 1773, whose last words were "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," is called the hero of them all.

48. William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia

Seven miles from the James River, about due north from Jamestown, is the site of its successor, Williamsburg, the colony's second capital. The town is like a bit of old England, with its streets shaded by great trees; its Bruton Parish Church, built in 1715; its Palace Green, that surrounded the home of the governor; its courthouse, whose stone steps were brought from England in 1763; its powder house, where Virginia's supplies of powder were kept, beginning in 1714; and its many old residences that tell of men who dared all for liberty, and of women who were one with them in their devotion.

Of chief interest in the old town is William and Mary College, which, though first proposed in 1618, was not chartered until 1693. It was the first college in America ever to receive a royal charter.

Dr. James Blair went from Virginia to London to secure gifts for the new school. The King made a fine contribution, and others followed his example.

But Dr. Blair's most remarkable success came in consequence of his learning that, some time before

his arrival, the authorities had promised forgiveness to pirates who, before a set day, should confess their crimes and give up a portion of their booty; and that three famous pirates had come in after the appointed day, so that they were arrested. He visited them in jail and offered to use his influence in their behalf, if they would consent to give to the college a portion of their booty. They gladly agreed; Dr. Blair's efforts were successful, and they were given their liberty together with their treasure, minus the promised gift to the Virginia college.

Another much larger gift was secured from the executor of an estate which held money left indefinitely for "pious and charitable uses." The income from this endowment was to be used to keep as many Indian children as possible "in meat, drink, washing, clothes, medicine, books, and education, from the first beginning of letters till they should be ready to receive orders and be sent abroad to convert the Indians."

Sir Christopher Wren, the designer of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, made the plan for the building, which was to be two stories and a half high, 136 feet long, and 40 feet wide, and with two wings 60 feet long and 25 feet wide. In 1697 it was reported to the governor of the province that the front and north side of the proposed rectangle had been completed at Williamsburg, and that funds were exhausted. The walls were more than three feet thick at the base, and contained 840,000 bricks, the product of a brickyard near by.

William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia

For some years subscriptions were paid slowly, and interest in the college languished, but conditions improved when King William sent to Governor Nicholson a proclamation urging him to "call upon the persons that have promised to contribute towards the maintenance of the said college, to pay in full the several contributions."

The first of the disasters that have visited the main building came in 1705, when the interior was burned. The college was rebuilt on the old walls, as was also the case after the second fire of 1859. The college was partially burned by some Federal troops in 1862. It was opened again in 1867 and the building substantially restored in 1869. Thus, after much more than two hundred years, the venerable building looks almost as it did when the first students entered its doors. A number of other structures have been erected since, including the Brafferton building in 1723, the house which is now occupied by the president, which dates from 1732, and the chapel, begun in 1729. Interest must always center about the main structure, however.

During the Revolution the president was James Madison, second cousin of the future President of the United States. The president's house was occupied by Cornwallis in 1781. After his surrender French officers lived there. During their occupancy the house was badly damaged by fire, but it was repaired at the expense of the French Army.

Five events of the years of the war are of special

moment in the history of higher education in America. On December 5, 1776, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the first intercollegiate fraternity in the United States, was organized. On December 4, 1779, the college was made a university, the first in the country; and the same year marked the beginnings of the Honor System of college government, of the Elective System, and the beginnings of the School of Law. When Thomas Jefferson, who was a student at William and Mary from 1760 to 1762, founded the University of Virginia, the Honor System was successfully inaugurated in the new institution.

Other famous men who have been connected with William and Mary were George Washington, who was chancellor in 1788; Chief Justice John Marshall, student in 1781; Secretary of State Edmund Randolph, student in 1766; James Monroe, student in 1775. John Tyler was also educated there.

It is a remarkable fact that the presidents who are responsible for adding to the original territory of the country Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and most of the western territory, were educated at William and Mary.

49. In Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey

When the friends of the infant College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, built for its use Nassau Hall in Princeton, it was the wonder of the American colonies, and also of visitors from abroad. Its cost was only £2900 — about as much as a good house

costs today; but it was the largest stone building in the colonies. It was four stories high, and 175 feet long.

The students who found quarters in the building in 1757 soon discovered that they could have more fun there than was intended by those who planned it. Brick-paved halls ran the entire length on every floor. The rooms of the students, as well as the rooms of the tutors, whose delight it was to keep their charges out of mischief, opened on these halls. What was easier in the evening, when the young men should have been studying, than to run along the halls, rolling heated cannon balls from end to end? The frantic tutors tried to put a stop to the noisy game, but the boys proved too much for them.

One class passed on to the next hints on having fun in the halls, and each succeeding class thought it must outdo the class before it in finding some new way to provide entertainment at the expense of those whose duty it was to keep order. Finally one class devised the plan of dragging a calf up the narrow iron staircase, and making him run in terror down the corridor.

In the early days no lights were provided in the hall, so the students had their sport by the light of candles fastened to the walls with mud. When the door of a tutor opened, the candles were blown out, and he was unable to tell who was making the noise. Sometimes heavy pieces of cordwood were piled up in the hall or on the staircase, so as to interfere with the progress of anyone who might be coming to stop the frolics.

Of course rules were made by those who wished to

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY
Occupied in 1756.

check the fun of the boys who, after studying more or less during the day, felt that they must prepare for sleep by having a noisy time. One rule read, "No jumping or hollowing or any boisterous noise shall be suffered, nor walking in the gallery in the time of study."

Tutors were told that they must be watchful, not only in the evening, but in the daytime, making at least three trips each day to the rooms of the students, to see that they were "diligent at their proper business."

The daily life of the boys was cared for by other rules. "Every Freshman sent on an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return," we read. Again it was ordered, "Students are to keep their hats off about ten rods to the President and about five to the tutors." Nicknames were forbidden, and respect was to be paid to all older people and strangers.

The days soon came, however, when the college authorities did not have to give so much attention to the making of rules. Patriotic fervor was kindled by the tales that came to the college of the resistance made by the colonists to the oppressive acts that finally led to the Declaration of Independence. When troops were called for, Nassau Hall was almost deserted. The few students who remained were sent away early in January, 1777, just in time to avoid the British, who took possession of Nassau Hall on January 3. Later the American general, Israel Putman, used the building for the colonies as barracks and as a hospital and a military prison.

But the event that gave to Nassau Hall undying fame took place in 1783, when the Continental Congress met in the building for five months. During that time the victorious Washington was sent for, and the President of Congress gave him a complimentary message:

"In other nations, many have performed eminent services, for which they have deserved the thanks of the public. But to you, Sir, peculiar praise is due. Your services have been essential in acquiring and establishing the freedom and independence of your country. They deserve the grateful acknowledgments of a free and independent nation."

At the commencement exercises in June, 1783, the members of Congress had seats on the platform, and with them was Washington. That day the General made a gift of £50 to the college, and this was used to pay for a portrait of the giver. The portrait — placed in the frame from which a British cannon ball shot the picture of George II during the battle of Princeton, in 1777 — may be seen today by visitors to Nassau Hall.

50. In the Days When There Were No Public Schools

The interest taken in education by the American colonists was shown from the beginning of their settlements. No sacrifice seemed too great for those who planned for the welfare of the boys and girls. An examination of the files of the curious papers published in Boston or New York or Philadelphia shows that,

though the day of the public school supported by taxation was still far away, much time and thought were given to the problem of training the young people.

In Philadelphia, for instance, the *Weekly Mercury* contained many advertisements of schools and teachers. One of these read:

Public Notice is hereby given that there is lately arrived in This city one Mrs. Roder who will teach any young Ladies or Gentlemen to read and write French to perfection. She will give constant attention at her Dwelling-House in the Second Street in the Alley next door to Dr. Owens. She likewise teaches to Flourish on Muslin after the most Expeditious Way, and at very Reasonable Prices. She likewise draws all Manner of Patterns for Flourishing on Muslin and those in Fashion of Lace, which is very pretty and quickly learned. She likewise draws Patterns for Embroidery of Petticoats, &c. And those who have a mind to learn she will teach very reasonable. She hath very good Orange Oil to dispose of by the Dish of a Pound or Ounce; the said Oil being very good for the Wind-Colic and Stomach, and for many other things, and likewise Sweet-Meats as Lemon and Orange Peel, very well made; it will be disposed of by the Pound, Half-Pound, or Quarter, very Cheap.

A schoolmaster in New York thought it worth while to advertise in the favorite weekly paper of Philadelphia:

There is a School in New York, in the Broad Street, near the Exchange, where Mr. John Walton, late of Yale College, teacheth Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Whole Numbers and Fractions, Vulgar and Decimal, The Mariner's Art, Plain and Mercator's Way; also Geometry, Surveying, the Latin Tongue, the Greek and Hebrew Grammars, Ethics, Rhetoric, Logic, Natural Philosophy, and Metaphysics; all or any of them at

a Reasonable Price. The School from the first of October till the first of March will be tended in the evening.

A Philadelphia schoolmaster was nearly as versatile as his New York rival. Witness his offering:

At the Free-School in Strawberry Lane, near the Market House, Philadelphia, are taught Writing, Arithmetic in all its Parts, both Vulgar, Decimal and Doedecimal; Merchants' Accounts, after the Italian manner, through all the parts of Commerce; Measuring all artificer's work, gauging, dialling, with some other Practical Parts of the Mathematics; also English and Latin, by John Walby. N. B. He also teaches a Night School at the place aforesaid.

Listen to another pedagogue:

This is to give Notice, That the Subscriber hereof, being desirous to be as generally useful as he can in this country (where he is a Stranger) do Declare his willingness to Teach Logic, Natural Philosophy, Metaphysics, &c , to all such as are willing to learn. The place of Teaching will be at the Widow Sprogel's in the Second Street, Philadelphia, where he will attend, if he has Encouragement, Three times a Week, for that Exercise. N. B. All persons that Come, either as a Learner or Hearer, will be Civilly Treated. By G. M. Minister of the Reformed Palatine Church.

Then comes another strange mixture of scholarship and merchandise:

" At the House of George Browne, in Second Street, is Taught Reading, Writing, Cyphering, Dancing, Plan Work, Marking, with variety of Needle Work. Boarding for Scholars.

N. B. A new One Horse Chaise, also Dry Fish Mackerel, Rhode Island Cheese, Raisins, Currants, Hops, Iron Pots and Kettles, Falling Axes, Glue, Cut Whale Bone, Cedar Buckets, Spanish Soap for fine Linen, Sieves, Fringes, Kid Gloves, Red

Leather for Chairs and Shoes, &c., Primers, Psalters, Testaments, Bibles, the Classic Authors, Writing-Books, &c. To be Sold."

A few years after the printing of the last advertisement quoted, Benjamin Franklin decided that the time had come to have a better school than any the infant

THE OCTAGON SCHOOLHOUSE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA

city had yet afforded. In 1749 he published a pamphlet, *Proposals Relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.* In this he urged an academy, and said: "The house for the academy should be located not far from a river, and have connected with it a garden . . . and be furnished with a library, maps of all countries, globes, some mathematical instruments, an apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy and mechanics." The pupils were to be "frequently exercised in running, leaping, wrestling, and swimming."

The academy was opened in 1751. In 1753 the in-

stitution was chartered, Franklin being President of the Board of Trustees. Two years later it was incorporated as a college. In 1763 there were more than five hundred students in attendance. The outgrowth of the academy was the University of the State of Pennsylvania, chartered in 1777, which became in 1791 a part of the University of Pennsylvania — a school that, in accordance with the original plan, is located by a river, and has a garden.

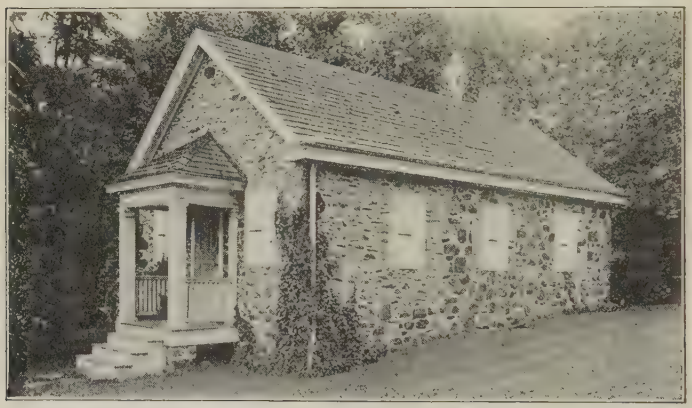
51. The Eagle School, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In 1767 the parents west of Philadelphia, in the neighborhood of what is now Strafford, decided they must have a school for their children. So they put up a building, and arranged with a teacher to give the boys and girls the instruction they needed. The school flourished. The old building was outgrown, and a new building was erected in 1788. One of the first teachers in the new building was Andrew Garden, who had been a fifer in the Revolutionary War.

According to an old description of the early schoolhouse: "Benches consisted of rough slabs with bark on, supported by wooden sticks driven into auger holes in the plank. These benches were arranged in double rows around the sides of the building, constituting a hollow square open at the fireplace, by which stood the master's desk, and whence he and the accompanying birch (without which no school of that time existed) made frequent excursions to insure attention from the bodies, if not from the minds, of the pupils. At eve-

ning meetings (for singing-school, debates, et cetera) no provision was made for lighting the building, except by candles (or an occasional lamp), which the attendants, in accordance with universal custom, brought with them and placed in rude wooden racks hung on the sides of the room."

This building was used for school purposes until 1872. Then it was neglected for many years. But



The Eagle Schoolhouse Near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

in 1895, residents of the town, feeling that something must be done to preserve a building where so many of their ancestors had been educated, asked the Court to appoint trustees to care for it. They said that the building was a trust, from givers of long ago. They were not able to show any paper telling of the gift. But the Court decided that there must have been such a trust, since the property had been used for school purposes so long; people had paid for it; probably

many of them had made great sacrifices to have a part in it: therefore it ought to be cared for as long as it stood.

When the Court appointed trustees, the building was in bad condition. The stone walls had been covered with plaster, which was falling off, and the whole property looked uninviting. The plaster was removed, the stones were repointed, and the structure was made to look as much as possible like the school to which boys and girls went in its first days.

These children must have spent many of their recess periods in the old cemetery adjoining the schoolhouse, where there are many ancient stones. One of these dates back to 1757. How they must have smiled at one curious inscription:

In Memor of
Rosannah Akins
Wif of James Akins

Was Born January the
17th 1757 and Departed
This Life July The 10th
1818 Aged 61 years 5 months

I chose thy path of
Heavenly Truth and
Gloryed in my choice. Not
All thy Pleasures of the
Earth Could make me so Rejoice.
And Seetly Tastes Unmeingled
Love and Joy without a Tear a Bove.

On a neighboring stone is a rebuke of such weird poetry, worthy of a master of the Eagle School. At any rate part of it sounds like a copy book motto:

In Memory of Margaret Workizer, Consort
of Christian Workizer, who departed this
Life February the 4th, 1805, in the
55th Year of her age.

Verses on tombstones
Are but idly spent.
The living character
Is the monument.

CHAPTER V

IN COLONIAL HOMES

52. The Letitia Penn House, Philadelphia

When William Penn first planned to go to America to lay the foundation of his new colony by the Delaware, his wife, Guli Springett, whom he had married in 1672, was to have gone with him. But when the time came to leave England, she was not well enough to take passage on the *Welcome*, so she remained behind for a season, keeping with her their three children.

The farewell letter sent to her by the Proprietor of Pennsylvania has been preserved. In a part of it he said:

"My dear wife and children, my love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most tenderly visits you with eternal embraces and will abide with you forever. . . . My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth and the joy of my life, the most beloved as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comfort. . . . Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world."

Penn landed at New Castle, Delaware, in October, 1682. He had already sent forward the plan of his new country village; his cousin, Lieutenant Governor Markham, had come to America in 1681, bringing with him instructions for the beginning of the settlement.

On this plan there was evidence of Penn's thought for his wife and his daughter Letitia; two lots were set apart for the family, on one of which he purposed building, while the other he designed for Letitia.

When he reached America, he found that, by some mistake, Letitia's lot had been given to the Friends for a

THE LETITIA PENN HOUSE

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

meeting-house. He was vexed, but nothing could be done. So he decided that the lot reserved for his own use should be made over to her. He did not carry out his purpose for some time, however.

For a while Penn remained at Upland — now Chester — but in 1684 he went to Philadelphia to oversee the

erection of the houses for the settlers. His own house he built on a large plot facing the Delaware River and south of what is now Market Street. The house was of brick, which was probably made near by, though many of the interior fittings had been brought from England. This was the Letitia Penn house.

In 1694 Guli Penn died, and in 1696 Penn married Hannah Callowhill in England. In 1699, when he returned to America, he brought with him his wife and Letitia, who was then about twenty-five years old.

Evidently the old house was not good enough for the ladies of the family. At any rate they occupied for a time the "Slate Roof House," one of the most pretentious buildings in the colony. When the manor, Pennsbury, twenty miles up the Delaware, was completed, the family was taken there. Great style was maintained at the country estate in the woods. The house had cost £5000 and was "the most imposing house between the Hudson and Potomac Rivers."

In the meantime the Proprietor felt that he must return to England because of the threat of Parliament to change the government of the American colonies. Mrs. Penn and Letitia, who did not like America, pleaded to go with him. He thought he would be returning soon, and he urged them to remain. They insisted. In a letter to James Logan he wrote: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, and still less with Tish. I know not what to do." Later he wrote: "The going of my wife and Tish will add greatly to the expense. . . . But they will not be denied."

In 1702 Letitia married William Aubrey, who had all of Penn's keenness and none of his genial qualities. Almost from the day of the marriage both husband and wife pestered Penn for money. Aubrey insisted on a prompt payment of his wife's marriage portion. His father-in-law was already beginning to feel the grip of money troubles that later brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, but, on this occasion as well as later, he felt compelled to yield to the insistent demand of the grasping Aubrey.

The only members of the Penn family who ever returned to America were the children of the second wife, to whom most of the property descended.

53. The Ridgely House, Dover, Delaware

On the Green in Dover, Delaware, is one of the most striking houses of the quaint old town — the Ridgely house. The time of the erection is not certain, but on one of the bricks is the date 1728. Originally there were but two rooms in the house. Later enlargements have been so harmonious that one who sees the place from the Green must pause to admire. Admiration turns to delight when the interior of the house is examined. The old-fashioned garden at the rear intensifies delight.

The house was the gift of Nicholas Ridgely, in 1769, to his son, Dr. Charles Greenburg Ridgely. Dr. Ridgely's second wife was Ann, the daughter of Squire William Moore of Moore Hall, near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. The Squire's determined favoring of armed preparation

for defense against a threatened Indian attack once aroused the indignation of the Pennsylvania Assembly, most of whose members were Friends.

The Ridgely house was famous throughout Delaware as the resort of patriots. Dr. Ridgely was six times

THE RIDGELY HOUSE, DOVER, DELAWARE

a member of the Provincial Assembly, and was also an active member of the Constitutional Convention of Delaware in 1776.

During the days when patriotic feeling was beginning to run high, Cæsar Rodney, the ward of Dr. Ridgely's father, often lived in the Ridgely house. Rodney was born near Dover in 1728, and at Dover he received most of his education. Some twenty years after, he became famous because of his vital service

to the colonies, as a member of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. "He was the most active, and was by all odds the leading man in the state in espousing the American cause," Henry C. Conrad once said to the Sons of Delaware. In the course of his address Mr. Conrad told the thrilling story of Cæsar Rodney's most spectacular service.

On July 1, 1776, when the vote was taken in the Committee of the Whole of the Continental Congress as to the framing and proclaiming of the Declaration of Independence, ten of the thirteen colonies voted Yes. The delegates from Pennsylvania and Delaware cast divided ballots, while those from New York did not vote. Delaware had two members present, McKean and Read; Rodney was absent. McKean was in favor of, and Read against, the Declaration. McKean, appreciating that it was most important, for the sentiment it would create, that the Declaration of Independence should be proclaimed by the unanimous vote of the thirteen colonies, sent for Rodney, who was at that time at one of his farms near Dover. Rodney came posthaste, and he arrived just in time to save the day, and cast the vote of Delaware in favor of the Declaration.

McKean, writing of the event years afterward to Cæsar A. Rodney, a nephew of Cæsar Rodney, said:

"I sent an express at my own private expense, for your honored uncle the remaining member from Delaware, whom I met at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling. After a friendly salutation, without a word in the business, we

went into the hall of Congress together, and found we were among the latest. Proceedings immediately commenced, and after a few minutes the great question was put. When the vote of Delaware was called, your uncle arose and said: 'As I be ieve the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of independence, and my own judgment coincides with theirs, I vote for independence.'"

Since Pennsylvania and New York also voted later in favor of the Declaration, it was adopted unanimously.

Cæsar Rodney was Governor of Delaware from 1778 to 1781. On April 8, 1784, the State Council, of which he was presiding officer, met at his house near Dover, because he was too ill to go to the town. Less than three months later he died.

A monument marks his last resting place in the burial-ground of Christ Episcopal Church in Dover.

54. A Pennsylvania Farmhouse Where Benjamin Franklin Visited

At Norriton, nineteen miles from Philadelphia, stands an ancient stone house on lands that once belonged to David Rittenhouse, who, when a boy, did not take kindly to his father's suggestion that he become a farmer; he liked to do things with tools — things that made him think.

His tendency of mind was shown when he covered with mathematical calculations the handles of his plow and the fences which divided his father's fields. He

was only seventeen when he made his first wooden clock. He was still a young man when he set up a shop where he made clocks and fine mathematical instruments. He became a surveyor, and had charge of running the first lines for the survey that later became a part of the Mason and Dixon Line.

His many scientific achievements brought to his door another famous scientist, Benjamin Franklin,

The Rittenhouse Home, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

who liked to talk over his problems with the young man from the country.

In the course of the years of intimate connection Rittenhouse must have come to know many things about the life of his distinguished friend.

He learned that on July 23, 1726, when Franklin was twenty years old, he was a passenger on a sailing-vessel from England to America. The voyage was so long

that the young printer found time hanging heavy on his hands. Some of his fellow-passengers tried to relieve the monotony by extra eating and drinking, but he began to plan for the new life on which he was about to enter. How could he make the best of it? The result of his thinking on that voyage had a good deal to do with preparing him to be one of the makers of America.

Rittenhouse was especially interested in the statement that young Franklin made as to his rules of action:

1. It is necessary for me to be extremely frugal for some time till I have paid what I owe.

2. To endeavor to speak truth in every instance, to give nobody expectations that are not likely to be answered, but aim at sincerity in every word and action; the most amiable excellence in a rational being.

3. To apply myself industriously to whatever business I take in hand, and not divert my mind from my business by foolish project of growing suddenly rich; for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.

4. I resolve to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but rather by some means excuse the fault I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasions, speak all the good I know of everybody.

Nothing appealed to Rittenhouse more than the dry humor of Franklin. How he must have laughed when the experimenter told of trying an electric shock on a turkey! Franklin himself received the full effect of the discharge and was rendered unconscious. When re-

stored, his first remark was, "Well, I meant to kill a turkey, and instead I nearly killed a goose."

In later years Rittenhouse was interested by the story of what was perhaps the best example of Franklin's wit — the letter he sent to William Strahan of London, who had been his friend for many years. Once Mr. Strahan wrote to Mrs. Franklin concerning her husband: "I never saw a man who was in every respect so perfectly agreeable to me. Some are amiable in one view, some in another, he in all." More than once Franklin addressed him, at the beginning of a letter, "Dear Straney." But the outbreak of the War of the Revolution brought a change in attitude. On July 5, 1775, Franklin wrote the famous letter that reads:

Mr. Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations. You and I were long Friends. You are now my Enemy, and

I am,
Yours,
B. Franklin

This letter is preserved in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C.

By this time Franklin had become a leader known not only in America, but across the Atlantic. Rittenhouse, too, was on the way to prominence. Later George Washington made him the first Director of the Mint of the United States.

55. "The Woodlands," Philadelphia

In a Philadelphia cemetery, close to the buildings of the University of Pennsylvania and on the bank of the Schuylkill, there is an old stone house in which a lieutenant governor of the province of Pennsylvania once lived. It is a home of great beauty, having, among other attractions, what is called a Palladian window, of which lovers of architecture have said many fine things.

The land about the house was formerly one of the famous gardens of colonial days, part of the property of William Hamilton, son of Andrew Hamilton, once attorney-general of the province of Pennsylvania, and nephew of Lieutenant Governor James Hamilton. The estate contained more than three hundred acres, and extended north beyond the Market Street of today. The first family mansion, "The Woodlands," was built by Andrew Hamilton, and its successor, the house which is still standing, was built by William Hamilton about the time of the Revolution.

At first there was nothing very interesting about the grounds, but when Mr. Hamilton went to England, soon after the close of the Revolution, the sight of the parks on the large estates led him to wonder if he could not improve his domain on the banks of the Schuylkill.

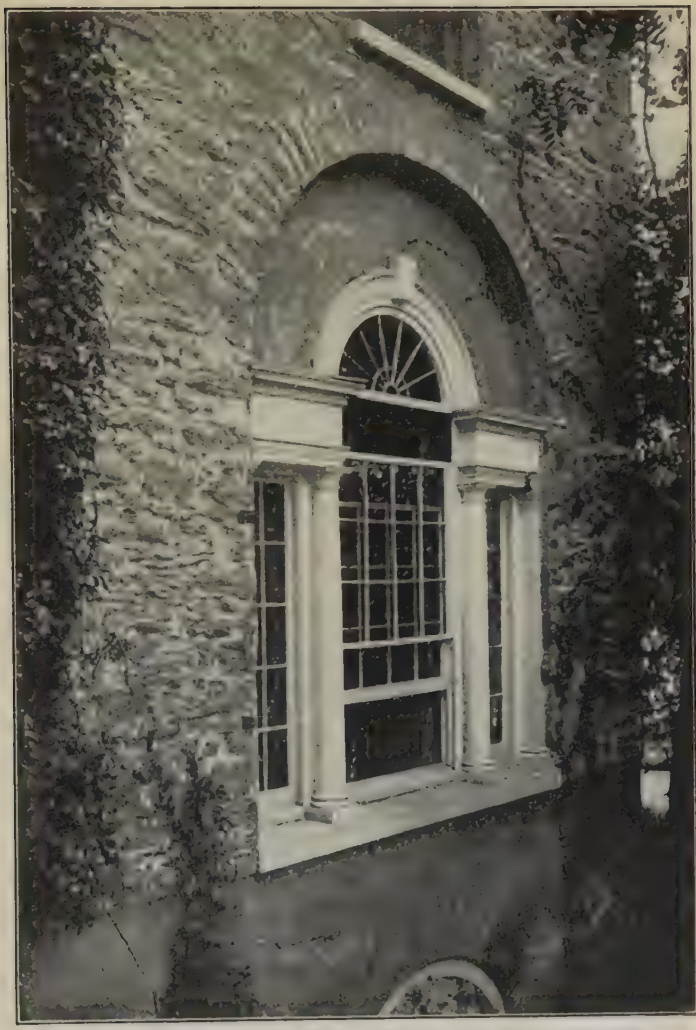
He could not wait until his return to America to begin his garden. From England he sent seeds and rare plants to his secretary, with explicit directions as to their arrangement. When he came home, he gave

attention to the shrubs, the trees, and the flowers. Many of these were brought from distant lands. Some of the captains of vessels which sailed down the Delaware carried with them commissions to bring back rare specimens for the garden.

During Mr. Hamilton's absence on business trips, many of the letters to his secretary were devoted to minute instructions about his pet plants — how they were to be watered, where they were to be placed, what things were needed to complete the beauty of the grounds. Once he said, "The rose bush box should be removed into the shade behind the hothouse, there to remain during the summer." Again he wrote, "If George for one day neglects the necessary attendance on the hotbed, everything in it will be lost."

At length he was the proud possessor of what was spoken of as the best specimen of landscape gardening in the country. Visitors to the city went out to the estate in chariots, on horseback, or on foot. One of Mr. Hamilton's guests, a botanist, Manasseh Cutler, expressed, in 1803, his admiration of the garden for which, as his host told him, "there was not a rare plant in Europe, Asia, Africa, from China and the islands in the South Seas, of which he had any account, which he had not procured." After walking over the lawns and along the paths, the enthusiasm and amazement of the botanist were great.

A few months before the visit of Mr. Cutler, Mr. Hamilton wrote a letter which showed that he gave the same careful attention to the mansion as to the garden.



PALLADIAN WINDOW, AT "THE WOODLANDS," PHILADELPHIA

Modern sufferers from the carelessness of builders will sympathize with his complaints:

"Early in the winter I discovered accidentally that the plinths of the portico columns were rotten as punk, and that the whole of them as well as the roof was in jeopardy. The securing of them by underpinning with stone was attended with an immensity of trouble and no small degree of expense. This you will readily believe when you are told that the columns and roof were obliged to be raised, and supported during the operation by screws of an immense force. This was hardly ended when an accident happened equally unlooked-for, and was nearly attended with most serious consequences. The ceiling of my dining-parlor (in consequence of the rascality of —— in laying the plaster to the thickness of from four to five inches) came down at once (without the smallest previous notice) with such force as to crush all in the way and shook the house like an aspen leaf, and with such a noise that the family at Weeds came out at the ferry-house to know what cannon had fired so near them."

Most of the rare plants have disappeared from the grounds of "The Woodlands," which have been used since 1839 as a cemetery, but the visitor will see that the stone supports which were placed under the columns of the portico are still doing their work.

56. Doughoregan Manor, Maryland

Among those who signed the Declaration of Independence was Charles Carroll, who was a rich man

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, NEAR ELLICOTT CITY, MARYLAND

for his day. He knew that he risked all his property, but he did not hesitate to let his name appear. Like thousands of others he was ready to give up all for the cause of liberty.

One of his valued possessions was a beautiful country-seat, Doughoregan Manor, in Maryland. The mansion was built in 1717, twenty-nine years after the first Charles Carroll came to America from England. The house was twenty years old when Charles Carroll, 3d, was born. Most of the education of this heir to the vast estate of Charles Carroll, 2d, was secured in France. He was in Paris when his father wrote to him, in 1764, telling him of the large property that was to come to him. The letter concluded:

"On my death I am willing to add my Manor of Doughoregan, 10,000 acres, and also 1425 acres called 'Chance' adjacent thereto, on the bulk of which my negroes are settled. As you are my only child, you will, of course, have all the residue of my estate at my death."

When his father's fortune finally came into his hands, Charles Carroll, 3d, was the richest man in Maryland. That he knew how to handle such large possessions, he showed by a letter which he wrote to his son, Charles Carroll, 4th, on July 10, 1801:

"He who postpones till tomorrow what can and ought to be done today, will never thrive in this world. It was not by procrastination this estate was acquired, but by activity, thought, perseverance, and economy, and by the same means it must be preserved and prevented from melting away."

But while the owner of Doughoregan Manor was careful, he was not miserly. He kept open house to his numerous friends, of whom George Washington was one. In one of the rooms of the manor Washington sat to Gilbert Stuart for his portrait.

Both Mr. Carroll's property and his services were at his country's call. From the days of the Stamp Act to the close of the Revolution there was no more ardent patriot than he. He served as a member of the Continental Congress, was for three months with Washington at Valley Forge, was later United States Senator, and was a leader in business as well as in political affairs. With Washington he was a member from the beginning of the Potomac Canal Company, which later was merged into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.

After the Revolution he spent most of his time at Doughoregan Manor, where he completed the remarkable three-hundred-foot façade by the addition of the chapel which has been used by the family for more than a century.

When Charles Carroll died, on November 14, 1832, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had gone.

57. The Lee Mansion, Marblehead, Massachusetts

"The Lee Mansion is to be sold at auction. Isn't it a pity!" the people of Marblehead were saying in the summer of 1907.

When the building fell under the auctioneer's hammer for $3500, and it was rumored that the historic house

was to be ruthlessly shorn of its carvings and beautiful staircase, public feeling was deeply stirred. It was the Marblehead Historical Society which came to the rescue. For a number of years this organization had been occupying the brick building next door, formerly the slave quarters of the mansion. The members now started a campaign to raise money, with the Lee Mansion as their slogan. In July, 1909, the house came into their possession, and ever since it has been the home of the society.

When Jeremiah Lee came to the little port of Marblehead, he at once made a place for himself among the humble fishermen and other seafaring men of the place. He was a member of the Board of Firewardens in the town's first fire department, and he served on important town committees. When, in 1768, he built a mansion that cost a fabulous sum, the most wonderful house in Massachusetts at the time, his townsmen knew him well enough to understand that he was their good friend, even if he did have much more money than any of them.

The Lee Mansion was a hospitable home, and there were often great parties there, when the square-paned windows were ablaze with candle-light. The Colonel and his wife Martha welcomed not only the people of the town, but famous men from abroad. In 1781 Washington was their guest at luncheon, as Lafayette was also some years later. President Monroe was entertained by them, and from the doorway of their home Andrew Jackson shook hands with the Marblehead fishermen.

But it was one of the glories of the mansion that the humblest mariner in the place was not slow to go there if he wished to have a chat with the bluff owner, or if he desired to climb the stairs to the quaint cupola from which it is possible to look far out over the ocean. To this outlook Colonel Lee himself often went, for his

THE LEE MANSION, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

ships were sailing to Marblehead from all parts of the world, and he was as eager as anyone to turn his eyes seaward.

The house is sixty-four feet by forty-six feet, and the walls are of brick, though they are covered with wooden clapboards. There are nineteen rooms, in addition to the stately halls. The pictured wall paper was made especially for the house in 1768 in Regent Street, Lon-

don, and is still in good repair. Life-size portraits of Colonel Lee and his wife were painted for the mansion by Copley in 1769. They now hang in the Boston Art Museum in the original frames, which, it is said, were carved by Paul Revere.

There were eight Lee children, and they must have had jolly times on rainy days playing tag in the great halls, and hide-and-seek in the secret staircase which led to the tower. They could run through the passage to the slave quarters, and play in the family coach which was kept there on the lower floor. Upstairs were the rooms for the slaves, who, during the day, were kept busy loading and unloading the Colonel's ships in the harbor.

In his princely home the Colonel conferred with other patriots as to the welfare of Massachusetts and all the colonies. From its doorway he went out to the town meetings where the men gathered to talk over the Boston Port Bill and the Boston Tea Party and questions of taxation without representation.

He rejoiced to serve in the General Court and on the Committee of Safety and Supplies of the province. He was chosen to represent the town in the Continental Congress, and when he was unable to go, Elbridge Gerry, who later became Vice President of the United States, was sent in his place at the expense of the town.

On the night of April 18, 1775, in company with Elbridge Gerry and Azor Orne, who were members with him of the Committee of Safety and Supplies, Colonel Lee was attending a meeting at Weatherby's Black

Horse Tavern, just outside of Cambridge. The meeting adjourned so late that the three men decided to spend the night at the tavern. The eight hundred British soldiers who were on their way that night to Lexington learned of the presence in Cambridge of these patriots. Some one rushed to the tavern and roused them from slumber. They did not even have time to put on their clothes, but ran at once from the house and hid themselves some distance from the tavern. When the disappointed troops had gone on, the hunted men returned to their rooms.

Three weeks later Lee died as a result of the exposure. He has been called one of the earliest martyrs to the cause of the colonies. Before he died, he left directions that £5000 should be given to the treasury of the province.

58. The Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air —
Pandean pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fire of logs;

Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs,
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Thus Longfellow described the great house built in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1750 by Governor Benning Wentworth. There were fifty-two rooms in the original house, many of them, of course, small, but others of impressive size, notably the Council Chamber, where were held meetings that helped to make history.

The Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire

While Governor Wentworth was an important figure during the days preceding the Revolution, the mansion is celebrated not so much because of his political service as because of the romance of his second marriage.

Martha Hilton, the heroine of this romance, was "a careless, laughing, bare-footed girl." One day a

neighbor saw her, in a short dress, carrying a pail of water in the street. "You, Pat! You, Pat! Why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street!" was the shocked comment. But the answer was not what the neighbor expected. "No matter how I look, I shall ride in my chariot yet, Marm."

The story of what followed is told by Charles W. Brewster, a historian of old Portsmouth:

"Martha Hilton afterwards left home, and went to live in the Governor's mansion at Little Harbor, doing the work of the kitchen, and keeping the house in order, much to the Governor's satisfaction. . . . The Governor had invited a dinner party, and with many other guests, in his cocked hat came the beloved Rev. Arthur Brown, of the Episcopal church. The dinner was served up in a style becoming the Governor's table. . . . There was a whisper from the Governor to a messenger, and at his summons, Martha Hilton came in from the door on the west of the parlor, and, with blushing countenance, stood in front of the fireplace. She seemed heedless of the fire — she did not appear to have brought anything in, nor did she seem to be looking for anything to carry out. There she stood! a damsel of twenty summers — for what, no visitor could tell.

"The Governor, bleached by the frosts of sixty winters, rose. 'Mr. Brown, I wish you to marry me.' 'To whom?' asked his pastor, in wondering surprise. 'To this lady,' was the reply. The rector stood confounded. The Governor became imperative. 'As the Governor of New Hampshire, I command you to marry me!' The

ceremony was then duly performed, and from that time Martha Hilton was Lady Wentworth."

Longfellow's record of the incident is given in the poem, "Lady Wentworth":

The years came and . . . . the years went, seven in all,
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, the light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker at the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

Then came the strange marriage scene:

Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding day, and you shall marry me!"

59. The Rebecca Motte House, Charleston, South Carolina

When the fight of the colonies for their independence began, Mrs. Rebecca Motte owned a beautiful home

in Charleston, South Carolina. Knowing that it was impossible for her husband to become a soldier, because of his failing health, she decided to do her part for her country. Fortifications were to be built, and many laborers were needed, so she sent to her plantation on the Congaree River, thirty or forty miles from Columbia, for all the able-bodied men. These slaves she placed at the disposal of the men in charge of the work of defense in Charleston.

She had her reward when, first in 1776, and again in 1779, the British forces were unable to secure possession of the town. The third attempt, made by Sir Henry Clinton in 1780, was successful. For nearly three years the town was in the enemy's control. The Motte house was made headquarters by Clinton and his staff. The Mottes were crowded into a small room, while the British lived in comfort in the large apartments. Mrs. Motte divided her time between her invalid husband, her timid daughters, and the invaders. It was her custom to preside at the long dinner table, but the young ladies were never allowed to appear in the presence of the officers.

After the death of Mr. Motte, in January, 1781, Mrs. Motte and her daughters secured permission to leave Charleston, that they might retire to the family plantation. Their request was granted; but they were disappointed in their desire to be alone, for it was not long till the English decided to build on the estate one of their long line of military stations. Earthworks were thrown up around the house, which became known

as Fort Motte. Again the family were crowded into a few rooms, while officers occupied the remainder.

After a time Mrs. Motte was asked to withdraw to a small house on the plantation, a rough structure, covered with weather-boards, unplastered, and only partially lined. At first it seemed that there was no place here to conceal the silverware brought from

The Rebecca Motte House, Charleston, South Carolina

Fort Motte. How the difficulty was solved has been told in *Worthy Women of Our First Century:*

"Some one suggested that the unfinished state of the walls of their sitting-room afforded a convenient hiding place; and they set to work to avail themselves of it. Nailing tacks in the vacancy between the outer and inner boarding, and tying strings around the various

pieces of silver, they hung them along the inner wall. Shortly afterwards a band of marauders did actually invade the premises; and one more audacious than the others jumped on a chair and thrust his bayonet into the hollow wall, saying he would soon find what they had come in search of; but, rapping all along on the floor within the wall, he did not once strike anything to reward his perseverance."

After a time General Marion and Colonel Lee led the troops for the siege of Fort Motte. Fearing that British reënforcements were on the way, they decided they must make an attack at once. The best way seemed to be to set fire to the main building. The American leaders, knowing that this was the home of Mrs. Motte, took counsel with her. "Do not hesitate a moment," was the prompt reply of the patriotic woman. Then she added, "I will give you something to facilitate the destruction." So saying, she handed to General Lee a quiver of arrows from the East Indies which, so she had been told by the ship-captain who brought them to Charleston, would set on fire any wood against which they were thrown.

Two of the arrows were shot from a gun without result, but the third set fire to the shingles of the house. The efforts of the garrison to extinguish the flames were in vain, and before long the fortress was surrendered to the patriots. In later years, when Mrs. Motte was praised for her part in the siege, she was accustomed to say, "Too much has been made of a thing that any American woman would have done."

The mansion in Charleston which she made famous should be called the Brewton House, or the Motte House. But a Motte married an Alston, and an Alston married a Pringle, and so many Pringles have been associated with the place that their name is popularly given to it.

60. Gunston Hall on the Potomac, Virginia

George Washington and George Mason were friends and neighbors. Gunston Hall, the Mason home, was a few miles from Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and Washington was a frequent visitor there.

Mason was as often at Mount Vernon as Washington was at Gunston Hall. After a visit to Mount Vernon made on Christmas Day, 1783, one of the guests, Miss Lewis, of Fredericksburg, wrote:

"Among the most notable of the callers was Mr. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, who was on his way home from Alexandria, and who brought a charming granddaughter with him. He is said to be one of the greatest statesmen and wisest men in Virginia. We had heard much of him, and were delighted to look in his face, hear him speak, and take his hand, which he offered in a courtly manner. He is slight in figure, but not tall, and has a grand head and clear gray eyes."

To the home of George Mason other men of note delighted to come. In the guest rooms Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, as well as Washington, slept more than once. Patrick Henry, too, was a welcome visitor at Gunston Hall. George Mason had as high an opinion

of the orator as Patrick Henry had of the statesman. "He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard," Mason once said of Henry; "every word he says not only engages but commands the attention; but his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is in my opinion the first man upon this continent, as well in abilities as public virtues."

The orator returned the compliment by calling Mason one of the two greatest statesmen he ever knew.

GUNSTON HALL, VIRGINIA

The home of George Mason.

George Mason's statesmanlike vision was seen in 1766, when he warned the British public of the results that would follow compulsion. "Three millions of people driven to desperation are not an object of contempt," he wrote. Again he proved a good prophet when he wrote to George Washington, on April 2, 1776, after the General took possession of Boston:

" I congratulate you most heartily upon this glorious and important event — an event which will render George Washington's name immortal in the annals of America, endear his memory to the latest posterity, and entitle him to those thanks which heaven appointed as the reward of public virtue."

Mason was of a retiring disposition, and he would have preferred to remain at home. But he was forced into the councils of the Virginia Convention, and during his service there he prepared the marvelous Bill of Rights which was later made a part of the constitution of that state and was the model for similar documents in many other states. He was also the author of the constitution of Virginia, and the designer of the state seal. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, where he proved himself " the champion of the State and the author of the doctrine of State Rights." Because the Constitution as finally drafted by the convention contained so many provisions that he felt were dangerous, he refused to sign the document, " declaring that he would sooner chop off his right hand than put it to the Constitution," whose provisions he could not approve.

61. Mount Vernon, Virginia

On the Virginia shore of the Potomac, sixteen miles south of the city of Washington, is Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

The house was built in 1743, by Lawrence Washington, half-brother of George Washington. When Law-

rence Washington inherited the estate from his father, it was called Hunting Creek, but he changed the name to Mount Vernon, in honor of the English Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served against Spain.

Lawrence Washington was the guardian of George Washington. George Washington owned another estate of his father's on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, yet he spent a large part of his boyhood at Mount Vernon, and learned to think of the place as his home.

He did not dream that it would ever belong to him. But when Lawrence Washington and his infant daughter died, the estate came into the hands of George Washington. He went there to live soon after his marriage in 1759, and there for fifteen years he enjoyed the life of a Virginia country gentleman, directing the work of the plantation, and interesting himself in all public affairs.

From the time when he was sent to Philadelphia as a member of the First Continental Congress, until the close of the Revolutionary War, he rarely saw Mount Vernon. After the independence of the colonies had been won, he returned home.

That he might have more room for his friends, he enlarged the house. He liked to have guests, and his home was open to all travelers who came that way.

But Washington was not allowed to remain at Mount Vernon many years; his country again needed him, this time as President of the United States. For most of the time during eight years he was compelled to be

absent. But at length he could resume the free life at Mount Vernon. Three years were crowded full of hospitality in the mansion and of joyous work on the farm.

In December, 1799, Washington caught a cold while riding over his property, and after a brief illness, he passed away. He was buried within sight of the house in which he had spent so many happy years. The estate was left to his "dearly beloved wife, Martha Washington."

For many years Mount Vernon continued its hospitable career. But when, in 1853, a member of the Washington family was obliged to consider disposing of the place, a courageous and patriotic woman in South Carolina, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, resolved to save Mount Vernon for the nation. She appealed to the women of the United States, and organized an association which succeeded in raising $200,000. Many thousands of school children gave five cents each toward the fund. Edward Everett contributed, in all, $69,000. In 1858 Mount Vernon became the property of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. Each year thousands of loyal Americans make a pilgrimage to this patriotic shrine.

The house faces east, and stands on a bluff overlooking the river. It is built of wood, painted white and cut in imitation of stone. It is ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep, with a piazza fifteen feet wide, which is tiled with flags brought from the Isle of Wight. Near by are the outbuildings — the wash-

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA

The home of George Washington.

house, the smokehouse, the ice house, the greenhouses, the slave quarters, and the farm offices. There is a spinning house, filled with ancient looms and spinning wheels, and a coach house, where an ancient coach may still be seen.

In front of the mansion are shaded lawns, with a deer park below. Behind are lawns and orchards, and the box-bordered garden where Martha Washington liked to go. In the garden are sold cuttings of the Mary Washington rose, named by George Washington for his mother. The elm near the entrance to the grounds was grown from a slip from the Washington Elm in Cambridge — the tree under which Washington took command of his army. Many of the trees planted by Washington himself are still flourishing.

On the west lawn is the sun-dial, the gift of the state of Rhode Island, placed on the spot where Washington watched the moving shadow on his sun-dial.

The house has been repaired and put in order. Each room is in charge of some state, and has been restored, so far as possible, to its original likeness. For example, Massachusetts has furnished the library, and Virginia the room in which Washington died.

On the ground floor a long entrance hall runs through the house, and there are five rooms besides the banquet hall — the music room, west parlor, family dining room, Mrs. Washington's sitting room, and the library. The two kitchens are connected with the main house by colonnades. On the two upper floors are the family bedrooms, and the guest rooms which were once occupied

by the many famous people welcomed in that hospitable mansion.

Mementos of Washington's personal life and of his national career have been brought together there, including a powder horn used by a minute man at Concord, and a brick from Fraunces' Tavern in New York City, where Washington took leave of his officers. On the walls hang portraits of George and Martha Washington; of John Adams; of Moultrie, Pickens, Marion, and Sumter; of David Rittenhouse and Hamilton; and of Lafayette. In the entrance hall are three of the swords which Washington left to his nephews, with the command "not to unsheath them . . . except it be for self-defense or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof." In the banquet hall is a marble mantelpiece made in Italy, and sent as a gift to Washington by an Englishman. The story is told that while this mantel was on its way to America, it was captured by French pirates, and that, when they heard that it was a present for Washington, they allowed it to continue its journey unharmed.

When Washington inherited Mount Vernon, there were twenty-five hundred acres included in the estate. He subsequently extended the boundaries of the plantation to include eight thousand acres. When the property was bought by the Mount Vernon Association, there were only two hundred acres. Thirty-seven acres have been added since that time. The

grounds have been restored. California repaired the wharf, and Missouri the garden wall. The summer house was renovated by the school children of Louisiana. Michigan put in order the old tomb in which Washington's body was first laid to rest.

But the old tomb was insecure. In 1837 the body of Washington was placed, with that of his wife, in a new tomb at the foot of the hill on the south side of the house. This tomb is a plain brick structure with an ivy-covered gateway. Other members of the Washington family are buried within the vault, but in the front of the tomb, visible through the iron gateway, are two marble sarcophagi, one inscribed WASHINGTON, and the other, MARTHA, CONSORT OF WASHINGTON.

In writing of Mount Vernon, Edward Everett said:

"The love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid, unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in . . . peace. . . . The memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot."

CHAPTER VI

STORIES OF THE WINNING OF INDEPENDENCE

62. Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts

When Peter Faneuil, in 1740, proposed to the town of Boston the gift of a market house, to be erected in Dock Square, his offer led to much debate. As the nephew and heir of Andrew Faneuil, who had come to Boston from France in 1691, he owned much property in the city, and he wished to use some of it for his fellow-townsmen.

On July 14, 1740, there was a meeting to consider the proposed gift of Peter Faneuil, who, it was announced, "hath been generously pleased to offer, at his own proper cost and charge, to erect and build a noble and complete structure or edifice to be improved for a market, for the sole use, benefit and advantage of the town, provided that the town of Boston would pass a vote for the purpose, and lay the same under such proper regulation as shall be thought necessary, and constantly support it for the said use."

The vote was passed, but by a small majority.

The average giver would have been discouraged by such a reception; but Peter Faneuil, on the contrary, did more than he had proposed. When the selectmen were told in August, 1742 — seven months before his death — that the building was ready, there was not

only a market house, but above it a hall for town meetings and other gatherings, which — by action of the meeting called to accept the building — was named Faneuil Hall. The committee appointed to wait on Mr. Faneuil with a vote of thanks of the town, reported his answer, in which he expressed his hope that what he had done might be for the service of the whole country.

The town offices were removed to the building, and the hall at once became a Boston institution. Town meetings were held in it, and a series of public concerts was given there. The market, however, was not popular.

The fire of January 13, 1763, destroyed the interior of the building. It was rebuilt with money raised by a lottery.

Faneuil Hall began its national career on August 27, 1765, when the voters, in mass meeting, denounced the lawless acts of "persons unknown," by which they had shown their hatred of the Stamp Act. At a second meeting, held on September 12, the voters instructed their representatives "as to their conduct at this very alarming crisis."

"The Genuine Sons of Liberty" gathered in the hall March 18, 1767, that they might rejoice together because of the repeal of the Stamp Act. The *Boston Gazette* reported that "a large company of the principal inhabitants crowded that spacious apartment, and with loud huzzas, and repeated acclamations at each of the twenty-five toasts, saluted the glorious and memorable

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

heroes of America, particularly those who distinguished themselves in the cause of Liberty, which was ever growing under the iron hand of oppression."

What has been called "perhaps the most dramatic scene in all history" was staged in Faneuil Hall on the day after the Boston Massacre, March 6, 1770. The crowd was so large that it was necessary to adjourn to the Old South Meeting-House before action could be taken requesting the Governor to withdraw the troops whose presence had led to the massacre.

Then came the tea meetings. The first of these was held in the hall on November 5, 1773. At this meeting committees were appointed to wait on the several persons to whom tea had been consigned by the East India Company, "and in the name of the town to request them from a regard to their character, and to the peace and good order of the town, immediately to resign their trust." The response made to these committees and to later tea meetings was unsatisfactory, and on December 16 a number of citizens disguised as Indians gathered at the water front and held the Boston Tea Party.

The occupation of Boston by the British interrupted the Faneuil Hall town meetings, but soon after the evacuation of the city the people turned their steps thither for public gatherings of many sorts. Fortunately, the building which had meant so much to the people had not been seriously injured. When Washington entered the city, he spoke with feeling of the safety of Faneuil Hall.

It was fitting that, in the stirring days that preceded the War of 1812, meetings to protest against the acts of Great Britain should be held here. Historic gatherings followed during this war, as also during the Civil War.

In 1806 Faneuil Hall was enlarged and improved. In 1898 it was rebuilt and made fireproof, though, wherever possible, original materials were used. While it is now much larger, its general appearance is similar to that "Cradle of Liberty" of which Lafayette said:

"May Faneuil Hall ever stand, a monument to teach the world that resistance to oppression is a duty, and will, under true republican institutions, become a blessing."

63. The Old State House, Boston, Massachusetts

The Old State House in Boston was rebuilt in 1748, but the walls are the same as those of the structure that was erected in 1712, and known as the Town and Province House.

If these walls could talk, what stirring stories they would relate! They would tell, for instance, of the events noted by John Tudor in his diary. He wrote:

"March, 1770. On Monday evening the 5th current, a few minutes after nine o'clock, a most horrid murder was committed on King Street before the Custom House door by eight or nine soldiers under the command of Captain Thomas Preston of the Main Guard on the south side of the Town House. This unhappy affair began by some boys and young fellows

throwing snowballs at the sentry placed at the Custom House door. On which eight or nine soldiers came to his assistance. Soon after, numbers of people collected, when the Captain commanded the soldiers to fire; which they did, and three men were killed on the spot and several mortally wounded, one of which died next morning. . . .

"Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson, who was Commander in Chief, was sent for, and came to the Council Chamber, where some of the magistrates attended. The Governor desired the multitude about ten o'clock to separate and to go home peaceably and he would do all in his power that justice should be done. . . . The 29th Regiment being there under arms on the south side of the Town House . . . the people insisted that the soldiers should be ordered to the barracks first before they would separate. Which being done, the people separated about one o'clock."

On July 18, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read to assembled patriots in the Town House, in accordance with the request of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, who asked that it be proclaimed "in such a mode that the people may be impressed by it."

Abigail Adams told of the reading in a letter to her husband, John Adams:

"I went with the multitude to King Street to hear the Declaration Proclamation of Independence read and proclaimed. Great attention was given to every word. . . . Thus ends royal authority in the state."

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A British prisoner on parole, who was an invited guest at the reading of the Declaration, wrote a detailed narrative of the events of the day in the Town House. He said:

"Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crafts, who occupied the chair, rose, and, silence being obtained, read aloud the declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection, which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was forever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each, repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile the town clerk read from the balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a shout began in the hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry."

Thirteen years later, when Washington visited Boston, passing first through a triumphal arch, he entered the State House by the eastern door under the balcony. In his diary he told of what followed:

"Three cheers was given by a vast concourse of people, who by this time had assembled at the arch — then followed an ode composed in honor of the President; and well sung by a band of select singers — after this three cheers — followed by the different professions and mechanics in the order they were drawn up, with their colors, through a lane of the people

which had thronged about the arch under which they passed."

The ode sung that day was as follows:

General Washington, the hero's come,
Each heart exulting hears the sound;
See, thousands their deliverer throng,
And shout his welcome all around.
Now in full chorus bursts the song,
And shout the deeds of Washington.

The Old State House was near destruction in 1835, as a result of the uproar that followed the attempt of William Lloyd Garrison to make an abolition address in the hall next door to the office of the *Liberator*, of which paper he was editor. A furious crowd demanded his blood, and he was persuaded to retire. Later the doors of the *Liberator* office where he had taken refuge were broken down, and, after a chase, the hunted man was seized and dragged to the rear of the Old State House, then used as the city hall and post office. The mayor rescued him from the mob, which was talking of hanging him, and carried him into the building. The threats of the outwitted people became so loud that it was feared the place would be destroyed and Garrison would be killed. As soon as possible, therefore, he was spirited away to the Leverett Street Jail.

For many years, until 1882, the Old State House was used for business purposes, after previous service as Town House, and State House, City Hall, and Court House. It is now used as a historical museum by the Bostonian Society.

The walls and ceilings of the interior are the same as when the old building was erected in 1748. For many years the exterior was covered with unsightly paint, but this has been scraped off, and the brick walls gleam red as in former days.

64. Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia

Philadelphia was but forty-two years old when a number of builders in the growing town decided to have a guild like the journeymen's guilds of London. Accordingly they formed, in 1724, "the Carpenters' Company of the City and County of Philadelphia," whose object should be "to obtain instruction in the science of architecture; to assist such of the members, or the widows and children of members, as should be by accident in need of support," as well as "the adoption of such a system of measurements and prices that every one concerned in a building may have the value of his money, and every workman the worth of his labor."

At first the meetings were held here and there, probably in taverns. In 1768 the company decided to build a home. A lot was secured on Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, for which an annual ground rent of "176 Spanish milled pieces of eight" was to be paid. The sum of £300 necessary to begin operations was subscribed in about a week.

The company's annual meeting of January 21, 1771, was held within the walls, though the building was not entirely completed.

Three years after the opening of the hall came the

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA

Erected, 1768.

first event that linked the building with the history of America. A general meeting of the people of Philadelphia was held here to protest against the failure of Governor Penn to convene the Assembly of the colony. A committee of three was appointed to wait on the Speaker and ask him for "a positive answer as to whether he would call the Assembly together or not."

The Assembly was then called to meet on the "18th day of the 6th month." Three days before the date fixed, another meeting was held in Carpenters' Hall to consider what measures for the welfare of the colony should be proposed to the Assembly. At this meeting the necessity of holding "a general Congress of delegates from all the Colonies" was voiced. Later the Assembly approved of the idea of such a conference, and a call was issued.

On September 5, 1774, the delegates from eleven provinces met in the City Tavern. Learning that the Carpenters' Company had offered the hall for the use of the Continental Congress, the delegates voted to inspect the accommodations. John Adams, one of their number, said, after the visit: "They took a view of the room and of the chamber, where there is an excellent library. There is also a long entry, where gentlemen may walk, and also a convenient chamber opposite to the library. The general cry was that this was a good room."

On October 26 the Congress was dissolved. The second Congress was called to meet on May 10, 1775, at the State House, later known as Independence Hall.

When the British took possession of the city in 1777, a portion of the army was quartered in Carpenters' Hall. Officers and men alike borrowed books from the Library Company of Philadelphia, which had quarters here, invariably making deposits and paying for the use of volumes taken, in strict accordance with the rules.

In 1778 the United States Commissary of Military Stores began to occupy the lower story and cellar of the building. From 1791 to 1821 various public organizations sought quarters here, including the Bank of the United States, the Bank of Pennsylvania, the United States Land Office, and the United States Custom House. The Carpenters' Company therefore, in 1791, erected a second building on this lot, which they occupied until 1857.

But in that year they returned to the original building, and since then they have held their meetings within the walls consecrated by the heroes of Revolutionary times. The rooms were restored to their former condition, and relics and mementoes of early days were put in place. The hall has ever since been open to visitors "who may wish to visit the spot where Henry, Hancock, and Adams inspired the delegates of the colonies with nerve and the sinews for the toils of war."

65. Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

More than fifty-five years after William Penn laid out Philadelphia, the first steps were taken to erect a public building for the use of the people. Ground was

bought on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, and the State House was begun in 1730. The total cost of the building was $16,250. Two wings were added in 1739 and 1740. These cost some $12,000 more.

Two years after the completion of the main building, the Pennsylvania Assembly passed an act in which this statement was made:

"It is the true intent and meaning of these Presents, that no part of the said ground lying to the southward of the State House, as it is now built, be converted into or made use of for erecting any sort of Building thereupon, but that the said ground shall be enclosed and remain a public open Green and Walks forever."

The builders were slow. It was 1736 before the Assembly was able to hold its first session in the chamber provided for it, and not until 1745 was the room completed. Three years more passed before the apartment intended for the Governor's Council was ready for its occupants.

In 1741 the tower was built. Provision was made in 1759 for the extension of the tower to hold a bell, and on October 16, 1751, the superintendent of the State House sent a letter to the colonial agent in London. In this letter he said:

"We take the liberty to apply ourselves to thee to get us a good bell, of about two thousand pounds weight, the cost of which we presume may amount to about one hundred pounds sterling, or, perhaps, with the charges, something more. . . . Let the bell be cast by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

shipped, with the following words well-shaped in large letters round it, viz.:

"By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the city of Philadelphia, 1752.

"And underneath,

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof. — Levit. XXV. 10."

When the new bell was hung, it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper. Isaac Norris wrote:

"We concluded to send it back by Captain Budden, but he could not take it on board, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here, and I am just now informed they have this day opened the mould and have got a good bell, which, I confess, pleases me very much, that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell cast, for aught I know, in English America. The mould was finished in a very masterly manner, and the letters, I am told, are better than [on] the old one. When we broke up the metal, our judges here generally agreed it was too high and brittle, and cast several little bells out of it to try the sound and strength, and fixed upon a mixture of an ounce and a half of copper to one pound of the old bell, and in this proportion we now have it."

But when the bell was in place it was found to contain too much copper, and Pass and Stow, the founders, begged to be allowed to recast it. In June, 1753, this third bell was hung, and in the following September the founders were paid £60 13*s*. 5*d*.

In 1752 arrangements were made for a clock. The works were placed in the middle of the main building, immediately under the roof. These were connected by rods, inclosed in pipes, with the hands on the dial plates at either gable. Early views of the State House show these dials. The cost of the clock, which included care for six years, was £494 5*s.* 5½*d.*

During the twenty years that followed the installation of the clock and the bell, the State House became a civic center of note; but not until the stirring events that led up to the Revolution did it become of special interest to other colonies than Pennsylvania. On April 25, 1775, the day after news came to Philadelphia of the battles of Lexington and Concord, the great bell sounded a call to arms. In response to the call eight thousand people gathered in the Yard to consider measures of defense. On April 26 the newspapers reported that "the company unanimously agreed to associate for the purpose of defending with arms their lives, liberty, and property, against all attempts to deprive them of them." This determination of the people was soon approved by the Assembly, and Pennsylvania prepared to raise its quota towards the Army of the Revolution.

On May 10, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met in the Assembly Chamber, and took action that led to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence the next year. On Friday, June 7, 1776, in the Eastern Room on the first floor of the State House, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia introduced the following:

"Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

At the same time the Pennsylvania Assembly was considering, in the chamber upstairs, what instruction to give to its delegates. When the Assembly adjourned, the Continental Congress removed to the upper room. There, on July 2, Lee's motion was carried. Later the Declaration itself was adopted, and on July 4, it was

"Resolved, that Copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions, and committees or councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops; that it be proclaimed in each of the United States and at the head of the army."

It was ordered that the Declaration be proclaimed from the State House on Monday, July 8, 1776. On that day the State House bell sounded its glad call; for the first time did it indeed "proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." And in the hearing of those who gathered in response to its call, the Declaration was read.

From that day the State House has been known as Independence Hall, while the State House Yard has become Independence Square. The bell is known throughout the country as the Liberty Bell.

The sittings of Congress in Independence Hall were interrupted by the approach of the British. For five months the building was used as a British prison and hospital. But on July 2, 1778, Congress returned; the building once more belonged to the nation.

In 1787, the Constitutional Convention met in Independence Hall. On September 17, 1787, the votes of eleven states were recorded in favor of the Constitution, and Benjamin Franklin, looking toward a sun which was blazoned on the President's chair, said of it to those near him, "In the vicissitudes of hope and fear I was not able to tell whether it was rising or setting; now I know that it is the rising sun."

In 1790, the Congress of the United States met in the western portion of the buildings on the Square, erected in 1785 for the Pennsylvania Assembly.

Independence Hall is a shrine; for within it was encouraged, proclaimed, and upheld the liberty of the American people.

66. Paul Revere's Home, Boston, Massachusetts

Paul Revere might have been called Rivoire, for that was the form of the family name in France until his father, Apollos, found his way across the sea. Apollos Revere, who changed his name to Paul Revere, established himself in Boston as a gold- and silver-smith. Paul, the son, learned the same trade. He stopped business long enough to go as a soldier in the expedition against Crown Point, where he was lieutenant of a company of artillery. But when he returned, he went

back to his bench. At that time he was twenty-two years old.

In an issue of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal*, in 1768, he printed an advertisement which showed great enterprise:

Whereas, many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Pri-

The Home of Paul Revere, Boston, Massachusetts

vate: — This is to inform all such, that they may have them replaced with artificial Ones, that look as well as the Natural & answer the End of Speaking to all intents, by Paul Revere, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston.

He was also a skilled engraver; most of the silverware made in Boston at this period showed how skillful. Later, when patriotic interest became so great

that lithographs and broadsides were called for, he engraved many of these on copper. One of his best known bits of work was an engraving of Boston, as it was in 1768, to illustrate the quartering on the people of British troops just before the Boston Massacre.

He began his patriotic work as a member of the Sons of Liberty, which had been formed in other colonies as well as in Massachusetts. This organization held frequent meetings, and laid plans for resisting the demands of Great Britain.

When it became necessary to have a trusted messenger to carry news from place to place, Paul Revere was one of those chosen for the purpose. His first important ride was at the time of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. He helped bring together the people who protested against the landing of the tea from the ship *Dartmouth*, and later he is said to have been one of the men who, on December 16, 1773, in Indian disguise, threw £18,000 worth of tea into the harbor.

When the Boston Port Bill was announced, in 1774, he was sent by a committee of Boston citizens to ask the other colonies to stop all importation from, and exportation to, Great Britain and every part of the West Indies until the act be repealed. When he returned from New York and Philadelphia, he reported "nothing can exceed the indignation with which our brethren of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and Philadelphia have received this proof of ministerial madness. They universally declare their resolution to stand by us to the last extremity."

There were other famous rides, but the greatest of all was on April 18 and 19, 1775, when Revere carried tidings of the movements of the British. His own account of the preparation and the beginning of the ride was as simple and unaffected as the man himself:

"About ten o'clock Dr. [Joseph] Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects. . . . The Sunday before I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and Adams. . . . I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with . . . some other gentlemen, that if the British went by water, we would show two lanterns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck. I . . . called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River. . . . They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town . . . several . . . said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse."

He rode with great care, on the watch for enemies. Once he was chased by two British officers. At Medford he awoke the captain of the minutemen. After that he alarmed almost every house until he got to

Lexington. There he aroused Mr. Adams and Colonel Hancock, who were stopping at the house of Rev. Jonas Clark. After half an hour he was joined by a Mr. Dawes, who had been sent from Boston by a longer route. They set off together for Concord, and were overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who had been making a call in Lexington. Revere's object was now to warn the people of Concord to protect the military stores there.

Halfway between the two towns, the three men were pursued by several mounted British officers. Revere's two companions escaped, and Dr. Prescott made his way across country to Concord, in time to alarm the minutemen. Revere himself was captured and led back to Lexington, where he was released and his horse taken from him. He then proceeded on foot to the Clark house, where he joined Adams and Hancock.

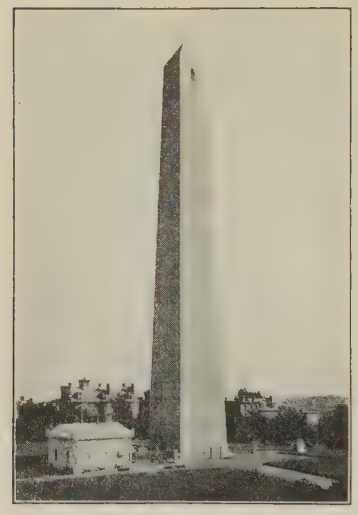
Thus the way was prepared for Concord and Lexington. That the patriots were not taken by surprise, and the stores at Concord seized as the British had hoped, was due to the courage of Paul Revere.

As Longfellow's familiar lines tell us:

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

67. The Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown, Massachusetts

When Great Britain, angered by the leadership of Boston in the disputes with the mother country, closed her port, the sympathy of all the colonies was aroused, and they promised to rally to her defense, knowing that this would be the defense of the rights of all of them. Troops from the four New England colonies hurried to Boston, and were there when, on the evening of June 17, 1775, orders came to Colonel Prescott to take one thousand men and occupy and defend Bunker Hill, in Charlestown. The work was to be done in the face of the enemy, on ship and on shore.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

For some reason Breed's Hill, not Bunker Hill, was fortified that night, but the name of Bunker Hill has always been given to the battle that followed next day, when the British attacked the men behind fortifications that had been built in four hours. These fortifications overlooked Boston, and endangered the British control of the city.

The work began at midnight; at four o'clock the

enemy's battalion opened fire, before the barriers planned had been finished. But the gallant Colonials could not have acquitted themselves with more spirit if their defenses had been complete.

The fire from the batteries was supplemented by the rushes of the enemy, who came from Boston by ferry. Twice they pressed up the slope, only to be driven back by the Colonials; to the joy of the throngs who looked on from other hills, from church steeples, and from the roofs of houses that commanded a view of the hill. The colonial troops are said to have been given the order: "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes."

A third attack would have been repulsed in the same way, but the ammunition was exhausted. When the British were greeted with stones instead of bullets, they knew the day was won. They took the hill, intrenched themselves, and permitted the Colonials to retire to Charlestown — which had been burned during the battle. General Joseph Warren, one of the most ardent patriots of Massachusetts, fell mortally wounded in this battle.

Thus fifteen hundred Americans had held at bay three thousand men in a battle that, according to Daniel Webster, "was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal now lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the

spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till their object should be accomplished."

For a long time there was talk of building a monument to commemorate the important battle. But nothing was done until, in 1794, a lodge of Free Masons erected, on the site of the battle, a pillar on which they inscribed the words:

> None but those who set a just value upon the blessings of Liberty are worthy to enjoy her.

A model of the Masonic pillar stands within the monument of today.

In 1822 a Boston paper announced that the ground on which the monument stood, as well as the remains of the colonial breastworks, were to be sold at auction on May 1. Then followed an appeal to some wealthy patriot to preserve the spot as a heritage for the nation.

Fortunately the land was bought by a resident of Boston, and was held by him until the Bunker Hill Monument Association was formed for the purpose of building a suitable memorial. Appeals for funds were made to the American people, and soon there was interest enough to justify a beginning.

The corner stone was laid on June 17, 1825. General Lafayette was present, together with many veterans of the Revolution. The oration was delivered by Daniel Webster, and closed with an appeal that soon became familiar all over the country:

"Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing

of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration for us."

Work on the monument was interrupted by lack of money, but in 1834 it was resumed. In 1840 a doubt was expressed whether that generation would see the completion of the monument. But the gifts of several men of wealth, of the Charitable Mechanics' Association, and the proceeds of a fair arranged by the women of Boston, proved sufficient, in 1841, for once more resuming the work. In July, 1842, the last stone was laid.

On June 17, 1843, at the dedication, Daniel Webster was again asked to make an address. The words he spoke will live in America's literature, especially the closing message:

"And when we, and our children, shall all have been conveyed to the house appointed for all living, may love of country — and pride of country — glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of the objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected — then shall rise, from every youthful breast, the ejaculation, 'Thank God, I also am an American!'"

When the monument was completed, the inscription planned for it had not been written. For years nothing was done about it. Then the Monument Association invited suggestions and considered many. But at the meeting of the directors, on June 18, 1849, Edward Everett offered a resolution declaring "that the great object for which the obelisk was erected on Bunker Hill is monumental, and not historical, and that it is not expected that any record of names, dates, or events connected with the battle should be inscribed upon it."

The resolution was adopted. So the monument commemorates "an Era, to which the Battle of Bunker Hill led the way, rather than a mere event."

The Bunker Hill Monument Association retains its organization; but the obelisk that rises two hundred and twenty feet from the site of the redoubt of 1775, has recently been turned over by the association to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

68. St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia

The capital city of the Old Dominion contains many places of historic importance, but none of them is of greater interest than St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry spoke the immortal words, "Give me liberty or give me death." These words rang throughout the country, and had no small part in arousing the spirit which enabled the colonies to stand fast during eight years of bitter warfare.

The first plan to build St. John's Church was made

in 1737. The contractor agreed to have it ready for use in 1741. The vestry arranged to give the builder "the sum of £317 10*s.* current money to be paid by the amount of the sale of twenty thousand pounds of to-

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Where Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

bacco annually to be levied on the parish and sold here for money till the whole payment be complete."

Although there is no record to prove it, the building was probably finished at the appointed time. Since that date various additions have been made, yet it is possible

to trace the lines of the original structure. The old pews are still in use, though they have been lowered. The hinges of the pew doors are hand-wrought. The wainscoting and the window sashes are those first put in. The original weather-boarding is still in place. It is fastened by nails whose heads are half an inch broad.

For the new church there were imported from England "one Parson's Surplice, a Pulpit Cushion and Cloth, two Cloths for Reading Desks, a Communion Table Cloth, and a dozen of Cushions — to be of good Purple Cloth, and the Surplice good Holland, and also Large Bible and four large Prayer Books."

An entry in the vestry book on December 17, 1773, shows that the rector, Mr. Selden, received as salary 17,150 pounds of tobacco, worth £125. The clerk of the parish received 1789 pounds of tobacco, or £13 10*s.*; the sexton had 536 pounds, or £3 10*s.* 7*d.*

Selden was chaplain of the Virginia Convention which met in the church March 20, 1775. At the closing session of this convention Patrick Henry "flashed the electric spark which exploded the country in revolution," as Burton says in his history of Henrico Parish. This was the speech that closed with these words:

"Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace! Peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of

chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Dr. Burton says that the orator "stood, according to tradition, near the present corner of the east transept and the nave, or more exactly, in pew 47, in the east aisle of the nave. . . . He faced the eastern wall of the transept, where were the two windows. In the more northern of these stood Colonel Edward Carrington. He broke the silence that followed the orator's burning words with the exclamation, 'Right here I wish to be buried!'"

When the British took possession of Richmond, in 1781, Arnold's men were quartered in St. John's Church. And some of them set foot on the very spot where Patrick Henry stood when he stirred the people to resolve that they would drive all British soldiers from the colonies.

69. Where Washington Lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts

The visitor to Cambridge, Massachusetts, does not find it easy to believe that Craigie House, now in the heart of the city, was once surrounded by a park of one hundred and fifty acres. But John Vassall, who built it in 1769, was as eager to have plenty of open space about him as he was to have a fine house.

He enjoyed his home only a few years. At the beginning of the Revolution, he went to Boston, and later he removed to England, for his sympathies were with

the Crown. Accordingly, in 1778, the property was declared forfeited to the state.

But the estate really became a public possession three years before this, when a regiment, under the command of Colonel Glover, pitched its tents in the

Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts

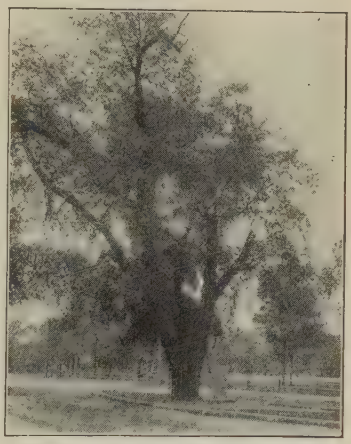
park. In July, 1775, Washington made the house his headquarters, remaining until April 4, 1776.

During these months the house was a busy place. Officers gathered here both for business and for pleasure. Military conferences and court-martials were held in the library. Dinners and entertainments were frequent; these provided a needed diversion during the weeks of anxious waiting near the British line. Mrs. Washington was a guest here, thus giving to her husband the taste of home life which he was unwilling to

take during the Revolution by making a visit to his estate at Mount Vernon.

On one of the early days of the Commander in Chief's occupancy of the house, he wrote this entry in his carefully kept account book:

"July 15, 1775, Paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters, and which had been occupied by the Marblehead regiment, £2 10*s.* 9*d.*"



THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

The day before this entry was made General Green wrote to Samuel Ward:

"His Excellency, General Washington, has arrived amongst us, universally admired. Joy was visible in every countenance, and it seemed as if the spirit of conquest breathed through the whole army. I hope I shall be taught to copy his example, and to prefer the love of liberty, in this time of public danger, to all the soft pleasures of domestic life, and that we shall support ourselves with manly fortitude amidst all the dangers and hardships that attend a state of war. And I doubt not, under the General's wise direction, we shall establish such excellent order and strictness of discipline as to invite victory to attend him wherever he goes."

A council of war was held in the house on August 3,

1775. After this council General Sullivan wrote to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety:

"To our great surprise, discovered that we had not powder enough to furnish half a pound a man, exclusive of what the people have in their homes and cartridge boxes. The General was so struck that he did not utter a word for half an hour."

Further hints of the serious straits caused by the lack of ammunition were contained in a letter of Elias Boudinot. He said that at the time there were fourteen miles of line to guard, so that Washington did not dare fire an evening or a morning gun. "In this situation one of the Committee of Safety for Massachusetts . . . deserted and went over to General Gage, and discovered our poverty to him. The fact was so incredible that General Gage treated it as a stratagem of war, and the informant as a spy, or coming with the express purpose of deceiving him and drawing his army into a snare, by which means we were saved from having our quarters beaten up. . . ."

The strange inactivity of the British in the face of that unpreparedness was remarked in a letter written to Congress on January 4, from headquarters:

"It is not in the pages of history, perhaps, to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket shot of the enemy, for six months together, without [powder], and at the same time to disband one army, and recruit another, within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than was ever attempted."

In 1837, the poet Longfellow found quarters in Craigie House, which was at that time owned and occupied by Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of a commissary officer in the American Army. In 1843 Longfellow became the owner of the estate, and it continued to be his home until his death in 1882.

The room on the ground floor at the right of the entrance, formerly Washington's office, became Longfellow's study; and there he wrote many of the poems that have gone straight to the hearts of millions. The walls that once resounded to the tread of Washington and his generals now echoed to the laughter of children, of whom Longfellow wrote:

> Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said:
> For ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead.

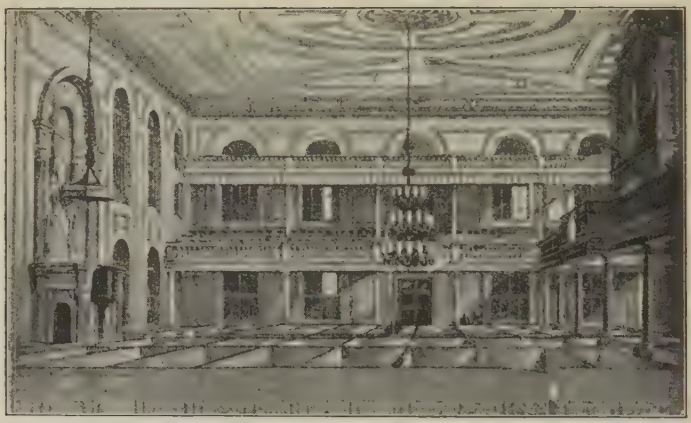
Today, on Saturday afternoons, the public are permitted to visit Craigie House.

70. The Story of the Old South Meeting-House, Boston, Massachusetts

The first inhabitants of Boston had but one church until 1649, when, for the convenience of many who lived in the North End, the Second Church was organized. Later this was called "North Church," because of its location. As it grew older, the name "Old North" was applied to it, to distinguish it from the "New North." Its first building was burned in the fire of 1676, while its second building was pulled down by the

British and used for firewood during the siege of Boston.

In 1669 some dissenting members of the First Church decided they must have a church of their own. The first building for the society was called the South Meeting-House. It was built in 1669, on the site of the garden or "green" which was originally granted to Governor Winthrop. In 1717 the people began to



Interior of Old South Meeting-House, Boston, Massachusetts

call this church the "Old South," to distinguish it from another church which was still farther south.

In the first building — which was of cedar wood — Judge Sewall stood up before the congregation one day in 1697 and read to them his prayer asking for the forgiveness of God and his fellow-citizens, for his share in the witchcraft trials.

Eleven years later Benjamin Franklin was baptized there, and he was twenty-four years old when the

second building — that which still stands — was first used.

For nearly two hundred years this building has been the scene of historic events that have made it famous. Frequently, from 1768 to 1773, Faneuil Hall proved too small to hold the people who crowded to town meetings called to take action in matters that troubled the colonies, and these meetings were adjourned to the Old South.

On Sunday, November 28, 1773, the ship *Dartmouth*, laden with tea, entered Boston Harbor. On Monday morning Boston people were told by bills pasted on walls and elsewhere, that the "worst of plagues, the detested tea," was in the harbor. The same bills called a meeting for nine o'clock in Faneuil Hall, where the people would be requested to make "a united and successful resistance to the last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration." At Faneuil Hall a motion was made and carried to prevent the landing of the tea, if possible, and in any case to return it to the place it came from. The meeting was then adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House, where the motion was made and carried that the tea should not only be sent back, but that no duty should be paid. The meeting was then adjourned to three o'clock, to give the people who were to receive the tea time to consider and deliberate.

On December 16 there was another meeting by adjournment in the Old South. Again the building was crowded. All day long various plans were talked over. After the lighting of the candles that evening, it was

announced that the governor would not give a pass to the tea ship to leave the harbor, and Samuel Adams said, sorrowfully, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Gilman's *Story of Boston* tells what followed:

"In an instant there was a shout on the porch; there was a warwhoop in response, and forty or fifty of the men disguised as Indians rushed out of the doors. . . . The meeting was declared dissolved, and the throng followed their leaders. . . . The Mohawks entered the vessel; there was tugging at the ropes; there was breaking of light boxes; there was pouring of precious tea into the waters of the harbor. For two or three hours the work went on, and three hundred and forty-two chests were emptied. Then, under the light of the moon, the Indians marched to the sound of fife and drum to their homes, and the vast throng melted away."

In 1775 General Burgoyne decided that the meeting-house was the most suitable place for a riding-school for his troops, and the pews and the pulpit were taken away for the purpose. The following year the British were forced to evacuate, and Washington entered the city. When he stood in the gallery of the Old South Meeting-House and looked down on the havoc wrought in that place of worship, his heart must have been full of wrath and sorrow.

Since March, 1783, when the building was repaired, it has been but little changed. Services were discontinued in 1872, at the time of the great fire, but they were resumed in 1907.

Five years later there was talk of destroying the noble old building, that the valuable lot might be used for business purposes, but the efforts of patriotic citizens were successful in preserving the historic landmark. Since that time it has been kept open as a museum and a hall for public meetings and lectures. The property is owned by the Old South Association of Boston.

71. Fort Moultrie, Charleston, South Carolina

Early in 1776, the people of Charleston, South Carolina, made up their minds that they must fortify Sullivan Island in the harbor, if they were to be ready for the ships of the enemy which they felt sure would visit them soon.

So it was decided to build a fortification of palmetto logs, and Colonel Moultrie was placed in charge of the work. The fort was at first called Fort Sullivan, although it was later known by the name of its first commander, Colonel Moultrie. He planned a structure with walls ten feet high; these walls were double, a pile of logs within an outer pile of logs, with sixteen feet of sand between. Sixty-four guns were mounted behind the ramparts.

The stronghold was still unfinished when, in June, it was approached by a fleet of ten ships of all sizes, the two largest carrying fifty guns, while the smallest had twenty-two. In all there were four times as many guns as there were in the fort. A force of soldiers

was put ashore, and prepared to help the ships in their attack on the patriotic city.

General Charles Lee, who was in charge of the defense of the city, told Colonel Moultrie he was not satisfied with the fort, because it could not be defended. Then he found fault with the commander because he

Fort Moultrie, Charleston, South Carolina

had not made any plans for the retreat of his men when longer resistance should seem useless. The Colonel replied that his men would never retreat.

So General Lee left Moultrie to his slaughter-pen. But first he took away half of the small supply of powder which had been counted on for the approaching battle. Why leave more when defeat was certain?

When the guns of the ships — which had formed in double line — began to pour their fire on the palmetto fort, Moultrie knew that among his twelve hundred

men were expert gunners, who could be counted on. To these he cried, "Concentrate on the fifty-gun ships!" As a result, both vessels were raked by a galling fire, and their captains were badly wounded.

But the advantage was gained at the cost of much of the powder which General Lee had left the besieged men. More would soon be needed. So Colonel Moultrie sent an appeal to the city for ammunition. Five hundred pounds of powder were sent him from one source, but General Lee, who had five thousand pounds under his control, merely sent back word that if the ammunition should all be spent without driving off the enemy, the commander should make his guns useless and retreat in the best order possible! Why should he send help, when he had prophesied that defeat was certain? He was showing, that day, the spirit that later led General Washington to call him a poltroon.

Fortunately the defenses of the fort were better than even the commander had imagined. The double row of palmetto logs, packed with sand, furnished effective resistance to the balls of the enemy. Little harm was done behind the protecting walls, while the ships were badly damaged.

At length a chance shot from one of the vessels shook the staff which supported the banner that had been waving above the little company in the fort. No one dared step out from the shelter of the palmetto walls to rescue it, and the contest went on without the fluttering rattlesnake flag that had inspired the hearts of the defenders.

Suddenly an Irish lad, Sergeant William Jasper, said, pleadingly:

"Colonel Moultrie, don't let us fight without a flag!"

Then he leaped from the parapet, hurried to the flag, fastened it to a temporary staff, climbed upon the rampart, and placed it where it could be seen by both friend and foe.

Soon the battle was at an end. The ships of the surprised enemy were put out of commission. One of them went ashore on the island on which Fort Sumter was built in later years.

When the young hero was offered a captaincy for his bravery, he declined to accept, saying that he was only an ignorant boy.

He continued to serve with credit. Three years later he saw the chance to repeat his brave act. While fighting in defense of Savannah, Georgia, the flag was shot away. Again Sergeant Jasper leaped after the banner, but fell mortally wounded, with the colors in his arms.

On Charleston's beautiful East Battery there is a monument to the memory of Jasper, the hero — a granite pedestal surmounted by the bronze figure of a continental soldier, one hand pointing across the harbor to Fort Moultrie, while the other clasps the flag of the country for which he died.

And out on Sullivan Island rise the walls of the Fort Moultrie that in 1841 succeeded the palmetto fort where Sergeant Jasper won undying fame.

72. The Morris-Jumel House, New York City

After the defeat at the Battle of Long Island on August 27, 1776, Washington's army retreated to New York, the fishermen of Marblehead and Salem rowing them across the East River under cover of night and fog. On September 15 it became necessary to

The Morris-Jumel Mansion, New York City

evacuate the city. So the troops withdrew to Harlem Heights, where a redoubt called Fort Washington had been prepared in case of just such an emergency.

For several weeks Washington occupied as headquarters the mansion which was built by Lieutenant Colonel Roger Morris in 1765. Washington and Morris had once been friends, and had fought side by side in the French and Indian War; but as Morris was a

loyalist, and Washington a patriot, the struggle for the independence of the American colonies separated them forever.

At the time when Washington lived in it, the Morris house was far in the country, although today it is in the midst of the city. While it was Washington's headquarters, the early flag of the colonists waved over it. This flag the English called "the Rebellious Stripes." In the space now given to the stars was the British Union Jack, while the thirteen red and white stripes that were to become so familiar completed the design.

On October 16, 1776, it was decided to make a further retreat. Four divisions of Washington's army moved northward, and a few days later the Commander in Chief followed, leaving a force of 2600 to hold the heights and defend Fort Washington.

On November 16 General Howe attacked the heights. General Washington was at that time at Fort Lee, just opposite on the New Jersey shore. Full of anxiety over the fate of the besieged garrison, he crossed the river, accompanied by his generals, and went to the Morris house, to watch the movements of the enemy. Realizing then that the stronghold was doomed, he recrossed the river to Fort Lee. Fifteen minutes after his departure, 14,000 British and Hessian troops took possession of the heights, the Morris mansion, and Fort Washington.

The period of British occupation continued, at intervals, until near the close of the war. Since the owner was a loyalist, the British Government paid rent for

the house. After the Revolution the property was confiscated, as appears from an entry in Washington's diary, dated July 10, 1790:

"Having formed a party consisting of the Vice-President, his lady, son, and Miss Smith; the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, and the ladies of the two latter; with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear and the two children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington, and afterwards dined on a dinner provided by a Mr. Mariner at the house lately Colonel Roger Morris', but confiscated and in the occupation of a common farmer."

For nearly thirty years after the Revolution the stately old house was occupied as a farmhouse or as a tavern. In 1810 it became the home of Stephen Jumel, a wealthy New York merchant. He was a Frenchman, and a friend of Napoleon. His wife, Madame Jumel, gave such wonderful entertainments in the house that the whole city talked about her, and stared after her as she drove about in her yellow coach, with postilions and fine horses. Her husband died in 1832, and a year later she married Aaron Burr. He was then seventy-seven years old, and she was sixty-four.

Madame Jumel-Burr lived until July 16, 1865. After her death the mansion passed through a number of hands until, in 1903, title to it was obtained by the city of New York, on payment of $235,000. For three years the house was at the mercy of souvenir hunters, but in 1906 it was turned over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, for a Revolutionary museum.

The spacious grounds that once belonged to the mansion have been sold for building-lots, but the house looks down proudly as ever from its lofty site almost opposite the intersection of Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-first Street with St. Nicholas Avenue. The corner of its original dooryard is now Roger Morris Park.

73. Three Shrines at Princeton, New Jersey

Still standing in Princeton, New Jersey, is the dignified colonial home, Morven, which was pillaged by the British in 1776. Richard Stockton, the owner, had made the British very angry by his leadership in work for the patriots — "the rebels," as the English called them — so when the opportunity came, they plundered the mansion. Fortunately Mrs. Stockton, before leaving hurriedly for Freehold, had buried the family silver, and this was not discovered, though Cornwallis and his officers occupied the house as headquarters.

Probably, while they were here, they talked gleefully of what they called the collapse of the war. They felt so sure that the conflict was over that Cornwallis was already planning to return to England.

Then came the surprise at Trenton, when nearly a thousand Hessians of a total force of twelve hundred were captured.

Immediately Cornwallis, who had returned to New York, hastened back to Princeton, where he left three regiments and a company of cavalry. Then he went on to Trenton. On the way he was harassed by Wash-

WHERE GENERAL MERCER DIED

On the Battlefield of Princeton, New Jersey.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT ROCKY HILL, NEW JERSEY

ington's outposts, and the main force of the General delayed his entrance into the town until nightfall. He expected to renew the attack next morning, but during the night Washington and his men stole away toward Princeton. Within two miles of Princeton the force of General Mercer encountered the reserve troops of Cornwallis, which were on their way to their commander's assistance. Washington, hearing the sound of the conflict that followed, hastened to the field in time to rally the forces of Mercer, who had been wounded. The day was saved, but General Mercer died in the farmhouse on the battlefield, to which he was carried. To this day visitors are shown the stain on the floor said to have been made by the blood of the dying man.

After the battle came happier days for Princeton. Morven was restored, and Washington was frequently an honored guest beneath its roof.

More than six years after the memorable battle of Princeton, another house in the neighborhood received him. When Congress convened in Nassau Hall, it rented for Washington the Rocky Hill House, five miles from the village, which was occupied by John Berrien, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. This house, which was suitably furnished for the General, was the last headquarters of the Revolution.

While at the Berrien house, Washington sat to William Dunlap for his portrait. In his *Arts of Design*, the artist, who at the time of which he wrote was eighteen years old, said:

"My visits are now frequent to headquarters. The only military in the neighborhood were the General's suite and a corporal's guard whose tents were on the green before the Berrien House, and the captain's marquee nearly in front. The soldiers were New England yeomen's sons, none older than twenty. . . . I was quite at home in every respect at headquarters; to breakfast and dine day after day with the General and Mrs. Washington and members of Congress."

It was Washington's custom to ride to Princeton, mounted on a small roan horse. The saddle was "old and crooked, with a short deep blue saddle cloth flowered, with buff cloth at the edge."

The real closing scene in the Revolution was Washington's farewell address to the army, which he wrote in the southwest room of the second story of the Berrien house. On Sunday, November 2, from the second-story balcony, he read this to the soldiers. Two days later orders of discharge were issued to most of them.

The house has become the property of the Washington Headquarters Association of Rocky Hill, and is open to tourists.

74. In the Mohawk Valley, New York

When the Iroquois Indians of what is now New York State were in their glory, their old men used to tell round their council fires of the time when their ancestors, long confined under a mountain near the falls of the Oswego River, were released by the Holder of the Heavens, Ta-reng-a-wa-gon. By him they were directed

to the country between the Hudson River and Lake Erie.

The Mohawks lived to the eastward, then came the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas.

All went well with them until enemies from the north attacked the Onondagas. They appealed to

The Statue of the Hero of Oriskany, Herkimer, New York

Ta-reng-a-wa-gon, and he urged them to call a council of the Five Nations, who should then band together as brothers. Accordingly a council, attended by hundreds of the Indians, was held on the shores of the beautiful Onondaga Lake, and the Five Nations organized Ko-no-shi-o-ni, the Long House. The Mohawks agreed to guard the eastern door, while to the Senecas was given charge of the western door. The capital, the seat of the Council Fire, was in the territory of the Onondagas, and was a few miles south of the present site of the city of Syracuse.

In this glorious Mohawk country the Indians took special delight. But sometimes the braves hearkened to the call of the Delaware and the Chesapeake, where they had hunting-grounds. Then a favored route of travel was from the Mohawk, near the site of Canajoharie, to Otsego Lake, and so to the Susquehanna River. On the way they passed what is now Cherry Valley. There, in 1741, Samuel Dunlop, a minister from Ireland, settled his little colony from New Hampshire on eight thousand acres received from the Indians. And there they remained in peace until that awful day in 1778 when Brant and his Indians fell on the frontier settlement, killed some of the people, and drove away the rest. A tablet on the Presbyterian Church at Cherry Valley tells the story.

The Mohawk country won an important place in the annals of the Revolution. In what is now the town of Danube, just east of the present city of Little Falls, lived General Nicholas Herkimer. At Rome, forty miles to the west, Fort Stanwix sheltered troops which were a source of strength to the whole valley. In August, 1777, a force of about seventeen hundred whites and Indians, under General St. Leger, laid siege to the seven hundred and fifty Americans in the fort. The men in the fortress raised above it for the first time the new flag, of the design recently adopted by the Continental Congress. It is said to have been made from a white shirt, an officer's blue cloak, and strips from a woman's red petticoat.

Word of the peril of the troops at Fort Stanwix was

carried to the old hero at Herkimer. He assembled a force of about eight hundred militia at Fort Dayton, near the site of the village of Herkimer, and hastened up the valley toward the stronghold. On August 6, when they were crossing a ravine two miles from Oriskany Creek, Herkimer's men were attacked by about five hundred whites and Indians under Joseph Brant. Then followed a brief encounter, of which a British historian has said, "Oriskany, for the strength of the forces engaged, proved to be the bloodiest conflict of the entire war." Of the eight hundred surprised men, more than six hundred were either killed or wounded. Their leader, wounded at the beginning, directed the defense from the ground. Later he was taken back to his fortress home on the south bank of the Mohawk, near Herkimer, where he died.

The old homestead has been preserved by the state. The hero's memory is further honored by a monument at Herkimer, by fourteen stones that mark his route to Oriskany, and by a battle monument on a height by the side of the ravine which was the scene of the disaster.

The monuments at Oriskany and Herkimer have companions not far away. At Clinton, not many miles from Utica, is a stone erected in commemoration of the treaty of Fort Stanwix, November 5, 1768, which opened to settlement a wide extent of the Indian country. In the town of Steuben, in the center of a five-acre tract of woodland, stands the monument to Major General Frederick William Steuben, friend of the colo-

nists in the Revolution, to whom sixteen thousand acres of land were given by New York because of his services. At Rome is the memorial of Fort Stanwix.

75. The Battle Monument at Bennington, Vermont

In 1777, after General Burgoyne's capture of Fort Ticonderoga, Vermont was terrified because of his advance to the south in the effort to cut off New England from the other colonies.

A call was sent to Massachusetts and New Hampshire to give aid in defending the frontiers and halting the dangerous invader. The response was prompt and energetic; in less than a month after the appeal was made, troops under General John Stark reached Bennington, ready to join the state troops. The leader had been a colonel at Bunker Hill, and he had served with Washington at Trenton and Princeton, so the country had great confidence in him.

By this time Burgoyne had reached the Hudson River. His progress had been slow, because of hindrances which Americans were able to throw in his way, even if they were not strong enough to attack him. The delay made necessary fresh supplies for his army. Learning that stores had been gathered at Bennington, for the use of General Schuyler's army, he sent a detachment with instructions to seize them.

On August 14, when Baum, the leader, was six miles from Bennington, he captured a quantity of wheat and flour. Then he wrote to Burgoyne that about eighteen

hundred militia were near, on his front, but that they would leave at his approach.

The prophecy was not fulfilled in the way Baum expected; it has been said that the militia "did leave, but took Baum's whole army along with them."

After intrenching his troops, Baum waited for the attack. On August 16 it came; General Stark suc-

The Battle of Bennington, Vermont

ceeded in defeating the force, either killing or taking prisoner the entire party. A second battle was fought with a leader who came up with reënforcements for Baum. This force, too, was defeated by General Stark.

The double victory was most important, for it was the first check, and a needed check, to Burgoyne in his march from Canada. And this victory was won by

undisciplined militia, who had to fight veteran troops, intrenched, and with cannon for use against those who attacked them.

Four days after the battle, Burgoyne wrote to London, "Had I succeeded, I should have effected a junction with St. Leger, and been now before Albany."

The news of the victory brought joy to the discouraged patriots. Enlistments were increased, and it proved possible to proceed against Burgoyne with such diligence that the man who tried to cut off New England from the other colonies was compelled to surrender at Saratoga. The victory at Saratoga led France to ally herself with the struggling colonies.

Battle Monument, Bennington, Vermont

A speaker in Congress, when appealing for an appropriation for a monument of the decisive battle, said:

"To the Bennington battle, one of the most brilliant in the annals of the War of the Revolution, must be, therefore, largely accorded the achievement of the independence of America."

The monument, erected by a grateful country, was dedicated August 19, 1890, in Monument Park, which

is elevated above the valley nearly three hundred feet. The shaft is 37 feet square at the base, and 306 feet high. Its graceful lines make it a pleasing feature of the landscape. In the interior is suspended a curious camp-kettle, which was captured at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. Because it is said to have been taken at the General's headquarters, it has been inscribed, "General Burgoyne's Camp-Kettle." It is in the form of a church bell, inverted, and it will hold about a barrel.

The celebration of the dedication of the monument also commemorated the centennial of Vermont's admission to the Union. Before the Revolution, the territory now contained in the state had been known as the New Hampshire Grants. The settlers had lived in land secured from New Hampshire; their titles were known as "grants." New York claimed the territory including these grants, because of the action of the king of England in July, 1764, in moving the northeastern boundary of that colony to the west bank of the Connecticut River. But the settlers resisted what they thought injustice. This resistance began in Bennington, in July, 1771, when a sheriff from New York tried to take possession of a farm near the town. The sheriff found deputies ready to oppose him, the leader being Ethan Allen. From that day Allen was looked to as a leader in the fight, and his "Green Mountain Boys" became noted.

In 1776, a convention of delegates from all of the Grants decided "to take suitable measures, as soon as

may be, to declare the New Hampshire Grants a separate district." A later convention, on January 15, 1777, adopted a resolution which declared:

"That the district of territory comprehending and widely known by the name and description of the New Hampshire Grants, of right ought to be, and is hereby declared from henceforth to be considered as a free and independent Jurisdiction or State, by the name of New Connecticut." Two months later the name was changed to Vermont. Vermont continued independent for fourteen years. Then it became a part of the Union.

76. On the Battlefield of Germantown

Samuel Chew was attorney-general of Pennsylvania, before the days of the Revolution. Like many other Philadelphians, he had a country house as well as a town house. His country place he built in Germantown, the straggling village five miles from Philadelphia, the town of William Penn. He called the place Cliveden.

During the days of the Continental Congress Judge Chew seemed to sympathize with the colonists in their protests against the injustice of Great Britain, but when independence was proposed, he let it be known that he was unwilling to act with the patriots. Accordingly he was arrested by order of Congress, together with John Penn, and when he refused to sign a parole, he was banished from the state.

During his absence the battle of Germantown was

fought. On October 3, 1777, the British forces were disposed on nearly all sides of the Chew mansion. Washington planned to attack these scattered forces with four columns, which were to advance from as many directions. General Wayne's column successfully opened the attack at daybreak, October 4, driving before him the enemy encountered at Mount Airy. The British Colonel Musgrave checked the retreat of the soldiers at Cliveden. He took possession of the mansion with six companies, prepared to defend themselves behind hastily barricaded doors and windows. Wayne and the leaders who were with him pushed on past the house, following in the pursuit of that portion of the enemy which had continued its retreat; he did not know that he was leaving an enemy in his rear. When Washington came to Cliveden, he was surprised by the fire of the intrenched enemy. After a hasty conference with others, it was decided not to pass on, leaving a fortress behind. Cannon were planted so as to command the door, but they were fired without much effect.

THE OLD PUMP AT CLIVEDEN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The next attempt was made by a young Frenchman who asked others to carry hay from the barn and set

fire to the front door. Thinking they were doing as he asked, he forced open a window and climbed on the sill. From this position he was driven back, and he found that he had not been supported by those on whom he had counted.

In the meantime the artillery fire continued, but with little effect. General Wilkinson, who was present, afterward wrote:

"The doors and shutters of the lower windows of the mansion were shut and fastened, the fire of the enemy being delivered from the iron gratings of the cellars and the windows above; and it was closely beset on all sides with small-arms and artillery, as is manifest from the . . . traces still visible from musket-ball and grapeshot on the interior walls and ceilings, which appear to have entered through the doors and windows in every direction; marks of cannon-ball are also visible in several places on the exterior of the wall and through the roof, though one ball only appears to have penetrated below the roof, and that by a window in the passage of the second story. The artillery seem to have made no impression on the walls of the house, . . . except from one stroke in the rear, which started the wall."

In a few minutes Washington, realizing that precious time was being lost in the attack on the thick walls of the house, ordered a regiment to remain behind to watch Cliveden, while his main force hastened on.

It has been claimed that this brief delay was responsible for the defeat at Germantown. Wilkinson,

on the contrary, insists that the delay saved Washington's army from total destruction, since he would otherwise have hurried on in the thick fog until he was in contact with the main body of the British army. The result, Wilkinson thinks, would have been a far greater disaster than actually overtook the American army that day.

The damage done to the house was so great that five carpenters were busy for months making repairs. Evidently Judge Chew was not satisfied with the result, for in 1779 he sold Cliveden for $9000, only to buy it back again in 1787 for $25,000.

77. With Washington at Valley Forge

One day in December, 1777, George Washington thanked his officers and men for the patience and fortitude shown during the arduous campaign of the year about to close, and told them how necessary it would be that they be patient and courageous while in the winter quarters to which they were about to go. He told them plainly what hardships they might expect. He assured them that he wished he could provide better things for them, and asked them to remember that he would share their sufferings with them.

A few days later began the historic march to Valley Forge, of which George Washington Parke Custis told:

"The winter of 1777 set in early, and with unusual severity. The military operations of both armies had ceased, when a detachment of the Southern troops

were seen plodding their weary way to winter quarters at Valley Forge. The appearance of the horse-guard announced the approach of the Commander in Chief; the officer commanding the detachment, choosing the most favorable ground, paraded his men to pay to their general the honors of the passing salute. As Washington rode slowly up, he was observed to be eye-

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA

ing very earnestly something that attracted his attention on the frozen surface of the road. Having returned the salute . . . the Chief reined up his charger, and ordering the commanding officer of the detachment to his side, addressed him as follows: 'How comes it, sir, that I have tracked the march of your troops by the blood stains of their feet upon the frozen ground? Were there no shoes in the commissary's stores, that

this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highways?' The officer replied: 'Your Excellency may rest assured that this sight is as painful to my feelings as it can be to yours; but there is no remedy within our reach. When the shoes were issued, the different regiments were served, and the stores became exhausted before we could obtain even the smallest supply.'"

And so the country's defenders found their way to Valley Forge, as the site of the winter camp was called by an officer when the plans were first announced.

On December 18, the day before the place was occupied, Washington told off the soldiers into groups of twelve, and informed each group that it was to build a hut of logs. A reward was promised to the twelve men of each regiment who should first complete their hut, and in the most workmanlike manner. One hundred dollars was offered for the best suggestion of an effective substitute for a roof which would be cheaper than boards, and which could be applied more promptly.

Thomas Paine, in a letter to Benjamin Franklin, gave a vivid picture of the scene during the days when the men became builders:

"I was there when the army first began to build huts. They appeared to me like a family of beavers. Every one busy, some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together. The whole was raised in a few days, and it is a curious collection of buildings in the true rustic order."

Like a good comrade, Washington lived with his

men until they had the shelters ready. Not until Christmas Day did he move to the house of Isaac Potts, the miller.

Several days earlier, Washington sent to Congress a letter from General Varnum, who said:

"Three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat."

On December 23, Washington said that unless there was a great and sudden change in the commissary department, the army must certainly be reduced to one or other of these three procedures: to starve, to dissolve, or to disperse in order to obtain provisions in the best manner they could.

On March 1, 1778, General Weedon indicated in his orderly book that conditions were improving:

"Thank Heaven, our country abounds with provisions, and with prudent management we need not apprehend want for any length of time. Defects in the commissary department, . . . weather and other temporary impediments, have subjected and may again subject us to deficiency for a few days. But soldiers, American soldiers, will despise the manners of repining at such trifling strokes of adversity, trifling indeed when compared with the . . . prize which will undoubtedly crown their patience and perseverance."

A conspicuous feature of the Valley Forge Park, maintained by the state of Pennsylvania, is an arch, erected by the United States Government to the memory of

the officers and private soldiers of the Continental Army. This was dedicated in 1914. Inside the arch is the inscription:

> And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in the valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America rose regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that to them Union will seem as dear and liberty as sweet and progress as glorious as they were to our fathers, and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generation of the time to come.

78. Old Tennent Church, Freehold, New Jersey

One of the bas-reliefs on the monument commemorating the decisive Battle of Monmouth, which has been called the turning-point of the War for Independence, represents the famous Molly Pitcher as she took the place at the gun of her disabled husband. In the background of the relief is the roof and steeple of Old Tennent, the church near which the battle raged all day long.

Tennent Presbyterian Church was organized about 1692. The first building was probably of logs. The second, more ambitious, was planned in 1730. Twenty years later a third was demanded by the growing congregation. This building, which was twenty-seven years old at the time of the Battle of Monmouth, is still standing.

The plan called for a structure sixty feet long and forty feet wide. A pastor of the church says:

"The sides were sheathed with long cedar shingles,

and fastened with nails patiently wrought out on an anvil, and the interior was finished with beaded and panelled Jersey pine. . . . The pulpit . . . is placed on the north side of the room, against the wall, with

OLD TENNENT CHURCH, FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY

narrow stairs leading up to it, closed in with a door. The Bible desk is nine feet above the audience floor, with a great sounding-board overhanging the whole. . . . Below the main pulpit a second desk or sub-pulpit is built. . . . The galleries extend along three sides of the room."

The year after the death of Mr. Tennent, on Sunday, June 28, 1778, General Washington, at the head of about six thousand men, hurried by Old Tennent Church.

That morning he had been at Englishtown, where the sound of cannon told him his advance forces under General Lee were battling with the British. Washington was about one hundred yards beyond the church door when he met the first straggler who told him that Lee had given way before the British. A little farther on the Commander in Chief met Lee. After rebuking him sharply he hastened forward, and rallied the retreating Continentals.

The renewed battle continued until evening, when the British were driven back to a defensive position. During the night they retired, to the surprise of Washington, who hoped to renew the battle in the morning. The victory snatched from defeat in this, one of the most stubbornly contested and longest battles of the war, gave new courage to the colonies.

During the battle wounded soldiers were carried to the church, where members of the congregation tended them, in what could not have been a very secure refuge, since musket balls pierced the walls. An exhausted American soldier, while trying to make his way to the building, sat for rest on the grave of Sarah Mattison. While he was there, a cannon ball wounded him and broke off a piece of the headstone. He was carried into the church and laid on one of the pews. The stains of blood are still to be seen on the board seat, while the marks of his hands were visible on the book-rest of the pew until the wood was grained.

A tablet has been placed on the front wall of the church with this message:

1778–1901

In Grateful Remembrance
Of Patriots Who, on Sabbath, June 28, 1778
Gained the Victory Which Was the Turning Point
Of the War for Independence
And to Mark a Memorable Spot on
The Battlefield of Monmouth,
This Tablet is placed by Monmouth Chapter
Daughters of the American Revolution
September 26, 1901

Not far from the church may be seen the monument commemorating the battle itself. Spirited bronze reliefs on this monument tell the story of some of the most picturesque and dramatic incidents of the memorable struggle.

79. The Massacre of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania

In the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, near Wilkesbarre, is the beautiful Wyoming Valley, in which settlers from Connecticut and from Pennsylvania made their homes during the years immediately preceding the Revolution.

There was bitter rivalry, for both colonies claimed the valley. Connecticut said that her charter gave her all lands west of her present territory. The settlers from Connecticut secured bills from the Indians. The proprietors of Pennsylvania said the land was theirs, not only by charter but by purchase from the Six Nations.

Fortifications were built by both parties to the dispute, and their disagreements were not settled until what was called the Pennamite War was ended in 1782. Then Congress decided that the territory belonged to Pennsylvania.

But more severe trouble than a state war threatened the settlers from both colonies; it was the time of the Revolution, and many of the Indians had taken sides with the British. Differences were forgotten then, as these people who lived on the frontier thought of their common danger.

The Wyoming Massacre Monument, Near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania

The valley's time of sorrow came in June, 1778, when four hundred Tories and seven hundred Indians advanced upon Forty Fort, where some four hundred men and boys gathered to resist them. The fort was held until July 3, by what has been called one of the most gallant defenses in American history.

But that day it became necessary to meet the enemy in the open. The settlers were defeated, and the fort was surrendered.

Good treatment was promised. But the British

were not able to restrain the Indians, who began a massacre from which few but women and children escaped.

These fled in terror, with scant provisions, over the Pocono Mountains, to Stroudsburg. Of the awful journey an early historian has written:

"What a picture for a pencil! Every pathway through the wilderness thronged with women and children, old men and boys. The able men of middle life and activity were either away in the general service or had fallen. There were few who were not in the engagement; so that in one drove of fugitives consisting of one hundred persons there was only one man. Let the painter stand on some eminence commanding a view at once of the valley and the mountain. Let him paint the throng climbing the heights, hurrying on, filled with terror, despair, and sorrow. Take a single group: the affrighted mother, whose husband has fallen, an infant in her bosom; a child by the hand; an aged parent slowly climbing the rugged way, behind her; hunger presses them sorely; in the rustling of every leaf they hear the approaching savage; the Shades of Death before them; the valley all in flames behind them, the cottages, the barns, the harvests, all swept in the flood of ruin; the star of hope quenched in the blood shower of savage vengeance."

A monument at Wyoming tells of the battle, in which, so the inscription says,

A small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler,

and Colonel Matthew Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British and Indian force.

80. The Wallace House, Bound Brook, New Jersey

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a body of hardy Dutch and Scotch pioneers settled in the valley of the Raritan River, in what is now the state of New Jersey. They reared their children in the principles of liberty and freedom and justice.

About the time the War of Independence broke out, in the section of the valley now known as Somerville, William Wallace, son of John Wallace, a well-known Philadelphia merchant of Scotch ancestry, built on the land left him by his father "a spacious mansion." It is said to have been the handsomest house in that part of the country, and while it is no mean residence today, must have seemed almost palatial to the people of Revolutionary days.

In the winter of 1778–79 the house was new, in fact not entirely finished, and it must have been wonderfully attractive when Washington and his family came to live in it during those troublous months. It is thought that rooms were fitted up expressly for their use.

Among the records in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington is a paper containing answers to six questions which were submitted by a spy. In answer to the first, "Where is Mr. Washington?" was

written, "General Washington keeps Headquarters at Mrs. Wallis' house, four miles from Bandbrook" (Bound Brook).

In connection with the formal opening of the Wallace House in 1897 by the Revolutionary Memorial Society of New Jersey, the following statements were

A Revolutionary Interior

given to explain Washington's choice of the Bound Brook locality as headquarters for his army.

"The British had two ways of coming to this neighborhood from New Brunswick. One was by the road on the easterly side of the Raritan River to Bound Brook; the other was by way of Millstone, then called Somerset Court House. The road to Millstone left what was formerly called the Old York road near the Finderne bridge crossing of the Raritan River, and led

southerly along the Millstone River to Somerset Court House. Washington had placed his army so that one division lay along the Millstone road just south of the river, to guard that avenue of approach, and north of the river the line of the army stretched from the Finderne crossing northerly along the edge of the hill . . . and swung around easterly to the heights back of Bound Brook. A large portion of the army was encamped on the Finderne hill, about two miles east of Somerville."

In 1897, in connection with the formal opening of the house, the "old inhabitants" of Somerville still cherished family stories of Washington's visit.

An old lady of more than eighty years said that her mother had told her of seeing Lady Washington at church during that memorable winter. As a child, the mother had sat beside Mrs. Washington "on the benches which were then used for seats. One day when the church was full, Lady Washington beckoned her to go and sit on the pulpit steps, which she did."

Another old lady remembered that her father had gone down to a building called the court-martial house, inside the army lines east of Somerville, to a Sunday afternoon prayer meeting, and that "General Washington came in and took the psalm book and gave out the hymns."

The Wallace House is still in fairly good condition and easily habitable. In construction it bears the marks of its time, with its severe doorway, half doors with iron bolts and hinges, straight, wide hallway extending

through the lower part of the house, and right-angled stairway. It has been taken in charge by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and contains many interesting relics which are open to public inspection.

81. Washington's Headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey

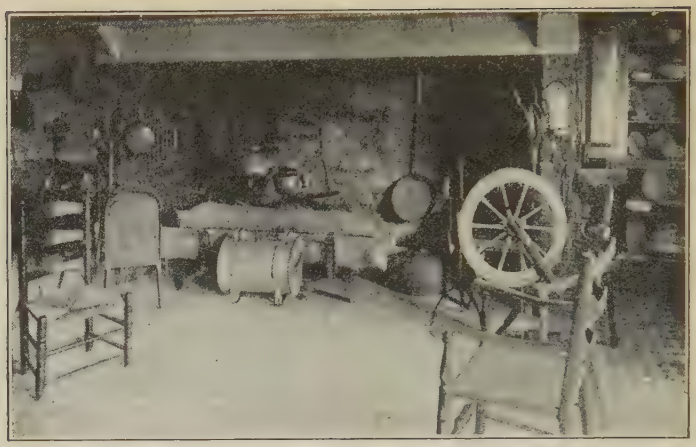
The winter of 1779–80 was, for Washington, in marked contrast to that of 1777–78. The earlier period was the awful winter at Valley Forge. But in the later winter he lived in the comfortable Ford Mansion at Morristown, New Jersey. His "family," as Washington was fond of calling Mrs. Washington, was with him there.

During these months he was busily engaged in making plans for the conduct of the war, yet he took time for those social relaxations which were a needed relief from the anxious strain of the long conflict.

Surgeon-General John Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane occupied the Campfield house close by, and General and Mrs. Philip Schuyler had come down from Albany for a season at headquarters. Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Cochrane were sisters. Elizabeth Schuyler had come in advance of her parents, and for a time was a guest at the Campfield house.

Visitors from France were arriving from time to time, bringing word of the alliance that was to mean so much to the colonies, and conferring as to methods of coöperation.

In one wing of the Ford Mansion lived Mrs. Ford



An Interior, Washington's Headquarters, Morristown, New Jersey

Washington's Headquarters, Morristown, New Jersey

and her son Timothy. In the rooms set apart for the use of Washington's family eighteen people were crowded. Two of these were Alexander Hamilton and Tench Tilghman, both members of the General's staff.

Though Mrs. Washington delighted in style, on occasion she could also be plain and simple. There had been times during the war when she had driven to headquarters in a coach-and-four. But at Morristown she was in a different mood. For instance, one day when a number of the ladies of the neighborhood, dressed in their best, called to pay their respects to her, to their surprise they found her sitting in a speckled apron, knitting stockings.

The coming of Elizabeth Schuyler to the Campfield house was the signal for a spirited contest for her favor between two of Washington's aides. Both Hamilton and Tilghman had met her at her father's house in Albany, and both called on her. But Hamilton soon distanced his comrade in the race. It was not long before everybody was watching developments. Both of the young people were favorites. It is related that even a young soldier on sentry duty late one night was persuaded to a breach of military rules by his interest in Hamilton's courtship. That night the lover was on his way home after spending an evening with his Betsey. Evidently he had been thinking of anything but the countersign, for when he was halted and asked to give the words, he cudgeled his brain in vain. Then he whispered to the sentry, "Tell me!" And the

sentry did tell. Whereupon Hamilton drew himself up before the soldier, gravely gave the countersign, and passed on to his quarters.

There was no time for long courtships in those days of quick movements in military circles. The young people were married at the Schuyler homestead in Albany on December 14, 1780.

Today the Ford Mansion, where Hamilton dreamed of a conquest in which the British had no part, is owned by the Washington Association of New Jersey, and is open to visitors. The Campfield house is to be found on a side street; it has been moved from its original site.

82. The Massacre at Gnadenhütten, Ohio

Long before home-seekers came to what is now Tuscarawas County, in eastern Ohio, a few Moravian missionaries and their families settled there among the Indians. They founded three villages, Shoenbrun, Gnadenhütten, and Salem, where they were surrounded by peaceable Christian Indians.

The location was difficult for those who wished to remain at peace, for the villages were about halfway between the white settlements on the Ohio, and the Wyandots and Delawares on the Sandusky — Indians who were always on the lookout for trouble. Having made an alliance with Great Britain during the Revolution, they made this an excuse to molest the colonists.

Trouble began in 1781, when an English officer from Detroit, accompanied by two Delaware chiefs and

three hundred warriors, visited Gnadenhütten and urged the Christian Indians to move farther west, if they valued their lives. But the Indians were not willing to go. So force was used, and they were taken away, though their corn, potatoes, and other crops had not been gathered. They were led to the Sandusky country, and the missionaries were carried as prisoners to Detroit.

Monument to the Massacred Indians, Gnadenhütten, Ohio

That winter proved a hard season, because of hunger and cold. The Indians' necessities were so great that in the spring one hundred and fifty of them were allowed to return to the Tuscarawas River and gather the corn.

The returned exiles divided into parties, each of which went to one of the three towns where their homes had been. They felt secure, because their enemies had given them permission to return. What trouble could they expect?

They did not know that the settlers of western Pennsylvania, having suffered many cruelties from hostile Indians, were even then on the way to their villages, prepared to punish those who had injured them. For some reason they thought that the

guilty people were the Indians of the Christian settlements.

The Indians at Gnadenhütten were surprised, tricked into surrender, and confined in two prison-houses. There were ninety in the party.

We will let David Zeisberger, the leader of the Moravian missionaries, tell the story as he recorded it in his diary:

"The militia, some two hundred in number, as we hear, came first to Gnadenhütten. Our Indians were mostly in the cornfields and saw the militia come, but no one thought of fleeing, for they suspected no ill. The militia came to them and bade them come into town and no harm should befall them. They trusted and went, but they were all bound, the men being put into one house and the women into another. The brethren began to sing hymns and spoke words of encouragement and consolation one to another, until they were all slain.

"The sisters soon afterwards met the same fate. Christina, the Mohican, who spoke English and German fluently, fell upon her knees before the colonel and begged for life, but got for answer that he could not help her. . . . They burned the bodies together with the houses, which they set on fire [a day or two after the massacre]."

The invaders then passed off to Shoenbrun, another of the Indian towns. Fortunately the Indians there had heard of events in Gnadenhütten, and had escaped. Their town was burned, however.

When word of the massacre was carried to the people of the East, there was great sorrow and indignation. Congress expressed sympathy to the Moravians, and encouraged them to go on with their work. This they did, though never with much success; it was difficult to build on the ruins of their former efforts.

The coming of the settlers corrupted the Indians, and it was proposed to remove them. In 1823 they signed a grant to sell their lands, and most of them left for the valley of the Thames River, in Canada.

David Zeisberger died fifteen years before the removal, and was buried at New Goshen, on the Tuscarawas.

At Gnadenhütten, where a few Moravians still live, a monument commemorating the massacre was erected in 1872. This monument is located in the center of the street of the original town. On the south side is the inscription:

Here
Triumphed in Death
Ninety
Christian Indians
March 8, 1782

83. The Springfield Meeting-House, New Jersey

The second building for the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, New Jersey, was finished in 1761. Seventeen years later it was needed for a military station for the colonies. Gladly the congregation yielded it. On Sundays they gathered in the garret of the manse. This manse was on the one hundred acres

of land given to the church in 1751, in consideration of "one pint of spring water when demanded on the premises."

The meeting-house soon became the witness of stirring events. The British, under General Knyphausen,

THE MEETING-HOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

determined to drive Washington and his men from the New Jersey hills and to destroy his supplies, marched from Elizabethtown on June 23, 1780. There were

five thousand men, with fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery, in the expedition. A few miles away, near Springfield, was a small company of patriots, poorly equipped, but prepared to die for their country.

Warning of the approach of the enemy was given to the Continentals from Prospect Hill by the firing of the eighteen-pound signal gun and the lighting of a tar barrel on a signal pole.

Instantly the members of the militia dropped their scythes, seized their muskets, and hurried to quarters. "There were no feathers in their caps, no gilt buttons on their homespun coats, nor flashing bayonets on their old fowling pieces," the pastor of Springfield church said in 1880, on the one hundredth anniversary of the skirmish that followed, "but there was in their hearts the resolute purpose to defend their homes and their liberty at the price of their lives."

The sturdy farmers joined forces with the regular soldiers. For a time the battle was fierce. The enemy were soon compelled to retreat, but not before they had burned the village, including the church. Chaplain James Caldwell was in the hottest of the fight. "Seeing the fire of one of the companies slacking for want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian meeting-house near by, and rushing in, ran from pew to pew, filling his arms with hymn books," wrote Headley, in *Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution.* "Hastening back with them into the battle, he scattered them about in every direction, saying as he pitched one here and another there, 'Now put Watts

into them, boys.' With a laugh and a cheer they pulled out the leaves, and ramming home the charge did give the British Watts with a will."

The story has been told by Bret Harte:

". . . Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come — that's bad; why, he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the 'rebel high priest.' He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God — and he hated King George!

"Did he preach? did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day — think of him and his band
Of military ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance, of that straggling retreat!

". . . They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke down the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice, 'Put Watts into 'em! Boys, give 'em Watts.'

"And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball —
But not always a hero like this — and that's all."

The Battle of Springfield is not named among the important battles of the Revolution, but it had a special meaning to the people of all that region, for it taught them that the enemy, who had been harassing

them for months, was not invincible. From that day they took fresh courage, and their courage increased when they realized that the British would not come again to trouble them.

After the burning of the Springfield church, the pastor, Rev. Jacob Vanarsdal, gathered his people in the barn of the parsonage. Later the building was ceiled and galleries were built.

For ten years the barn was the home of the congregation, but in 1791 the building was erected which is in use today.

84. At Saratoga, New York

It is a mistake to expect to find at Saratoga Springs, New York, the site of the famous surrender of General Burgoyne that enabled the colonies to go forward with fresh strength to the victory awaiting them.

For Saratoga Springs is modern. The real Saratoga of Revolutionary fame, not far away, is now known as Schuylerville, and was so named in honor of General Schuyler.

Fame came to Schuylerville long before the days of Burgoyne. A military post called Fort Saratoga was located there, close to the place where Fish Creek flows from Saratoga Lake into the Hudson, and the Battenkill empties into the stream from the east. The Hudson and the tributary streams were used by the Indians in their trapping expeditions as well as in their war journeys, and a fortified post was a necessity.

One dull November day in 1745 the Indians from

Canada stole upon the little settlement, caught the people off their guard, burned the houses, and massacred many of the inhabitants. Among others Captain Philip Schuyler was killed, when he refused to surrender.

A later Schuyler, General Philip, nephew of the former Philip Schuyler, for a time was leader of the army that made preparations to face Burgoyne. When he was asked to give way to General Gates, he showed a fine spirit; instead of sulking by himself, he did everything he could to help the new commander. Mrs. Schuyler, too, was a patriot; it is said that she set fire to the wheat in the field, that it might not become the prey of the British general.

The Saratoga Battle Monument, Schuylerville, New York

After the American victory, when General Gates' army was in Schuylerville, the carpenter attached to the army built a new house for General Schuyler, to take the place of the one which the British had destroyed. The mansion still stands, a monument to the ability of those who built it in seventeen days. The spacious dwelling, in its pleasing grounds, was visited by Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Lafayette.

Another building of note is the Marshall house. There, while the Americans were attacking the camp of the enemy, shelter was given to Baroness Riedesel, whose husband was an officer in the British Army.

The surrender of the British came only after weeks of hard campaigning, when victory seemed to be the portion first of one side, then of the other. On September 19, 1777, at Bemis's Heights, near by, Burgoyne was successful against the left wing of the army commanded by Benedict Arnold.

Burgoyne made a brave effort to free himself from a difficult situation; but he was surrounded by foes, dismayed by the word that the boats with his supplies had been captured, and disappointed by the non-arrival of promised aid from the south. On October 7 he gave battle once more. Benedict Arnold covered himself with glory by leading a successful attack against him, without orders.

A factor in the final result was the coming of General John Stark, the hero of the Battle of Bennington, who, with his troops from Vermont and New Hampshire, fortified, in Burgoyne's rear, what has since been called Stark's Knob. In this way Burgoyne's last chance for retreat was cut off, and the result was not long delayed.

On October 17 terms of surrender were agreed upon, and Burgoyne's army yielded to the Americans on a flood plain by the river, which is called to this day "The Field of the Grounded Arms." "Within the territory of New York there is no more memorable spot," said George William Curtis.

The monument that commemorates the conflict and the surrender is a beautiful shaft, 40 feet square as it rises from the ground, and 154 feet high. This is the famous monument of the vacant niche: where the figure of Benedict Arnold would have been, but for his later act of treason at West Point, there is nothing; the niches of the three remaining sides of the monument are filled by statues of General Gates, General Schuyler, and General Morgan.

85. Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, New York

On May 9, 1782, during the time of Washington's stay at the Hasbrouck house, Newburgh, New York, there came to him tidings of the arrival in New York of Sir Guy Carleton, the new British commander, who wrote that he desired to tell of the king's idea of a possible peace, and of the attitude of the House of Commons. He closed his letter by saying, "If war must prevail, I shall endeavor to render its miseries as light to the people of this continent as the circumstances of such a condition will possibly permit."

A day earlier Washington wrote in a postscript to a letter to Meschech Weare of New Hampshire:

"They are meant to amuse this country with a false idea of peace, to draw us off from our connection with France, and to lull us into a state of security and inactivity, which having taken place, the ministry will be left to prosecute the war in other parts of the world with greater vigor and effect."

That Washington desired to be a simple resident on his own estate at Mount Vernon instead of king of the new country, was emphasized by a letter written on June 15 to Archibald Cary:

"I can truly say, that the first wish of my soul is to return speedily into the bosom of that country which gave me birth, and, in the sweet enjoyment of domestic happiness and the company of a few friends, to end my days in quiet, when I shall be called from this stage."

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

There was joy in the village on the banks of the Hudson when, late in 1782, a letter came from Sir Guy Carleton announcing that negotiations for a general peace had already begun in Paris, and that the King had decided to propose the independence of the thirteen provinces "in the first instance, instead of making it a condition of a general treaty."

In the long interval before the receipt of decisive word concerning peace, the wisdom of Washington was

once more tested severely. There was still dissatisfaction among the officers and the men because they had not been paid, and because Congress seemed to give no heed to their protests. Washington learned that a call had been issued for a meeting of officers to be held, to consider taking matters into their own hands and forcing Congress to act.

Washington did not hesitate. He asked the officers to meet him in the very building in which they had intended to make their plans for revolt. Then he appealed to their patriotism, urging them not to put a stain on their noble service by hasty action.

When he had gone, the officers acted in a way that justified the General's confidence. Unanimously they promised all that had been asked of them, and voted to thank Washington for his method of dealing with them.

On March 19, 1783, four days after this action, Washington acknowledged to Congress receipt of word that the preliminary articles of peace had been signed on November 30, and, on April 19, he ordered the cessation of hostilities, in accordance with the proclamation of Congress of April 11.

The Hasbrouck house was sold by the family to New York State in 1849. For twenty-four years, by act of Assembly, the historic quarters were cared for by the trustees of the village, and later by the city authorities. In May, 1874, trustees appointed by the Legislature took over the property and have held it ever since, for the benefit of the people.

86. An Eye Witness at Yorktown, Virginia

The next best thing to being at Yorktown on the day Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington is to hear the account of one who was there. Fortunately the diary of a twenty-one-year-old soldier, Daniel Trabue, has been preserved. His story of the events preceding the surrender as he saw them is vivid. Spelling and punctuation are given as they were in the diary. He begins by speaking of the American batteries:

"When our men were working at these Batteries the Enemy fired on them heavily. They kept a man on the watch, and when they saw a match going to their Cannon our men would fall down in the Ditch, and you could hear the Ball go by. Sometimes it would skip along the ground, and bury the men in the Ditch, but in general they would not be hurt. I was often in these Ditches when they were working at their Batteries.

"I was there one morning about 10 o'clock and our cannons began to roar. Some of the morters were throwing their bomb shells, and they would go in a blaze, then turn a sommersault and fall down in the Fort. The report was as loud when it struck the ground as when it came out; the same also, when it bursted, the bombs flying in a circle. What rejoicing there was with our men and the batteries that were ready to begin, and before night the most of the morters and small cannon were firing. I think that night they were going every minute and sometimes 10 or 15 at the same time.

"The shells were made of pot metal like a jug ½ inch thick, without a handle & with a big mouth. They were filled with powder, and other combustibles in such a manner that the blaze comes out of the mouth, and keeps on burning until it gets to the body where the powder is, then it bursts and the pieces fly every way, & wound and kill whoever it hits. There were so many flying and falling in the Fort that we had no

Moore House, Yorktown, Virginia

Here the terms for the surrender of Cornwallis were drawn up.

Doubt but that we were paying them well for their mischief to us. . . .

"Brother William was taken sick and went home. . . . One morning Mr. Merryman, an officer in the Staff, came to see me and said that they were to fire a big and mighty cannon at 10 o'clock on the bank of the River below the Fort, and that we should go down and see it. We got on our horses . . . and got to the place . . . and it was a sight. . . .

"A number of officers and soldiers were there, I sup-

pose 2 or 3 hundred besides spectators. There we saw a vast number of Drowned horses, I think over a thousand. The enemy had drowned them when the tide was down. We all thought it was a sin and shame. Before they fired they would put wool in their ears, so Mr. Merryman & I would do the same. They fired on the Fort, and we could see the ball hit and it did make an abundance of timber fly.

"The earth shook dreadfully where we stood. I wanted to go, but Mr. Merryman said, 'Let us see another shot fired,' and we saw the timber and dirt fly Dreadfully. It looked as though they would soon beat Down the wall at that place. All at once we saw a boat with a white flag from the Fort coming Down the River to us.

"The Flag was received by the officer of this place. The officer that brought the flag said he had a letter for General Washington. The officer that commanded sent him with one of our officers to Headquarters. This was a mile away, and about the center of our Line. As quick as they were gone the cannon fired again, and continued to beat Down the Wall. The conclusion among us all was that Lord Cornwallis was about to surrender.

"We started back and went through the Field as the Enemy had stopped firing. We went a little back of our Ditch and there we saw another sight. The Old Field was all torn up with balls from the enemy's cannon; it looked as though large bar sheer ploughs had been running there, only they would skip in places.

When we got to our Wagon & tent we told about the Flag.

"They all said they expected it, as they did not see how the Enemy could stand so much fire, as we had given them. About this time the Flag had reached Gen'l Washington, and in a very few minutes the fire ceased near headquarters, and continued to cease along the line each way. As quick as it could go over the River, by orders, it ceased there also; so in about an hour all was still and calm, and the storm was over. A great many hands make light work."

87. Fraunces' Tavern, New York City

On the morning of December 22, 1783, the people of Philadelphia read in the *Pennsylvania Packet* a message from New York City, which was dated November 26, 1783:

"Yesterday in the morning the American troops marched from Harlem, to the Bowery lanes. They remained there until about one o'clock, when the British troops left the fort in the Bowery, and the American troops marched in and took possession of the city. After the troops had taken possession of the city, the GENERAL and GOVERNOR made their public entry in the following manner: — Their Excellencies the General and Governor with their suites on horseback. — The Lieutenant Governor, and the members of the council for the temporary government of the southern district, four abreast. — Major General Knox, and the officers of the army, eight abreast. — Citizens

on horseback, eight abreast. — The Speaker of the Assembly and citizens, on foot, eight abreast.

"Their Excellencies the Governor and Commander in Chief were escorted by a body of West Chester light horse, under the command of Captain Delavan. The procession proceeded down Queen [now Pearl] Street, and through the Broad-way to Cape's Tavern. The

FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK CITY

Governor gave a public dinner at Fraunces' Tavern; at which the Commander in Chief and other general officers were present."

The building in which Washington dined that day was erected by Étienne de Lancey, in 1719. Samuel Fraunces purchased the place in 1762. As the Queen's Head Tavern it became one of the most popular pub-

lic houses in New York. Among its patrons were some of the leaders in the Revolution, as well as many who were loyal to King George. Fraunces himself never wavered in his allegiance to the colonies.

One of the clubs that met regularly at the tavern was the Social Club, of which John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Robert R. Livingstone were members. In December, 1775, the club came to an end, as its members, some of whom were loyalists, and the rest patriots, could no longer come together as friends.

In June, 1776, Phœbe, the daughter of Fraunces, was housekeeper for Washington at his headquarters at Richmond Hill. Her lover, a British deserter, revealed to her a plot to kill the Commander in Chief and General Putnam, set the city on fire, and blow up the magazine. Washington was informed, the conspirators were caught and punished, and the plot which, if carried out, "would have made America tremble," came to nothing.

On December 4, 1783, ten days after Washington's triumphal entry into the city, in the Long Room at Fraunces' Tavern, the Commander in Chief said farewell to his officers. Thackeray describes that touching scene as follows:

"The last soldier had quitted the soil of the Republic, and the Commander in Chief proposed to leave New York for Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and there resign his commission. About noon on the 4th day of December, a barge was in waiting at Whitehall Ferry to convey him across the Hudson. The

chiefs of the Army assembled *at a tavern near the ferry*, and there the General joined them.

"Seldom as he showed his emotion outwardly, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine and said, 'I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude and wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as those past have been glorious and honorable.' Then he drank to them. 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave,' he said, 'but shall be obliged if each of you will come and shake me by the hand.'

"General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the Chief, with tears in his eyes embraced him. The others came one by one to him, and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the Tavern to the Ferry, and the General, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat and waving a farewell. And his comrades remained bareheaded on the shore until their leader's boat was out of view."

Two years later Fraunces sold the tavern, but it retains his name to this day. It is still at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets. Many changes have been made in the building, under the direction of the Sons of the Revolution, who bought it in 1904, and it will continue to attract visitors as long as it stands.

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